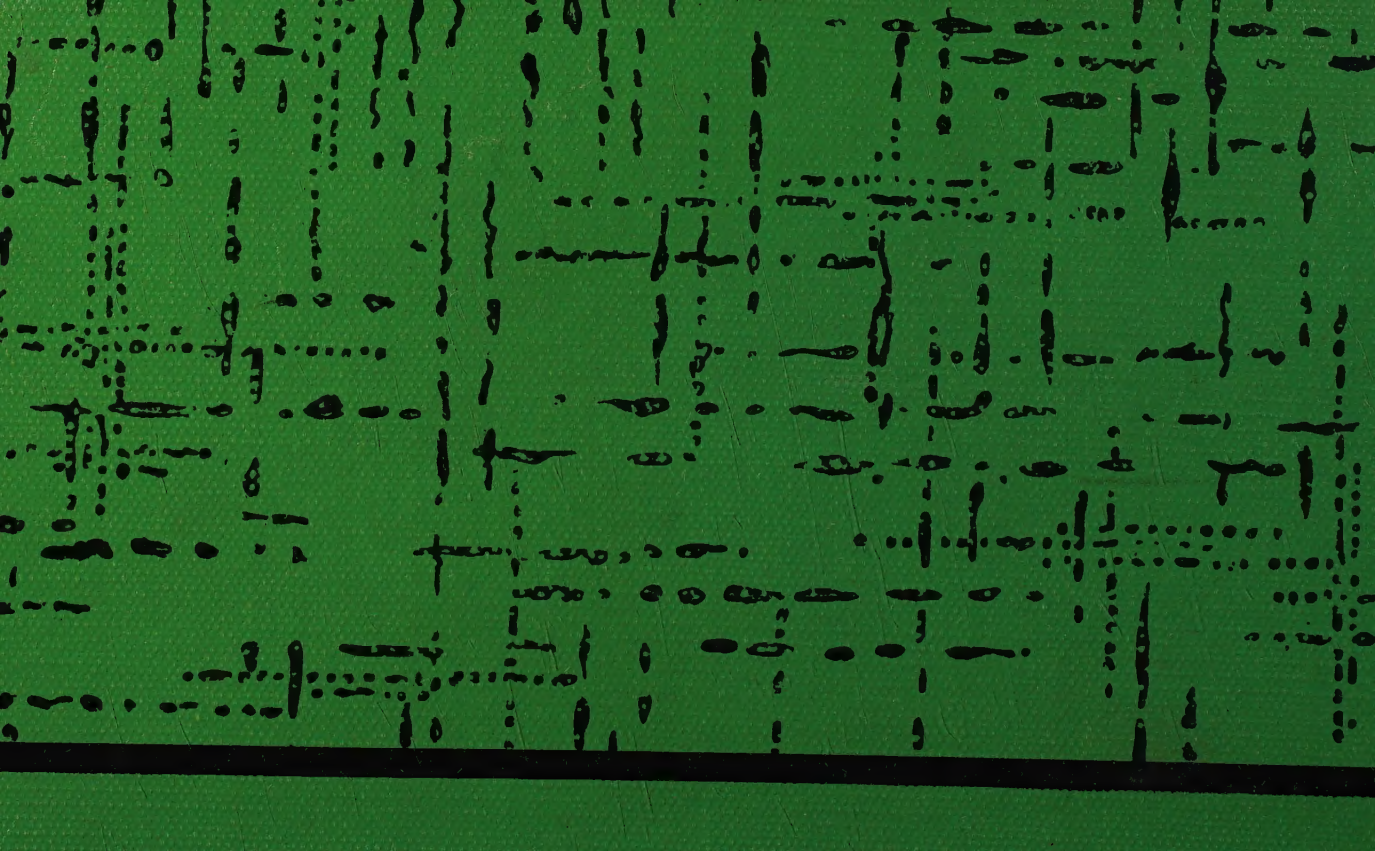

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ESSAYS

ON

RUSSIAN NOVELISTS

BY

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To

VIRGINIA HUBBARD CURTIS

"Strength and honour are her clothing: and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom: and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

44317

PREFACE

RUSSIAN fiction is like German music — the best in the world. It is with the hope of persuading some American and English readers to substitute in their leisure hours first-class novels for fourth and fifth class that I have written this book.

I am grateful to Mr. Mandell, Instructor in Russian at Yale, and to Mr. Noyes, Professor of Russian at the University of California, for some information on the work of contemporary Russians. It is a pleasure to record my thanks to Mr. Andrew Keogh, Reference Librarian of Yale, for his unselfish labour in preparing the List of Publications. This is certain to be valuable, for it exists nowhere else.

W. L. P.

YALE UNIVERSITY,
Tuesday, 29 November 1910.

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ESSAYS ON RUSSIAN NOVELISTS

I

RUSSIAN NATIONAL CHARACTER AS SHOWN IN RUSSIAN FICTION

THE Japanese war pricked one of the biggest bubbles in history, and left Russia in a profoundly humiliating situation. Her navy was practically destroyed, her armies soundly beaten, her offensive power temporarily reduced to zero, her treasury exhausted, her pride laid in the dust. If the greatness of a nation consisted in the number and size of its battleships, in the capacity of its fighting men, or in its financial prosperity, Russia would be an object of pity. But in America it is wholesome to remember that the real greatness of a nation consists in none of these things, but rather in its intellectual splendour, in the number and importance of the ideas it gives to the world, in its contributions to literature and art, and to all things that count in humanity's intellectual advance. When we Americans swell with pride over our industrial prosperity, we might profitably reflect for a moment

on the comparative value of America's and Russia's contributions to literature and music.

At the start, we notice a rather curious fact, which sharply differentiates Russian literature from the literature of England, France, Spain, Italy, and even from that of Germany. Russia is old; her literature is new. Russian history goes back to the ninth century; Russian literature, so far as it interests the world, begins in the nineteenth. Russian literature and American literature are twins. But there is this strong contrast, caused partly by the difference in the age of the two nations. In the early years of the nineteenth century, American literature sounds like a child learning to talk, and then aping its elders; Russian literature is the voice of a giant, waking from a long sleep, and becoming articulate. It is as though the world had watched this giant's deep slumber for a long time, wondering what he would say when he awakened. And what he has said has been well worth the thousand years of waiting.

To an educated native Slav, or to a professor of the Russian language, twenty or thirty Russian authors would no doubt seem important; but the general foreign reading public is quite properly mainly interested in only five standard writers, although contemporary novelists like Gorki, Artsy-

bashev, Andreev, and others are at this moment deservedly attracting wide attention. The great five, whose place in the world's literature seems absolutely secure, are Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoi. The man who killed Pushkin in a duel survived till 1895, and Tolstoi died in 1910. These figures show in how short a time Russian literature has had its origin, development, and full fruition.

Pushkin, who was born in 1799 and died in 1838, is the founder of Russian literature, and it is difficult to overestimate his influence. He is the first, and still the most generally beloved, of all their national poets. The wild enthusiasm that greeted his verse has never passed away, and he has generally been regarded in Russia as one of the great poets of the world. Yet Matthew Arnold announced in his Olympian manner, "The Russians have not yet had a great poet."[1] It is always difficult fully to appreciate poetry in a foreign language, especially when the language is so strange as Russian. It is certain that no modern European tongue has been able fairly to represent the beauty of Pushkin's verse, to make foreigners feel him as Russians feel him, in any such measure as the Ger-

[1] Arnold told Sainte-Beuve that he did not think Lamartine was "important." Sainte-Beuve answered, "He is important for us."

mans succeeded with Shakespeare, as Bayard Taylor with Goethe, as Ludwig Fulda with Rostand. The translations of Pushkin and of Lermontov have never impressed foreign readers in the superlative degree. The glory of English literature is its poetry; the glory of Russian literature is its prose fiction.

Pushkin was, for a time at any rate, a Romantic, largely influenced, as all the world was then, by Byron. He is full of sentiment, smiles and tears, and passionate enthusiasms. He therefore struck out in a path in which he has had no great followers; for the big men in Russian literature are all Realists. Romanticism is as foreign to the spirit of Russian Realism as it is to French Classicism. What is peculiarly Slavonic about Pushkin is his simplicity, his naïveté. Though affected by foreign models, he was close to the soil. This is shown particularly in his prose tales, and it is here that his title as Founder of Russian Literature is most clearly demonstrated. He took Russia away from the artificiality of the eighteenth century, and exhibited the possibilities of native material in the native tongue.

The founder of the mighty school of Russian Realism was Gogol. Filled with enthusiasm for Pushkin, he nevertheless took a different course, and became Russia's first great novelist. Furthermore, although a melancholy man, he is the only Russian humorist who has made the world laugh out

loud. Humour is not a salient quality in Russian fiction. Then came the brilliant follower of Gogol, Ivan Turgenev. In him Russian literary art reached its climax, and the art of the modern novel as well. He is not only the greatest master of prose style that Russia has ever produced; he is the only Russian who has shown genius in Construction. Perhaps no novels in any language have shown the impeccable beauty of form attained in the works of Turgenev. George Moore queries, "Is not Turgenev the greatest artist that has existed since antiquity?"

Dostoevski, seven years older than Tolstoi, and three years younger than Turgenev, was not so much a Realist as a Naturalist; his chief interest was in the psychological processes of the unclassed. His foreign fame is constantly growing brighter, for his works have an extraordinary vitality. Finally appeared Leo Tolstoi, whose literary career extended nearly sixty years. During the last twenty years of his life, he was generally regarded as the world's greatest living author; his books enjoyed an enormous circulation, and he probably influenced more individuals by his pen than any other man of his time.

In the novels of Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoi we ought to find all the prominent traits in the Russian character.

It is a rather curious thing, that Russia, which has never had a parliamentary government, and where political history has been very little influenced by the spoken word, should have so much finer an instrument of expression than England, where matters of the greatest importance have been settled by open and public speech for nearly three hundred years. One would think that the constant use of the language in the national forum for purposes of argument and persuasion would help to make it flexible and subtle; and that the almost total absence of such employment would tend toward narrowness and rigidity. In this instance exactly the contrary is the case. If we may trust the testimony of those who know, we are forced to the conclusion that the English language, compared with the Russian, is nothing but an awkward dialect. Compared with Russian, the English language is decidedly weak in synonyms, and in the various shades of meaning that make for precision. Indeed, with the exception of Polish, Russian is probably the greatest language in the world, in richness, variety, definiteness, and elegance. It is also capable of saying much in little, and saying it with tremendous force. In Turgenev's *Torrents of Spring*, where the reader hears constantly phrases in Italian, French, and German, it will be remembered that the ladies ask Sanin to sing something in his mother tongue.

"The ladies praised his voice and the music, but were more struck with the softness and sonorousness of the Russian language." I remember being similarly affected years ago when I heard *King Lear* read aloud in Russian. Baron von der Brüggen says,[1] "there is the wonderful wealth of the language, which, as a popular tongue, is more flexible, more expressive of thought than any other living tongue I know of." No one has paid a better tribute than Gogol: —

"The Russian people express themselves forcibly; and if they once bestow an epithet upon a person, it will descend to his race and posterity; he will bear it about with him, in service, in retreat, in Petersburg, and to the ends of the earth; and use what cunning he will, ennoble his career as he will thereafter, nothing is of the slightest use; that nickname will caw of itself at the top of its crow's voice, and will show clearly whence the bird has flown. A pointed epithet once uttered is the same as though it were written down, and an axe will not cut it out.

"And how pointed is all that which has proceeded from the depths of Russia, where there are neither Germans nor Finns, nor any other strange tribes, but where all is purely aboriginal, where the bold and lively Russian mind never dives into its pocket

[1] *Russia of To-day*, page 203.

for a word, and never broods over it like a sitting-hen: it sticks the word on at one blow, like a passport, like your nose or lips on an eternal bearer, and never adds anything afterwards. You are sketched from head to foot in one stroke.

"Innumerable as is the multitude of churches, monasteries with cupolas, towers, and crosses, which are scattered over holy, most pious Russia, the multitude of tribes, races, and peoples who throng and bustle and variegate the earth is just as innumerable. And every people bearing within itself the pledge of strength, full of active qualities of soul, of its own sharply defined peculiarities, and other gifts of God, has characteristically distinguished itself by its own special word, by which, while expressing any object whatever, it also reflects in the expression its own share of its own distinctive character. The word Briton echoes with knowledge of the heart, and wise knowledge of life; the word French, which is not of ancient date, glitters with a light foppery, and flits away; the sagely artistic word German ingeniously discovers its meaning, which is not attainable by every one; but there is no word which is so ready, so audacious, which is torn from beneath the heart itself, which is so burning, so full of life, as the aptly applied Russian word." [1]

Prosper Merimée, who knew Russian well, and

[1] *Dead Souls*, translated by Isabel Hapgood.

was an absolute master of the French language, remarked: —

"La langue russe, qui est, autant que j'en puis juger, le plus riche des idiomes de l'Europe, semble faite pour exprimer les nuances les plus delicates. Douée d'une merveilleuse concision qui s'allie à la clarté, il lui suffit d'un mot pour associer plusieurs idées, qui, dans une autre langue, exigeraient des phrases entières."

And no people are more jealous on this very point than the French. In the last of his wonderful *Poems in Prose*, Turgenev cried out: "In these days of doubt, in these days of painful brooding over the fate of my country, thou alone art my rod and my staff, O great, mighty, true and free Russian language! If it were not for thee, how could one keep from despairing at the sight of what is going on at home? But it is inconceivable that such a language should not belong to a great people."

It is significant that Turgenev, who was so full of sympathy for the ideas and civilization of Western Europe, and who was so often regarded (unjustly) by his countrymen as a traitor to Russia, should have written all his masterpieces, not in French, of which he had a perfect command, but in his own beloved mother-tongue.

We see by the above extracts, that Russia has an instrument of expression as near perfection as is

possible in human speech. Perhaps one reason for the supremacy of Russian fiction may be found here.

The immense size of the country produces an element of largeness in Russian character that one feels not only in their novels, but almost invariably in personal contact and conversation with a more or less educated Russian. This is not imaginary and fantastic; it is a definite sensation, and immediately apparent. Bigness in early environment often produces a certain comfortable largeness of mental vision. One has only to compare in this particular a man from Russia with a man from Holland, or still better, a man from Texas with a man from Connecticut. The difference is easy to see, and easier to feel. It is possible that the man from the smaller district may be more subtle, or he may have had better educational advantages; but he is likely to be more narrow. A Texan told me once that it was eighteen miles from his front door to his front gate; now I was born in a city block, with no front yard at all. I had surely missed something.

Russians are moulded on a large scale, and their novels are as wide in interest as the world itself. There is a refreshing breadth of vision in the Russian character, which is often as healthful to a foreigner as the wind that sweeps across the vast prairies. This largeness of character partly accounts for the

impression of Vastness that their books produce on Occidental eyes. I do not refer at all to the length of the book — for a book may be very long, and yet produce an impression of pettiness, like many English novels. No, it is something that exhales from the pages, whether they be few or many. As illustrations of this quality of vastness, one has only to recall two Russian novels — one the longest, and the other very nearly the shortest, in the whole range of Slavonic fiction. I refer to *War and Peace*, by Tolstoi, and to *Taras Bulba*, by Gogol. Both of these extraordinary works give us chiefly an impression of Immensity — we feel the boundless steppes, the illimitable wastes of snow, and the long winter night. It is particularly interesting to compare *Taras Bulba* with the trilogy of the Polish genius, Sienkiewicz. The former is tiny in size, the latter a leviathan; but the effect produced is the same. It is what we feel in reading Homer, whose influence, by the way, is as powerful in *Taras Bulba* as it is in *With Fire and Sword.*

The Cosmopolitanism of the Russian character is a striking feature. Indeed, the educated Russian is perhaps the most complete Cosmopolitan in the world. This is partly owing to the uncanny facility with which he acquires foreign languages, and to the admirable custom in Russia of giving children in

more or less wealthy families, French, German, and English governesses. John Stuart Mill studied Greek at the age of three, which is the proper time to begin the study of any language that one intends to master. Russian children think and dream in foreign words, but it is seldom that a Russian shows any pride in his linguistic accomplishments, or that he takes it otherwise than as a matter of course. Stevenson, writing from Mentone to his mother, 7 January 1874, said: "We have two little Russian girls, with the youngest of whom, a little polyglot button of a three-year-old, I had the most laughable little scene at lunch to-day. . . . She said something in Italian which made everybody laugh very much . . .; after some examination, she announced emphatically to the whole table, in German, that I was a *mädchen*. . . . This hasty conclusion as to my sex she was led afterwards to revise . . . but her new opinion . . . was announced in a language quite unknown to me, and probably Russian. To complete the scroll of her accomplishments, . . . she said good-bye to me in very commendable English." Three days later, he added, "The little Russian kid is only two and a half; she speaks six languages." Nothing excites the envy of an American travelling in Europe more sharply than to hear Russian men and women speaking European languages fluently and idiomati-

cally. When we learn to speak a foreign tongue, we are always acutely conscious of the transition from English to German, or from German to French, and our hearers are still more so. We speak French as though it *hurt*, just as the average tenor sings. I remember at a polyglot Parisian table, a Russian girl who spoke seven languages with perfect ease; and she was not in the least a blue-stocking.

Now every one knows that one of the indirect advantages that result from the acquisition of a strange tongue is the immediate gain in the extent of view. It is as though a near-sighted man had suddenly put on glasses. It is something to be able to read French; but if one has learned to speak French, the reading of a French book becomes infinitely more vivid. With a French play in the hand, one can see clearly the expressions on the faces of the personages, as one follows the printed dialogue with the eye. Here is where a Russian understands the American or the French point of view, much better than an American or a Frenchman understands the Russian's. Indeed, the man from Paris is nothing like so cosmopolitan as the man from Petersburg. One reason is, that he is too well satisfied with Paris. The late M. Brunetière told me that he could neither read or speak English, and, what is still more remarkable, he said that he had never been in England! That a critic of his

power and reputation, interested as he was in English literature, should never have had sufficient intellectual curiosity to cross the English Channel, struck me as nothing short of amazing.

The acquisition of any foreign language annihilates a considerable number of prejudices. Henry James, who knew Turgenev intimately, and who has written a brilliant and charming essay on his personality, said that the mind of Turgenev contained not one pin-point of prejudice. It is worth while to pause an instant and meditate on the significance of such a remark. Think what it must mean to view the world, the institutions of society, moral ideas, and human character with an absolutely unprejudiced mind! We Americans are skinful of prejudices. Of course we don't call them prejudices; we call them principles. But they sometimes impress others as prejudices; and they no doubt help to obscure our judgment, and to shorten or refract our sight. What would be thought of a painter who had prejudices concerning the colours of skies and fields?

The cosmopolitanism of the Russian novelist partly accounts for the international effect and influence of his novels. His knowledge of foreign languages makes his books appeal to foreign readers. When he introduces German, French, English, and Italian characters into his books, he not only under-

stands these people, he can think in their languages, and thus reproduce faithfully their characteristics not merely by observation but by sympathetic intuition. Furthermore, the very fact that Tolstoi, for example, writes in an inaccessible language, makes foreign translations of his works absolutely necessary. As at the day of Pentecost, every man hears him speak in his own tongue. Now if an Englishman writes a successful book, thousands of Russians, Germans, and others will read it in English; the necessity of translation is not nearly so great. It is interesting to compare the world-wide appeal made by the novels of Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoi with that made by Thackeray and George Eliot, not to mention Mr. Hardy or the late Mr. Meredith.

The combination of the great age of Russia with its recent intellectual birth produces a maturity of character, with a wonderful freshness of consciousness. It is as though a strong, sensible man of forty should suddenly develop a genius in art; his attitude would be quite different from that of a growing boy, no matter how precocious he might be. So, while the Russian character is marked by an extreme sensitiveness to mental impressions, it is without the rawness and immaturity of the American. The typical American has some strong quali-

ties that seem in the typical Russian conspicuously absent; but his very practical energy, his pride and self-satisfaction, stand in the way of his receptive power. Now a conspicuous trait of the Russian is his humility; and his humility enables him to see clearly what is going on, where an American would instantly interfere, and attempt to change the course of events.[1] For, however inspiring a full-blooded American may be, the most distinguishing feature of his character is surely not Humility. And it is worth while to remember that whereas since 1850, at least a dozen great realistic novels have been written in Russian, not a single completely great realistic novel has ever been written in the Western Hemisphere.

This extreme sensitiveness to impression is what has led the Russian literary genius into Realism; and it is what has produced the greatest Realists that the history of the novel has seen. The Russian mind is like a sensitive plate; it reproduces faithfully. It has no more partiality, no more prejudice than a camera film; it reflects everything that reaches its surface. A Russian novelist, with a pen in his hand, is the most truthful being on earth.

[1] It is possible that both the humility and the melancholy of the Russian character are partly caused by the climate, and the vast steppes and forests, which seem to indicate the insignificance of man.

To an Englishman or an American, perhaps the most striking trait in the Russian character is his lack of practical force — the paralysis of his power of will. The national character among the educated classes is personified in fiction, in a type peculiarly Russian; and that may be best defined by calling it the conventional Hamlet. I say the conventional Hamlet, for I believe Shakespeare's Hamlet is a man of immense resolution and self-control. The Hamlet of the commentators is as unlike Shakespeare's Hamlet as systematic theology is unlike the Sermon on the Mount. The hero of the orthodox Russian novel is a veritable *L'Aiglon*. This national type must be clearly understood before an American can understand Russian novels at all. In order to show that it is not imaginary, but real, one has only to turn to Sienkiewicz's powerful work, *Without Dogma*, the very title expressing the lack of conviction that destroys the hero.

"Last night, at Count Malatesta's reception, I heard by chance these two words, 'l'improductivité slave.' I experienced the same relief as does a nervous patient when the physician tells him that his symptoms are common enough, and that many others suffer from the same disease. . . . I thought about that 'improductivité slave' all night. He had his wits about him who summed the thing up in these two words. There is something in us, — an

incapacity to give forth all that is in us. One might say, God has given us bow and arrow, but refused us the power to string the bow and send the arrow straight to its aim.) I should like to discuss it with my father, but am afraid to touch a sore point. Instead of this, I will discuss it with my diary. Perhaps it will be just the thing to give it any value. Besides, what can be more natural than to write about what interests me? Everybody carries within him his tragedy. Mine is this same 'improductivité slave' of the Ploszowskis. Not long ago, when romanticism flourished in hearts and poetry, everybody carried his tragedy draped around him as a picturesque cloak; now it is carried still, but as a jägervest next to the skin. But with a diary it is different; with a diary one may be sincere. . . . To begin with, I note down that my religious belief I carried still intact with me from Metz did not withstand the study of natural philosophy. It does not follow that I am an atheist. Oh, no! this was good enough in former times, when he who did not believe in spirit, said to himself, 'Matter,' and that settled for him the question. Nowadays only provincial philosophers cling to that worn-out creed. Philosophy of our times does not pronounce upon the matter; to all such questions, it says, 'I do not know.' And that 'I do not know' sinks into and permeates the mind. Nowadays psychology

occupies itself with close analysis and researches of spiritual manifestations; but when questioned upon the immortality of the soul it says the same, 'I do not know,' and truly it does not know, and it cannot know. And now it will be easier to describe the state of my mind. It all lies in these words: I do not know. In this — in the acknowledged impotence of the human mind — lies the tragedy. Not to mention the fact that humanity always has asked, and always will ask, for an answer, they are truly questions of more importance than anything else in the world. If there be something on the other side, and that something an eternal life, then misfortunes and losses on this side are as nothing. 'I am content to die,' says Renan, 'but I should like to know whether death will be of any use to me.' And philosophy replies, 'I do not know.' And man beats against that blank wall, and like the bedridden sufferer fancies, if he could lie on this or on that side, he would feel easier. What is to be done?"[1]

Those last five words are often heard in Russian mouths. It is a favourite question. It is, indeed, the title of two Russian books.

The description of the Slavonic temperament given by Sienkiewicz tallies exactly with many prominent characters in Russian novels. Tur-

[1] Translated by Iza Young.

genev first completely realised it in *Rudin*; he afterwards made it equally clear in *Torrents of Spring*, *Smoke*, and other novels.[1] Raskolnikov, in Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*, is another illustration; he wishes to be a Napoleon, and succeeds only in murdering two old women. Artsybashev, in his terrible novel, *Sanin*, has given an admirable analysis of this great Russian type in the character of Jurii, who finally commits suicide simply because he cannot find a working theory of life. Writers so different as Tolstoi and Gorki have given plenty of good examples. Indeed, Gorki, in *Varenka Olessova*, has put into the mouth of a sensible girl an excellent sketch of the national representative.

"The Russian hero is always silly and stupid, he is always sick of something; always thinking of something that cannot be understood, and is himself so miserable, so m — i — serable! He will think, think, then talk, then he will go and make a declaration of love, and after that he thinks, and thinks again, till he marries. . . . And when he is married, he talks all sorts of nonsense to his wife, and then abandons her."

Turgenev's Bazarov and Artsybashev's Sanin indicate the ardent revolt against the national mas-

[1] Goncharov devoted a whole novel, *Oblomov*, to the elaboration of this particular type.

culine temperament; like true Slavs, they go clear to the other extreme, and bring resolution to a *reductio ad absurdum*; for your true Russian knows no middle course, being entirely without the healthy moderation of the Anglo-Saxon. The great Turgenev realised his own likeness to Rudin. Mrs. Ritchie has given a very pleasant unconscious testimony to this fact.

"Just then my glance fell upon Turgenev[1] leaning against the doorpost at the far end of the room, and as I looked, I was struck, being short-sighted, by a certain resemblance to my father [Thackeray], which I tried to realise to myself. He was very tall, his hair was grey and abundant, his attitude was quiet and reposeful; I looked again and again while I pictured to myself the likeness. When Turgenev came up after the music, he spoke to us with great kindness, spoke of our father, and of having dined at our house, and he promised kindly and willingly to come and call next day upon my sister and me in Onslow Gardens. I can remember that next day still; dull and dark, with a yellow mist in the air. All the afternoon I sat hoping and expecting that Turgenev might come, but I waited in vain. Two days later, we met him again at Mrs. Huth's, where we were all once more assembled.

[1] I have made the spelling of Russian names uniform, in all citations.

Mr. Turgenev came straight up to me at once. 'I was so sorry that I could not come and see you,' he said, 'so very sorry, but I was prevented. Look at my thumbs!' and he held up both his hands with the palms outwards. I looked at his thumbs, but I could not understand. 'See how small they are,' he went on; 'people with such little thumbs can never do what they intend to do, they always let themselves be prevented;' and he laughed so kindly that I felt as if his visit had been paid all the time and quite understood the validity of the excuse."[1]

It is seldom that the national characteristic reveals itself so playfully; it is more likely to lead to tragedy. This cardinal fact may militate greatly against Russia's position as a world-power in the future, as it has in the past. Her capacity for passive resistance is enormous — Napoleon learned that, and so did Frederick. A remarkable illustration of it was afforded by the late Japanese war, when Port Arthur held out long after the possible date assigned by many military experts. For positive aggressive tactics Russia is just as weak nationally as her men are individually. What a case in point is the Duma, of which so much was expected! Were a majority of that Duma Anglo-Saxons, we should all see something happen, and it would not happen against Finland. One has only

[1] *Blackstick Papers*, 1908.

to compare it with the great parliamentary gatherings in England's history.[1]

Perhaps if the membership were exclusively composed of women, positive results would show. For, in Russian novels, the irresolution of the men is equalled only by the driving force of the women. The Russian feminine type, as depicted in fiction, is the incarnation of singleness of purpose, and a capacity to bring things to pass, whether for good or for evil. The heroine of *Rudin*, of *Smoke*, of *On the Eve*, the sinister Maria of *Torrents of Spring*, the immortal Lisa of *A House of Gentlefolk*, the girl in Dostoevski's *Poor Folk;* Dunia and Sonia, in *Crime and Punishment* — many others might be called to mind. The good Russian women seem immensely superior to the men in their instant perception and recognition of moral values, which gives them a chart and compass in life. Possibly, too, the women are stiffened in will by a natural reaction in finding their husbands and brothers so stuffed with inconclusive theories. One is appalled at the prodigious amount of nonsense that Russian wives and daughters are forced to hear from their talkative and ineffective heads of houses. It must be worse than the metaphysical discussion between Adam and the angel, while Eve waited on

[1] Gogol said in *Dead Souls*, "We Russians have not the slightest talent for deliberative assemblies."

table, and supplied the windy debaters with something really useful.

To one who is well acquainted with American university undergraduates, the intellectual maturity of the Russian or Polish student and his eagerness for the discussion of abstract problems in sociology and metaphysics are very impressive. The amount of space given in Russian novels to philosophical introspection and debate is a truthful portrayal of the subtle Russian mind. Russians love to talk; they are strenuous in conversation, and forget their meals and their sleep. I have known some Russians who will sit up all night, engaged in the discussion of a purely abstract topic, totally oblivious to the passage of time. In *A House of Gentlefolk*, at four o'clock in the morning, Mihalevich is still talking about the social duties of Russian landowners, and he roars out, "We are sleeping, and the time is slipping away; we are sleeping!" Lavretsky replies, "Permit me to observe, that we are not sleeping at present, but rather preventing others from sleeping. We are straining our throats like the cocks — listen! there is one crowing for the third time." To which Mihalevich smilingly rejoins, "Good-bye till to-morrow." Then follows, "But the friends talked for more than an hour longer." In Chirikov's

powerful drama, *The Jews*, the scene of animated discussion that takes place on the stage is a perfect picture of what is happening in hundreds of Russian towns every night. An admirable description of a typical Russian conversation is given by Turgenev, in *Virgin Soil:* —

"Like the first flakes of snow, swiftly whirling, crossing and recrossing in the still mild air of autumn, words began flying, tumbling, jostling against one another in the heated atmosphere of Golushkin's dining-room — words of all sorts — progress, government, literature; the taxation question, the church question, the Roman question, the law-court question; classicism, realism, nihilism, communism; international, clerical, liberal, capital; administration, organisation, association, and even crystallisation! It was just this uproar which seemed to arouse Golushkin to enthusiasm; the real gist of the matter seemed to consist in this, for him." [1]

The Anglo-Saxon is content to allow ideas that are inconsistent and irreconcilable to get along together as best they may in his mind, in order that he may somehow get something done. Not so the Russian. Dr. Johnson, who settled Berkeleian idealism by kicking a stone, and the problem of free

[1] All citations from Turgenev's novels are from Constance Garnett's translations.

will by stoutly declaring, "I know I'm free and there's an end on't," would have had an interesting time among the Slavs.

It is rather fortunate that the Russian love of theory is so often accompanied by the paralysis of will power, otherwise political crimes would be much commoner in Russia than they are. The Russian is tremendously impulsive, but not at all practical. Many hold the most extreme views, views that would shock a typical Anglo-Saxon out of his complacency; but they remain harmless and gentle theorists. Many Russians do not believe in God, or Law, or Civil Government, or Marriage, or any of the fundamental Institutions of Society; but their daily life is as regular and conventional as a New Englander's. Others, however, attempt to live up to their theories, not so much for their personal enjoyment, as for the satisfaction that comes from intellectual consistency. In general, it may be said that the Russian is far more of an extremist, far more influenced by theory, than people of the West. This is particularly true of the youth of Russia, always hot-headed and impulsive, and who are constantly attempting to put into practice the latest popular theories of life. American undergraduates are the most conservative folk in the world; if any strange theory in morals or politics becomes noised abroad, the American student opposes to it

the one time-honoured weapon of the conservative from Aristophanes down, — burlesque. Mock processions and absurd travesties of "the latest thing" in politics are a feature of every academic year at an American university. Indeed, an American student leading a radical political mob is simply unthinkable. It is common enough in Russia, where in political disturbances students are very often prominent. If a young Russian gives his intellectual assent to a theory, his first thought is to illustrate it in his life. One of the most terrible results of the publication of Artsybashev's novel *Sanin* — where the hero's theory of life is simply to enjoy it, and where the Christian system of morals is ridiculed — was the organisation, in various high schools, among the boys and girls, of societies *zum ungehinderten Geschechtsgenuss*. They were simply doing what Sanin told them they ought to do; and having decided that he was right, they immediately put his theories into practice. Again, when Tolstoi finally made up his mind that the Christian system of ethics was correct, he had no peace until he had attempted to live in every respect in accordance with those doctrines. And he persuaded thousands of Russians to attempt the same thing. Now in England and in America, every minister knows that it is perfectly safe to preach the Sermon on the Mount every day in the year. There is

no occasion for alarm. Nobody will do anything rash.

The fact that the French language, culture, and manners have been superimposed upon Russian society should never be forgotten in a discussion of the Russian national character. For many years, and until very recently, French was the language constantly used by educated and aristocratic native Russians, just as it is by the Poles and by the Roumanians. It will never cease seeming strange to an American to hear a Russian mother and son talk intimately together in a language not their own. Even Pushkin, the founder of Russian literature, the national poet, wrote in a letter to a friend, "Je vous parlerai la langue de l'Europe, elle m'est plus familière." Imagine Tennyson writing a letter in French, with the explanation that French came easier to him!

It follows, as a consequence, that the chief reading of Russian society people is French novels; that French customs, morals, and manners (as portrayed in French fiction) have had an enormous effect on the educated classes in Russia. If we may believe half the testimony we hear, — I am not sure that we can, — Russian aristocratic society is to-day the most corrupt in the world. There is an immense contrast between Parisians and Russians,

and the literature that would not damage the morals of the former is deadly to the latter. The spirit of mockery in the Parisian throws off the germs of their theatre and their fiction. I have seen in a Parisian theatre men, their wives, and their families laughing unrestrainedly at a piece, that if exhibited before an American audience would simply disgust some, and make others morbidly attentive. This kind of literature, comic or tragic, disseminated as it everywhere is among impulsive and passionate Russian readers, has been anything but morally healthful. One might as rationally go about and poison wells. And the Russian youth are sophisticated to a degree that seems to us almost startling. In 1903, a newspaper in Russia sent out thousands of blanks to high school boys and girls all over the country, to discover what books constituted their favourite reading. Among native authors, Tolstoi was first, closely followed by Gorki; among foreign writers, Guy de Maupassant was the most popular! The constant reading of Maupassant by boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen years, already emancipated from the domination of religious ideas, can hardly be morally hygienic. And to-day, in many families all over the Western world, Hygiene has taken the place of God.

Russian novelists have given us again and again pictures of typical society women who are thor-

oughly corrupt. We find them in historical and in contemporary fiction. They are in *War and Peace*, in *Anna Karenina*, in *Dead Souls*, in *A House of Gentlefolk*, and in the books of to-day. And it is worth remembering that when Tolstoi was a young man, his aunt advised him to have an intrigue with a married woman, for the added polish and ease it would give to his manners, just as an American mother sends her boy to dancing-school.

Finally, in reading the works of Tolstoi, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Gorki, Chekhov, Andreev, and others, what is the general impression produced on the mind of a foreigner? It is one of intense gloom. Of all the dark books in fiction, no works sound such depths of suffering and despair as are fathomed by the Russians. Many English readers used to say that the novels of George Eliot were "profoundly sad," — it became almost a hackneyed phrase. Her stories are rollicking comedies compared with the awful shadow cast by the literature of the Slavs. Suffering is the heritage of the Russian race; their history is steeped in blood and tears, their present condition seems intolerably painful, and the future is an impenetrable cloud. In the life of the peasants there is of course fun and laughter, as there is in every human life; but at the root there is suffering, not the loud protest of the

Anglo-Saxon labourer, whose very loudness is a witness to his vitality — but passive, fatalistic, apathetic misery. Life has been often defined, but never in a more depressing fashion than by the peasant in Gorki's novel, who asks quietly: —

"What does the word Life mean to us? A feast? No. Work? No. A battle? Oh, no!! For us Life is something merely tiresome, dull, — a kind of heavy burden. In carrying it we sigh with weariness and complain of its weight. Do we really love Life! The Love of Life! The very words sound strange to our ears! We love only our dreams of the future — and this love is Platonic, with no hope of fruition."

Suffering is the corner-stone of Russian life, as it is of Russian fiction. That is one reason why the Russians produce here and there such splendid characters, and such mighty books. The Russian capacity for suffering is the real text of the great works of Dostoevski, and the reason why his name is so beloved in Russia — he understood the hearts of his countrymen. Of all the courtesans who have illustrated the Christian religion on the stage and in fiction, the greatest is Dostoevski's Sonia. Her amazing sincerity and deep simplicity make us ashamed of any tribute of tears we may have given to the familiar sentimental type. She does not know what the word "sentiment" means; but the

awful sacrifice of her daily life is the great modern illustration of Love. Christ again is crucified. When the refined, cultivated, philosophical student Raskolnikov stoops to this ignorant girl and kisses her feet, he says, "I did not bow down to you individually, but to suffering Humanity in your person." That phrase gives us an insight into the Russian national character.

The immediate result of all this suffering as set forth in the lives and in the books of the great Russians, is Sympathy — pity and sympathy for Humanity. Thousands are purified and ennobled by these sublime pictures of woe. And one of the most remarkable of contemporary Russian novels — Andreev's *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, a book bearing on every page the stamp of indubitable genius — radiates a sympathy and pity that are almost divine.

This growth of Love and Sympathy in the Russian national character is to me the sign of greatest promise in their future, both as a nation of men and women, and as a contributor to the world's great works of literary art. If anything can dispel the black clouds in their dreary sky, it will be this wonderful emotional power. The political changes, the Trans-Siberian railway, their industrial and agricultural progress, — all these are as nothing compared with the immense advance that Chris-

tian sympathy is now making in the hearts of the Russian people. The books of Dostoevski and Tolstoi point directly to the Gospel, and although Russia is theoretically a Christian nation, no country needs real Christianity more than she. The tyranny of the bureaucracy, the corruption of fashionable society, the sufferings of the humble classes, the hollow formalism of the Church, make Russia particularly ripe for the true Gospel — just as true to-day as when given to the world in Palestine. Sixty years ago Gogol wrote: "What is it that is most truly Russian? What is the main characteristic of our Russian nature, that we now try to develop by making it reject everything strange and foreign to it? The value of the Russian nature consists in this — that it is capable, more than any other, of receiving the noble word of the Gospel, which leads man toward perfection." One cannot read Dostoevski and Tolstoi without thinking of the truth of Gogol's declaration.

All the philosophy and wisdom of the world have never improved on the teachings of the Founder of Christianity. What the individual and society need to-day is not Socialism, Communism, or Nihilism; no temporary palliative sought in political, social, or financial Reform; what we each need is a closer personal contact with the simple truths of the New Testament. The last word on all political,

philosophical, and social questions may still be found in the Sermon on the Mount. It is a significant fact, that Tolstoi, after a varied and long experience of human life, after reviewing all the systems of thought that have influenced modern society, should have finally arrived and found rest in the statements that most of us learned in childhood from our mothers' lips.

II

GOGOL

Nikolai Vassilievich Gogol was born at Sorotchinetz, in Little Russia, in March, 1809. The year in which he appeared on the planet proved to be the literary *annus mirabilis* of the century; for in that same twelvemonth were born Charles Darwin, Alfred Tennyson, Abraham Lincoln, Poe, Gladstone, and Holmes. His father was a lover of literature, who wrote dramatic pieces for his own amusement, and who spent his time on the old family estates, not in managing the farms, but in wandering about the fields, and beholding the fowls of the air. The boy inherited much from his father; but, unlike Turgenev, he had the best of all private tutors, a good mother, of whom his biographer says, *Elle demeure toujours sa plus intime amie.*[1]

At the age of twelve, Nikolai was sent away to the high school at Nezhin, a town near Kiev. There he remained from 1821 to 1828. He was an unpromising student, having no enthusiasm for his lessons, and showing no distinction either

[1] For the facts in Gogol's life, I have relied chiefly on the doctor's thesis by Raina Tyrneva, Aix, 1901.

in scholarship or deportment. Fortunately, however, the school had a little theatre of its own, and Gogol, who hated mathematics, and cared little for the study of modern languages, here found an outlet for all his mental energy. He soon became the acknowledged leader of the school in matters dramatic, and unconsciously prepared himself for his future career. Like Schiller, he wrote a tragedy, and called it *The Robbers*.

I think it is probable that Gogol's hatred for the school curriculum inspired a passage in *Taras Bulba*, though here he ostensibly described the pedagogy of the fifteenth century.

"The style of education in that age differed widely from the manner of life. These scholastic, grammatical, rhetorical, and logical subtilties were decidedly out of consonance with the times, never had any connection with and never were encountered in actual life. Those who studied them could not apply their knowledge to anything whatever, not even the least scholastic of them. The learned men of those days were even more incapable than the rest, because farther removed from all experience." [1]

In December, 1828, Gogol took up his residence in St. Petersburg, bringing with him some manuscripts that he had written while at school. He had the temerity to publish one, which was so bru-

[1] Translated by Isabel Hapgood.

tally ridiculed by the critics, that the young genius, in despair, burned all the unsold copies — an unwitting prophecy of a later and more lamentable conflagration. Then he vainly tried various means of subsistence. Suddenly he decided to seek his fortune in America, but he was both homesick and seasick before the ship emerged from the Baltic, and from Lübeck he fled incontinently back to Petersburg. Then he tried to become an actor, but lacked the necessary strength of voice. For a short time he held a minor official position, and a little later was professor of history, an occupation he did not enjoy, saying after his resignation, "Now I am a free Cossack again." Meanwhile his pen was steadily busy, and his sketches of farm life in the Ukraine attracted considerable attention among literary circles in the capital.

Gogol suffered from nostalgia all the time he lived at St. Petersburg; he did not care for that form of society, and the people, he said, did not seem like real Russians. He was thoroughly homesick for his beloved Ukraine; and it is significant that his short stories of life in Little Russia, truthfully depicting the country customs, were written far off in a strange and uncongenial environment.

In 1831 he had the good fortune to meet the poet Pushkin, and a few months later in the same year he was presented to Madame Smirnova; these

friends gave him the *entrée* to the literary salons, and the young author, lonesome as he was, found the intellectual stimulation he needed. It was Pushkin who suggested to him the subjects for two of his most famous works, *Revizor* and *Dead Souls*. Another friend, Jukovski, exercised a powerful influence, and gave invaluable aid at several crises of his career. Jukovski had translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey;* his enthusiasm for Hellenic poetry was contagious; and under this inspiration Gogol proceeded to write the most Homeric romance in Russian literature, *Taras Bulba*. This story gave the first indubitable proof of its author's genius, and to-day in the world's fiction it holds an unassailable place in the front rank. The book is so short that it can be read through in less than two hours; but it gives the same impression of vastness and immensity as the huge volumes of Sienkiewicz.

Gogol followed this amazingly powerful romance by two other works, which seem to have all the marks of immortality — the comedy *Revizor*, and a long, unfinished novel, *Dead Souls*. This latter book is the first of the great realistic novels of Russia, of which *Fathers and Children*, *Crime and Punishment*, and *Anna Karenina* are such splendid examples.

From 1836 until his death in 1852, Gogol lived mainly abroad, and spent much time in travel. His favourite place of residence was Rome, to

which city he repeatedly returned with increasing affection. In 1848 he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, for Gogol never departed from the pious Christian faith taught him by his mother; in fact, toward the end of his life, he became an ascetic and a mystic. The last years were shadowed by illness and — a common thing among Russian writers — by intense nervous depression. He died at Moscow, 21 February 1852. His last words were the old saying, "And I shall laugh with a bitter laugh." These words were placed on his tomb.

Most Russian novels are steeped in pessimism, and their authors were men of sorrows. Gogol, however, has the double distinction of being the only great comic writer in the language, and in particular of being the author of the only Russian drama known all over the world, and still acted everywhere on the Continent. Although plays do not come within the scope of this book, a word or two should be said about this great comedy; for *Revizor* exhibits clearly the double nature of the author, — his genius for moral satire and his genius for pure fun. From the moral point of view, it is a terrible indictment against the most corrupt bureaucracy of modern times; from the comic point of view, it is an uproarious farce.

The origin of the play is as follows: while travelling in Russia one day, Pushkin stopped at Nizhni-

Novgorod. Here he was mistaken for a state functionary on tour among the provinces for purposes of government inspection. This amused the poet so keenly that he narrated all the circumstances to Gogol and suggested that the latter make a play with this experience as the basis of the plot. Gogol not only acted on the suggestion, but instead of a mere farce, he produced a comedy of manners. Toward the end of his life he wrote: "In *Revizor* I tried to gather in one heap all that was bad in Russia, as I then understood it; I wished to turn it all into ridicule. The real impression produced was that of fear. Through the laughter that I have never laughed more loudly, the spectator feels my bitterness and sorrow." The drama was finished on the 4 December 1835, and of course the immediate difficulty was the censorship. How would it be possible for such a satire either to be printed or acted in Russia? Gogol's friend, Madame Smirnova, carried the manuscript to the Czar, Nikolas I. It was read to him; he roared with laughter, and immediately ordered that it be acted. We may note also that he became a warm friend of Gogol, and sent sums of money to him, saying nobly, "Don't let him know the source of these gifts; for then he might feel obliged to write from the official point of view."

The first performance was on the 19 April 1836.

The Czar attended in person, and applauded vigorously. The success was immediate, and it has never quitted the stage. Gogol wrote to a friend: "On the opening night I felt uncomfortable from the very first as I sat in the theatre. Anxiety for the approval of the audience did not trouble me. There was only one critic in the house — myself — that I feared. I heard clamorous objections within me which drowned all else. However, the public, as a whole, was satisfied. Half of the audience praised the play, the other half condemned it, but not on artistic grounds."

Revizor is one of the best-constructed comedies in any language; for not only has it a unified and well-ordered plot, but it does not stop with the final fall of the curtain. Most plays by attempting to finish up the story with smooth edges, leave an impression of artificiality and unreality, for life is not done up in such neat parcels. The greatest dramas do not solve problems for us, they supply us with questions. In *Revizor*, at the last dumb scene, after all the mirth, the real trouble is about to begin; and the spectators depart, not merely with the delightful memory of an evening's entertainment, but with their imagination aflame. Furthermore, *Revizor* has that combination of the intensely local element with the universal, so characteristic of works of genius. Its avowed at-

tempt was to satirise local and temporal abuses; but it is impossible to imagine any state of society in the near future where the play will not seem real. If Gogol had done nothing but write the best comedy in the Russian language, he would have his place in literature secure.[1]

One must never forget in reading Gogol that he was a man of the South — *homme du Midi.* In all countries of the world, there is a marked difference between the Northern and the Southern temperament. The southern sun seems to make human nature more mellow. Southerners are more warm-hearted, more emotional, more hospitable, and much more free in the expression of their feelings. In the United States, every one knows the contrast between the New Englander and the man from the Gulf; in Europe, the difference between the Norman and the Gascon has always been apparent — how clear it is in the works of Flaubert and of Rostand! Likewise how interesting is the comparison between the Prussian and the Bavarian; we may have a wholesome respect for Berlin, but we love Munich,

[1] The first production of *Revizor* in America (in English) was given by the students of Yale University, 20 April, 1908. For all I know to the contrary, it was the first English production in the world. It was immensely successful, caused subsequent performances elsewhere, both amateur and professional, and attracted attention in Russia, where a journal gave an illustrated account of the Yale representation.

in some respects the most attractive town on earth. The parallel holds good in Russia, where the Little Russians, the men of the Ukraine, have ever shown characteristics that separate them from the people of the North. The fiery passion, the boundless aspiration of the Cossack, animates the stories of Gogol with a veritable flame.

His first book, *Evenings on a Farm near the Dikanka* (*Veillées de l'Ukraine*), appeared early in the thirties, and, with all its crudity and excrescences, was a literary sunrise. It attracted immediate and wide-spread attention, and the wits of Petersburg knew that Russia had an original novelist. The work is a collection of short stories or sketches, introduced with a rollicking humorous preface, in which the author announces himself as Rudii Panko, raiser of bees. Into this book the exile in the city of the North poured out all his love for the country and the village customs of his own Little Russia. He gives us great pictures of Nature, and little pictures of social life. He describes with the utmost detail a country fair at the place of his birth, Sorotchinetz. His descriptions of the simple folk, the beasts, and the bargainings seem as true as those in *Madame Bovary* — the difference is in the attitude of the author toward his work. Gogol has nothing of the aloofness, nothing of the scorn of Flaubert; he himself

loves the revelry and the superstitions he pictures, loves above all the people. Superstition plays a prominent rôle in these sketches; the unseen world of ghosts and apparitions has an enormous influence on the daily life of the peasants. The love of fun is everywhere in evidence; these people cannot live without practical jokes, violent dances, and horse-play. Shadowy forms of amorous couples move silent in the warm summer night, and the stillness is broken by silver laughter. Far away, in his room at St. Petersburg, shut in by the long winter darkness, the homesick man dreamed of the vast landscape he loved, in the warm embrace of the sky at noon, or asleep in the pale moonlight. The first sentence of the book is a cry of longing. "What ecstasy; what splendour has a summer day in Little Russia!" Pushkin used to say that the Northern summer was a caricature of the Southern winter.

The *Evenings on a Farm* indicates the possession of great power rather than consummate skill in the use of it. Full of charm as it is, it cannot by any stretch of language be called a masterpiece. Two years later, however, Gogol produced one of the great prose romances of the world, *Taras Bulba*. He had intended to write a history of Little Russia and a history of the Middle Ages, in eight or nine volumes. In order to gather material, he read

annals diligently, and collected folk-lore, national songs, and local traditions. Fortunately out of this welter of matter emerged not a big history, but a short novel. Short as it is, it has been called an epical poem in the manner of Homer, and a dramatisation of history in the manner of Shakespeare. Both remarks are just, though the influence of Homer is the more evident; in the descriptive passages, the style is deliberately Homeric, as it is in the romances of Sienkiewicz, which owe so much to this little book by Gogol. It is astonishing that so small a work can show such colossal force. Force is its prime quality — physical, mental, religious. In this story the old Cossacks, centuries dead, have a genuine resurrection of the body. They appear before us in all their amazing vitality, their love of fighting, of eating and drinking, their intense patriotism, and their blazing devotion to their religious faith. Never was a book more plainly inspired by passion for race and native land. It is one tremendous shout of joy. These Cossacks are the veritable children of the steppes, and their vast passions, their Homeric laughter, their absolute recklessness in battle, are simply an expression of the boundless range of the mighty landscape.

"The further they penetrated the steppe, the more beautiful it became. Then all the South,

all that region which now constitutes New Russia, even to the Black Sea, was a green, virgin wilderness. No plough had ever passed over the immeasurable waves of wild growth; the horses alone, hiding themselves in it as in a forest, trod it down. Nothing in nature could be finer. The whole surface of the earth presented itself as a green-gold ocean, upon which were sprinkled millions of different flowers. Through the tall, slender stems of the grass peeped light-blue, dark-blue, and lilac star-thistles; the yellow broom thrust up its pyramidal head; the parasol-shaped white flower of the false flax shimmered on high. A wheat-ear, brought God knows whence, was filling out to ripening. About their slender roots ran partridges with out-stretched necks. The air was filled with the notes of a thousand different birds. In the sky, immovable, hung the hawks, their wings outspread, and their eyes fixed intently on the grass. The cries of a cloud of wild ducks, moving up from one side, were echoed from God knows what distant lake. From the grass arose, with measured sweep, a gull, and bathed luxuriously in blue waves of air. And now she has vanished on high, and appears only as a black dot: now she has turned her wings, and shines in the sunlight. Deuce take you, steppes, how beautiful you are!"[1]

[1] Translated by Isabel Hapgood.

The whole book is dominated by the gigantic figure of old Taras Bulba, who loves food and drink, but who would rather fight than eat. Like so many Russian novels, it begins at the beginning, not at the second or third chapter. The two sons of Taras, wild cubs of the wild old wolf, return from school, and are welcomed by their loving father, not with kisses and affectionate greeting, but with a joyous fist combat, while the anxious mother looks on with tears of dismayed surprise. After the sublime rage of fighting, which proves to the old man's satisfaction that his sons are really worthy of him, comes the sublime joy of brandy, and a prodigious feast, which only the stomachs of fifteenth century Cossacks could survive. Then despite the anguish of the mother — there was no place for the happiness of women in Cossack life — comes the crushing announcement that on the morrow all three males will away to the wars, from which not one of them will return. One of the most poignant scenes that Gogol has written is the picture of the mother, watching the whole night long by her sleeping sons — who pass the few hours after the long separation and before the eternal parting, in deep, unconscious slumber.

The various noisy parliaments and bloody combats are pictured by a pen alive with the subject; of the two sons, one is murdered by his father for

preferring the love of a Capulet to the success of the Montagues; the other, Ostap, is taken prisoner, and tortured to death. Taras, in disguise, watches the appalling sufferings of his son; just before his death, Ostap, who had not uttered a word during the prolonged and awful agony, cries out to the hostile sky, like the bitter cry *My God, why hast thou forsaken me?* "Father! where are you? do you hear all?" and to the amazement of the boy and his torturers, comes, like a voice from heaven, the shout, "I hear!"

Fearful is the vengeance that Taras Bulba takes on the enemy; fearful is his own death, lashed to a tree, and burned alive by his foes. He dies, merrily roaring defiant taunts at his tormentors. And Gogol himself closes his hero's eyes with the question, "Can any fire, flames, or power be found on earth, which are capable of overpowering Russian strength?"

In its particular class of fiction, *Taras Bulba* has no equal except the Polish trilogy of Sienkiewicz; and Gogol produces the same effect in a small fraction of the space required by the other. This is of course Romanticism rampant, which is one reason why it has not been highly appreciated by the French critics. And it is indeed as contrary to the spirit of Russian fiction as it is to the French spirit of restraint. It stands alone in Russian liter-

ature, apart from the regular stream, unique and unapproachable, not so much one of the great Russian novels as a soul-thrilling poem, commemorating the immortal Cossack heart.

Gogol followed up the *Evenings on a Farm near the Dikanka* with two other volumes of stories and sketches, of which the immortal *Taras Bulba* was included in one. These other tales show an astonishing advance in power of conception and mastery of style. I do not share the general enthusiasm for the narrative of the comically grotesque quarrel between the two Ivans: but the three stories, *Old-fashioned Farmers*, *The Portrait*, and *The Cloak*, show to a high degree that mingling of Fantasy with Reality that is so characteristic of this author. The obsolete old pair of lovers in *Old-fashioned Farmers* is one of the most charming and winsome things that Gogol wrote at this period: it came straight from the depths of his immeasurable tenderness. It appealed to that Pity which, as every one has noticed, is a fundamental attribute of the national Russian character. In *The Portrait*, which is partly written in the minute manner of Balzac, and partly with the imaginative fantastic horror of Poe and Hoffmann, we have the two sides of Gogol's nature clearly reflected. Into this strange story he has also indicated two of the great guiding principles of his

life: his intense democratic sympathies, and his devotion to the highest ideals in Art. When the young painter forsakes poverty and sincerity for wealth and popularity, he steadily degenerates as an artist and eventually loses his soul. The ending of the story, with the disappearance of the portrait, is remarkably clever. The brief tale called *The Cloak* or *The Overcoat* has great significance in the history of Russian fiction, for all Russian novelists have been more or less influenced by it. Its realism is so obviously and emphatically realistic that it becomes exaggeration, but this does not lessen its tremendous power: then suddenly at the very end, it leaves the ground, even the air, and soars away into the ether of Romance.

Although these stories were translated into English by Miss Hapgood over twenty years ago, they have never had any vogue among English-speaking people, and indeed they have produced very little impression anywhere outside of Russia. This is a misfortune for the world, for Gogol was assuredly one of the great literary geniuses of the nineteenth century, and he richly repays attentive reading. In Russia he has been appreciated, immensely respected and admired, from the day that he published his first book; but his lack of reputation abroad is indicated by the remark of Mr. Baring in 1910, "the work of Gogol may be

said to be totally unknown in England." This statement is altogether too sweeping, but it counts as evidence.

Despite Gogol's undoubted claim to be regarded as the founder of Russian fiction, it is worth remembering that of the three works on which rests his international fame, two cannot possibly be called germinal. The drama *Revizor* is the best comedy in the Russian language; but, partly for that very reason, it produced no school. The romance *Taras Bulba* has no successful follower in Russian literature, and brought forth no fruit anywhere for fifty years, until the appearance of the powerful fiction-chronicles by Sienkiewicz. It has all the fiery ardour of a young genius; its very exaggeration, its delight in bloody battle, show a certain immaturity; it breathes indeed the spirit of youth. With the exception of *The Cloak*, Gogol had by 1840 written little to indicate the direction that the best part of Russian literature was to take. It was not until the publication of *Dead Souls* that Russia had a genuine realistic novel. This book is broad enough in scope and content to serve as the foundation of Russian fiction, and to sustain the wonderful work of Turgenev, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski. All the subsequent great novels in Russia point back to *Dead Souls*.

No two books could possibly show a greater

contrast than *Taras Bulba* and *Dead Souls*. One reveals an extraordinary power of condensation: the other an infinite expansion. One deals with heroes and mighty exploits; the other with positively commonplace individuals and the most trivial events. One is the revival of the glorious past; the other a reflection of the sordid present. One is painted with the most brilliant hues of Romanticism, and glows with the essence of the Romantic spirit — Aspiration; the other looks at life through an achromatic lens, and is a catalogue of Realities. To a certain extent, the difference is the difference between the bubbling energy of youth and the steady energy of middle age. For, although Gogol was still young in years when he composed *Dead Souls*, the decade that separated the two works was for the author a constant progress in disillusion. In the sixth chapter of the latter book, Gogol has himself revealed the sad transformation that had taken place in his own mind, and that made his genius express itself in so different a manner: —

"Once, long ago, in the years of my youth, in those beautiful years that rolled so swiftly, I was full of joy, charmed when I arrived for the first time in an unknown place; it might be a farm, a poor little district town, a large village, a small settlement: my eager, childish eyes always found there many interesting objects. Every

building, everything that showed an individual touch, enchanted my mind, and left a vivid impression. . . . To-day I travel through all the obscure villages with profound indifference, and I gaze coldly at their sad and wretched appearance: my eyes linger over no object, nothing grotesque makes me smile: that which formerly made me burst out in a roar of spontaneous laughter, and filled my soul with cheerful animation, now passes before my eyes as though I saw it not, and my mouth, cold and rigid, finds no longer a word to say at the very spectacle which formerly possessed the secret of filling my heart with ecstasy. O my youth! O my fine simplicity!"

Gogol spent the last fifteen years of his life writing this book, and he left it unfinished. Pushkin gave him the subject, as he had for *Revizor*. One day, when the two men were alone together, Pushkin told him, merely as a brief anecdote, of an unscrupulous promoter, who went about buying up the names of dead serfs, thus enabling their owners to escape payment of the taxes which were still in force after the last registration. The names were made over to the new owner, with all legal formalities, so that he apparently possessed a large fortune, measured in slaves; these names the promoter transferred to a remote district, with the intention of obtaining a big cash loan from some

bank, giving his fictitious property as security; but he was quickly caught, and his audacious scheme came to nothing. The story stuck in Gogol's mind, and he conceived the idea of a vast novel, in which the travels of the collector of dead souls should serve as a panorama of the Russian people. Both Gogol and Pushkin thought of *Don Quixote*, the spirit of which is evident enough in this book.

Not long after their interview, Gogol wrote to Pushkin: "I have begun to write *Dead Souls*. The subject expands into a very long novel, and I think it will be amusing, but now I am only at the third chapter. . . . I wish to show, at least from one point of view, all Russia." Gogol declared that he did not write a single line of these early chapters without thinking how Pushkin would judge it, at what he would laugh, at what he would applaud. When he read aloud from the manuscript, Pushkin, who had listened with growing seriousness, cried, "God! what a sad country is Russia!" and later he added, "Gogol invents nothing; it is the simple truth, the terrible truth."

The first part of his work, containing the first eleven chapters, or "songs," was published in May 1842. For the rest of his life, largely spent abroad, Gogol worked fitfully at the continuation of his masterpiece. Ill health, nervous depression, and morbid asceticism preyed upon his mind; in 1845

he burned all that he had written of the second volume. But he soon began to rewrite it, though he made slow and painful progress, having too much of *improductivé slave* either to complete it or to be satisfied with it. At Moscow, a short time before his death, in a night of wakeful misery, he burned a whole mass of his manuscripts. Among them was unfortunately the larger portion of the rewritten second part of *Dead Souls*. Various reasons have been assigned as the cause of the destruction of his book — some have said, it was religious remorse for having written the novel at all; others, rage at adverse criticism; others, his own despair at not having reached ideal perfection. But it seems probable that its burning was simply a mistake. Looking among his papers, a short time after the conflagration, he cried out, "My God! what have I done! that isn't what I meant to burn!" But whatever the reason, the precious manuscript was forever lost; and the second part of the work remains sadly incomplete, partly written up from rough notes left by the author, partly supplied by another hand.

Dead Souls is surely a masterpiece, but a masterpiece of life rather than of art. Even apart from its unfinished shape, it is characterised by that formlessness so distinctive of the great Russian novelists — the sole exception being Turgenev. The

story is so full of disgressions, of remarks in mock apology addressed to the reader, of comparisons of the Russian people with other nations, of general disquisitions on realism, of glowing soliloquies in various moods, that the whole thing is a kind of colossal note-book. Gogol poured into it all his observations, reflections, and comments on life. It is not only a picture of Russia, it is a spiritual autobiography. It is without form, but not void. Gogol called his work a poem; and he could not have found a less happy name. Despite lyrical interludes, it is as far removed from the nature and form of Poetry as it is from Drama. It is a succession of pictures of life, given with the utmost detail, having no connection with each other, and absolutely no crescendo, no movement, no approach to a climax. The only thread that holds the work together is the person of the travelling promoter, Chichikov, whose visits to various communities give the author the opportunity he desired. After one has grasped the plan of the book, the purpose of Chichikov's mission, which one can do in two minutes, one may read the chapters in any haphazard order. Fortunately they are all interesting in their photographic reality.

The whole thing is conceived in the spirit of humour, and its author must be ranked among the great humorists of all time. There is an absurdity

about the mission of the chief character, which gives rise to all sorts of ludicrous situations. It takes time for each serf-owner to comprehend Chichikov's object, and he is naturally regarded with suspicion. In one community it is whispered that he is Napoleon, escaped from St. Helena, and travelling in disguise. An old woman with whom he deals has an avaricious cunning worthy of a Norman peasant. The dialogue between the two is a masterly commentary on the root of all evil. But although all Russia is reflected in a comic mirror, which by its very distortion emphasises the defects of each character, Gogol was not primarily trying to write a funny book. The various scenes at dinner parties and at the country inns are laughable; but Gogol's laughter, like that of most great humorists, is a compound of irony, satire, pathos, tenderness, and moral indignation. The general wretchedness of the serfs, the indifference of their owners to their condition, the pettiness and utter meanness of village gossip, the ridiculous affectations of small-town society, the universal ignorance, stupidity, and dulness — all these are remorselessly revealed in the various bargains made by the hero.

And what a hero! A man neither utterly bad nor very good; shrewd rather than intelligent; limited in every way. He is a Russian, but a universal type. No one can travel far in America with-

out meeting scores of Chichikovs: indeed, he is an accurate portrait of the American promoter, of the successful commercial traveller, whose success depends entirely not on the real value and usefulness of his stock-in-trade, but on his knowledge of human nature and the persuasive power of his tongue. Chichikov is all things to all men.

Not content with the constant interpolation of side remarks and comments, queries of a politely ironical nature to the reader, in the regular approved fashion of English novels, Gogol added after the tenth chapter a defiant epilogue, in which he explained his reasons for dealing with fact rather than with fancy, of ordinary people rather than with heroes, of commonplace events rather than with melodrama; and then suddenly he tried to jar the reader out of his self-satisfaction, like Balzac in *Père Goriot*.

"Pleased with yourselves more than ever, you will smile slowly, and then say with grave deliberation: 'It is true that in some of our provinces one meets very strange people, people absolutely ridiculous, and sometimes scoundrels too!'

"Ah, but who among you, serious readers, I address myself to those who have the humility of the true Christian, who among you, being alone, in the silence of the evening, at the time when one communes with oneself, will look into the depths of

his soul to ask in all sincerity this question? 'Might there not be in me something of Chichikov?'"

This whole epilogue is a programme — the programme of the self-conscious founder of Russian Realism. It came from a man who had deliberately turned his back on Romanticism, even on the romanticism of his friend and teacher, Pushkin, and who had decided to venture all alone on a new and untried path in Russian literature. He fully realised the difficulties of his task, and the opposition he was bound to encounter. He asks and answers the two familiar questions invariably put to the native realist. The first is, "I have enough trouble in my own life: I see enough misery and stupidity in the world: what is the use of reading about it in novels?" The second is, "Why should a man who loves his country uncover her nakedness?"

Gogol's realism differs in two important aspects from the realism of the French school, whether represented by Balzac, Flaubert, Guy de Maupassant, or Zola. He had all the French love of veracity, and could have honestly said with the author of *Une Vie* that he painted *l'humble vérité*. But there are two ground qualities in his realistic method absent in the four Frenchmen: humour and moral force. Gogol could not repress the fun that is so

essential an element in human life, any more than he could stop the beating of his heart; he saw men and women with the eyes of a natural born humorist, to whom the utter absurdity of humanity and human relations was enormously salient. And he could not help preaching, because he had boundless sympathy with the weakness and suffering of his fellow-creatures, and because he believed with all the tremendous force of his character in the Christian religion. His main endeavour was to sharpen the sight of his readers, whether they looked without or within; for not even the greatest physician can remedy an evil, unless he knows what the evil is.

Gogol is the great pioneer in Russian fiction. He had the essential temperament of all great pioneers, whether their goal is material or spiritual. He had vital energy, resolute courage, clear vision, and an abiding faith that he was travelling in the right direction. Such a man will have followers even greater than he, and he rightly shares in their glory. He was surpassed by Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoi, but had he lived, he would have rejoiced in their superior art, just as every great teacher delights in being outstripped by his pupils. He is the real leader of the giant three, and they made of his lonely path a magnificent highway for human thought. They all used him freely:

Tolstoi could hardly have written *The Cossacks* without the inspiration of Gogol, Turgenev must have taken the most beautiful chapter in *Virgin Soil* directly from *Old-fashioned Farmers*, and Dostoevski's first book, *Poor Folk*, is in many places almost a slavish imitation of *The Cloak* — and he freely acknowledged the debt in the course of his story. The uncompromising attitude toward fidelity in Art which Gogol emphasised in *The Portrait* set the standard for every Russian writer who has attained prominence since his day. No one can read Chekhov and Andreev without being conscious of the hovering spirit of the first master of Russian fiction. He could truthfully have adapted the words of Joseph Hall: —

> I first adventure: follow me who list,
> And be the *second* Russian Realist.

III

TURGENEV

TURGENEV was born on the 28 October 1818, at Orel, in south central Russia, about half-way between Moscow and Kiev. Thus, although the temperament of Turgenev was entirely different from that of Gogol, he was born not far from the latter's beloved Ukraine. He came honestly by the patrician quality that unconsciously animated all his books, for his family was both ancient and noble. His mother was wealthy, and in 1817 was married to a handsome, unprincipled military officer six years younger than herself. Their life together was an excellent example of the exact opposite of domestic bliss, and in treating the boy like a culprit, they transformed him — as always happens in similar cases — into a severe judge of their own conduct. The father's unbridled sensuality and the mother's unbridled tongue gave a succession of moving pictures of family discord to the inquisitive eyes of the future novelist. His childhood was anything but cheerful, and late in life he said he could distinctly remember the salt taste of the frequent tears that trickled into the corners of his mouth. Fortunately for all concerned,

the father died while Turgenev was a boy, leaving him with only one — even if the more formidable — of his parents to contend with. His mother despised writers, especially those who wrote in Russian; she insisted that Ivan should make an advantageous marriage, and "have a career"; but the boy was determined never to marry, and he had not the slightest ambition for government favours. The two utterly failed to understand each other, and, weary of his mother's capricious violence of temper, he became completely estranged. Years later, in her last illness, Turgenev made repeated attempts to see her, all of which she angrily repulsed. He endeavoured to see her at the very last, but she died before his arrival. He was then informed that on the evening of her death she had given orders to have an orchestra play dance-music in an adjoining chamber, to distract her mind during the final agony. And her last thought was an attempt to ruin Ivan and his brother by leaving orders to have everything sold at a wretched price, and to set fire to other parts of the property. His comment on his dead mother was "Enfin, il faut oublier."

It is significant that Turgenev has nowhere in all his novels portrayed a mother who combined intelligence with goodness.

French, German, and English Turgenev learned as a child, first from governesses, and then from

regular foreign tutors. The language of his own country, of which he was to become the greatest master that has ever lived, he was forced to learn from the house-servants. His father and mother conversed only in French; his mother even prayed in French. Later, he studied at the Universities of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. At Berlin he breathed for the first time the free air of intellectual Europe, and he was never able long to live out of that element again. One of his closest comrades at the University was Bakunin, a hot-headed young Radical, who subsequently became a Nihilist agitator. There is no doubt that his fiery harangues gave Turgenev much material for his later novels. It is characteristic, too, that while his student friends went wild at the theatre over Schiller, Turgenev immensely preferred Goethe, and could practically repeat the whole first part of *Faust* by heart. Turgenev, like Goethe, was a natural aristocrat in his manner and in his literary taste — and had the same dislike for extremists of all kinds. With the exception of Turgenev's quiet but profound pessimism, his temperament was very similar to that of the great German — such a man will surely incur the hatred of the true Reformer type.

Turgenev was one of the best educated among modern men-of-letters; his knowledge was not superficial and fragmentary, it was solid and accu-

rate. Of all modern novelists, he is the best exponent of genuine culture.

Turgenev often ridiculed in his novels the Russian Anglo-maniac; but in one respect he was more English than the English themselves. This is seen in his passion for shooting. Nearly all of his trips to Britain were made solely for this purpose, and most of the distinguished Englishmen that he met, like Tennyson, he met while visiting England for grouse. Shooting, to be sure, is common enough in Russia; it appears in Artsybashev's *Sanin*, and there was a time when Tolstoi was devoted to this sport, though it later appeared on his long blacklist. But Turgenev had the passion for it characteristic only of the English race; and it is interesting to observe that this humane and peace-loving man entered literature with a gun in his hand. It was on his various shooting excursions in Russia that he obtained so intimate a knowledge of the peasants and of peasant life; and his first important book, *A Sportsman's Sketches*, revealed to the world two things: the dawn of a new literary genius, and the wretched condition of the serfs. This book has often been called the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of Russia; no title could be more absurd. In the whole range of literary history, it would be difficult to find two personalities more unlike than that of Turgenev and Mrs Stowe. The great Russian utterly lacked

the temperament of the advocate; but his innate truthfulness, his wonderful art, and his very calmness made the picture of woe all the more clear. There is no doubt that the book became, without its author's intention, a social document; there is no doubt that Turgenev, a sympathetic and highly civilised man, hated slavery, and that his picture of it helped in an indirect way to bring about the emancipation of the serfs. But its chief value is artistic rather than sociological. It is interesting that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *A Sportsman's Sketches* should have appeared at about the same time, and that emancipation in each country should have followed at about the same interval; but the parallel is chronological rather than logical.[1]

The year of the publication of Turgenev's book (1852) saw the death of Gogol: and the new author quite naturally wrote a public letter of eulogy. In no other country would such a thing have excited anything but favourable comment; in Russia it raised a storm; the government — always jealous of anything that makes for Russia's real greatness — became suspicious, and Turgenev was banished to his estates. Like one of his own dogs, he was told to "go home." Home he went, and continued to write books. Freedom was granted

[1] There is an interesting and amusing reference to Harriet Beecher Stowe in the fourth chapter of *Smoke*.

him a few years later, and he left Russia never to return except as a visitor. He lived first in Germany, and finally in Paris, one of the literary lions of the literary capital of the world. There, on the 3 September 1883, he died. His body was taken to Russia, and with that cruel perversity that makes us speak evil of men while they are alive and sensitive, and good only when they are beyond the reach of our petty praise and blame, friends and foes united in one shout of praise whose echoes filled the whole world.

Turgenev, like Daniel Webster, looked the part. He was a great grey giant, with the Russian winter in his hair and beard. His face in repose had an expression of infinite refinement, infinite gentleness, and infinite sorrow. When the little son of Alphonse Daudet saw Turgenev and Flaubert come into the room, arm in arm, the boy cried out, "Why, papa, they are giants!" George Moore said that at a ball in Montmartre, he saw Turgenev come walking across the hall; he looked like a giant striding among pigmies. Turgenev had that peculiar gentle sweetness that so well accompanies great bodily size and strength. His modesty was the genuine humility of a truly great man. He was always surprised at the admiration his books received, and amazed when he heard of their success in America. Innumerable anecdotes are told

illustrating the beauty of his character; the most recent to appear in print is from the late Mr Conway, who said that Turgenev was "a grand man in every way, physically and mentally, intelligence and refinement in every feature. . . . I found him modest almost to shyness, and in his conversation — he spoke English — never loud or doctrinaire. At the Walter Scott centennial he was present, — the greatest man at the celebration, — but did not make himself known. There was an excursion to Abbotsford, and carriages were provided for guests. One in which I was seated passed Turgenev on foot. I alighted and walked with him, at every step impressed by his greatness and his simplicity."

We shall not know until the year 1920 how far Turgenev was influenced by Madame Viardot, nor exactly what were his relations with this extraordinary woman. Pauline Garcia was a great singer who made her first appearance in Petersburg in 1843. Turgenev was charmed with her, and they remained intimate friends until his death forty years later. After this event, she published some of his letters. She died in Paris in 1910, at the age of eighty-nine. It is reported that among her papers is a complete manuscript novel by Turgenev, which he gave to her some fifty years ago, on the distinct understanding that it should not be published until ten years after her death. We must

accordingly wait for this book with what patience we can command. If this novel really exists, it is surely a strange sensation to know that there is a manuscript which, when published, is certain to be an addition to the world's literature. It is infinitely more valuable on that account than for any light it may throw on the relations between the two individuals.

When Madame Viardot gave up the opera in 1864, and went to live at Baden, Turgenev followed the family thither, lived in a little house close to them, and saw them every day. He was on the most intimate terms with her, with her husband, and with her daughters, whom he loved devotedly. He was essentially a lonely man, and in this household found the only real home he ever knew. It is reported that he once said that he would gladly surrender all his literary fame if he had a hearth of his own, where there was a woman who cared whether he came home late or not. What direction the influence of Madame Viardot on Turgenev took no one knows. Perhaps she simply supplied him with music, which was one of the greatest passions and inspirations of his life. This alone would be sufficient to account for their intimacy. Perhaps she merely stimulated his literary activity, and kept him at his desk; for, like all authors except Anthony Trollope, he hated regular work. His

definition of happiness is not only a self-revelation, it will appeal to many humble individuals who are not writers at all. Being asked for a definition of happiness, he gave it in two words — *Remorseless Laziness*.

It is one of the curious contradictions in human nature that Tolstoi, so aggressive an apostle of Christianity, was himself so lacking in the cardinal Christian virtues of meekness, humility, gentleness, and admiration for others; and that Turgenev, who was without religious belief of any kind, should have been so beautiful an example of the real kindly tolerance and unselfish modesty that should accompany a Christian faith. There is no better illustration in modern history of the grand old name of gentleman.

His pessimism was the true Slavonic pessimism, quiet, profound, and undemonstrative. I heard the late Professor Boyesen say that he had never personally known any man who suffered like Turgenev from mere Despair. His pessimism was temperamental, and he very early lost everything that resembled a definite religious belief. Seated in a garden, he was the solitary witness of a strife between a snake and a toad; this made him first doubt God's Providence.

He was far more helpful to Russia, living in Paris, than he could have been at home. Just as

Ibsen found that he could best describe social conditions in Norway from the distance of Munich or Rome, just as the best time to describe a snow-storm is on a hot summer's day, — for poets, as Mrs Browning said, are always most present with the distant, — so Turgenev's pictures of Russian character and life are nearer to the truth than if he had penned them in the hurly-burly of political excitement. Besides, it was through Turgenev that the French, and later the whole Western world, became acquainted with Russian literature; for a long time he was the only Russian novelist well known outside of his country. It was also owing largely to his personal efforts that Tolstoi's work first became known in France. He distributed copies to the leading writers and men of influence, and asked them to arouse the public. Turgenev had a veritable genius for admiration; he had recognised the greatness of his younger rival immediately, and without a twinge of jealousy. When he read *Sevastopol*, he shouted "Hurrah!" and drank the author's health. Their subsequent friendship was broken by a bitter and melancholy quarrel which lasted sixteen years. Then after Tolstoi had embraced Christianity, he considered it his duty to write to Turgenev, and suggest a renewal of their acquaintance. This was in 1878. Turgenev replied immediately, saying that all hostile feelings

on his part had long since disappeared; that he remembered only his old friend, and the great writer whom he had had the good fortune to salute before others had discovered him. In the summer of that year they had a friendly meeting in Russia, but Turgenev could not appreciate the importance of Tolstoi's new religious views; and that very autumn Tolstoi wrote to Fet, "He is a very disagreeable man." At the same time Turgenev also wrote to Fet, expressing his great pleasure in the renewal of the old friendship, and saying that Tolstoi's "name is beginning to have a European reputation, and we others, we Russians, have known for a long time that he has no rival among us." In 1880, Turgenev returned to Russia to participate in the Pushkin celebration, and was disappointed at Tolstoi's refusal to take part. The truth is, that Tolstoi always hated Turgenev during the latter's lifetime, while Turgenev always admired Tolstoi. On his death-bed, he wrote to him one of the most unselfish and beautiful letters that one great man ever sent to another.

"For a long time I have not written to you, because I was and I am on my death-bed. I cannot get well, it is not even to be thought of. I write to tell you how happy I am to have been your contemporary, and to send you one last petition. My friend! resume your literary work!

It is your gift, which comes from whence comes everything else. Ah! how happy I should be if I could only think that my words would have some influence on you! . . . I can neither eat nor sleep. But it is tiresome to talk about such things. My friend, great writer of our Russian land, listen to my request. Let me know if you get this bit of paper, and permit me once more to heartily embrace you and yours. I can write no more. I am exhausted."

Tolstoi cannot be blamed for paying no heed to this earnest appeal, because every man must follow his conscience, no matter whither it may lead. He felt that he could not even reply to it, as he had grown so far away from "literature" as he had previously understood it. But the letter is a final illustration of the modesty and greatness of Turgenev's spirit; also of his true Russian patriotism, his desire to see his country advanced in the eyes of the world. When we reflect that at the moment of his writing this letter, he himself was still regarded in Europe as Russia's foremost author, there is true nobility in his remark, "How happy I am to have been your contemporary!" Edwin Booth said that a Christian was one who rejoiced in the superiority of a rival. If this be true, how few are they that shall enter into the kingdom of God.

After the death of Turgenev, Tolstoi realised

his greatness as he had never done before. He even consented to deliver a public address in honour of the dead man. In order to prepare himself for this, he began to re-read Turgenev's books, and wrote enthusiastically: "I am constantly thinking of Turgenev and I love him passionately. I pity him and I keep on reading him. I live all the time with him. . . . I have just read *Enough*. What an exquisite thing!" [1] The date was set for the public address. Intense public excitement was aroused. Then the government stepped in and prohibited it!

Turgenev, like most novelists, began his literary career with the publication of verse. He never regarded his poems highly, however, nor his plays, of which he wrote a considerable number. His reputation began, as has been said, with the appearance of *A Sportsman's Sketches*, which are not primarily political or social in their intention, but were written, like all his works, from the serene standpoint of the artist. They are full of delicate character-analysis, both of men and of dogs; they clearly revealed, even in their melancholy humour, the actual condition of the serfs. But perhaps they are chiefly remarkable for their exquisite descriptions of nature. Russian fiction as a whole is not

[1] In 1865, he wrote to Fet, "*Enough* does not please me. Personality and subjectivity are all right, so long as there is plenty of life and passion. But his subjectivity is full of pain, without life."

notable for nature-pictures; the writers have either not been particularly sensitive to beauty of sky and landscape, or like Browning, their interest in the human soul has been so predominant that everything else must take a subordinate place. Turgenev is the great exception, and in this field he stands in Russian literature without a rival, even among the professional poets.

Although *A Sportsman's Sketches* and the many other short tales that Turgenev wrote at intervals during his whole career are thoroughly worth reading, his great reputation is based on his seven complete novels, which should be read in the order of composition, even though they do not form an ascending climax. All of them are short; compared with the huge novels so much in vogue at this moment, they look like tiny models of massive machinery. Turgenev's method was first to write a story at great length, and then submit it to rigid and remorseless compression, so that what he finally gave to the public was the quintessence of his art. It is one of his most extraordinary powers that he was able to depict so many characters and so many life histories in so very few words. The reader has a sense of absolute completeness.

It was in his first novel, *Rudin*, that Turgenev made the first full-length portrait of the typical educated Russian of the nineteenth century. In

doing this, he added an immortal character to the world's literature. "Such and such a man is a Rudin," has been a common expression for over fifty years, as we speak of the Tartuffes and the Pecksniffs. The character was sharply individualised, but he stands as the representative of an exceedingly familiar Slavonic type, and no other novelist has succeeded so well, because no other novelist has understood Rudin so clearly as his creator. It is an entire mistake to speak of him, as so many do nowadays, as an obsolete or rather a "transitional" type. The word "transitional" has been altogether overworked in dealing with Turgenev. Rudins are as common in Russia to-day as they were in 1850; for although Turgenev diagnosed the disease in a masterly fashion, he was unable to suggest a remedy. So late as 1894 Stepniak remarked, "it may be truly said that every educated Russian of our time has a bit of Dmitri Rudin in him." If Rudin is a transitional type, why does the same kind of character appear in Tolstoi, in Dostoevski, in Gorki, in Artsybashev? Why has Sienkiewicz described the racial temperament in two words, *improductivité slave?* It is generally agreed that no man has succeeded better than Chekhov in portraying the typical Russian of the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. In 1894 some one sent to him in writing this question, "What should a

Russian desire at this present time?" He replied, "Desire! he needs most of all desire — force of character. We have enough of that whining shapelessness." Kropotkin says of him: "He knew, and more than knew — he felt with every nerve of his poetical mind — that, apart from a handful of stronger men and women, the true curse of the Russian 'intellectual' is the weakness of his will, the insufficient strength of his desires. Perhaps he felt it in himself. . . . This absence of strong desire and weakness of will he continually, over and over again, represented in his heroes. But this predilection was not a mere accident of temperament and character. It was a direct product of the times he lived in." If it was, as Kropotkin says, a direct product of the times he lived in, then Rudin is not a transitional type, for the direct product of the forties and fifties, when compared with the direct product of the eighties and nineties, is precisely the same. Turgenev's Rudin is far from obsolete. He is the educated Slav of all time; he to a large extent explains mapless Poland, and the political inefficiency of the great empire of Russia. There is not a single person in any English or American novel who can be said to represent his national type in the manner of Rudin. When we remember the extreme brevity of the book, it was an achievement of the highest genius.

Rudin, like the Duke in *The Statue and the Bust,* is a splendid sheath without a sword, "empty and fine like a swordless sheath." His mind is covered with the decorations of art, music, philosophy, and all the ornaments engraved on it by wide travel, sound culture, and prolonged thought; but he can do no execution with it, because there is no single, steady, informing purpose inside. The moment the girl's resolution strikes against him, he gives forth a hollow sound. He is like a stale athlete, who has great muscles and no vitality. To call him a hypocrite would be to misjudge him entirely. He is more subtle and complex than that. One of his acquaintances, hearing him spoken of as Tartuffe, replies, "No, the point is, he is not a Tartuffe. Tartuffe at least knew what he was aiming at." A man of small intelligence who knows exactly what he wants is more likely to get it than a man of brilliant intelligence who doesn't know what he wants, is to get anything, or anywhere.

Perhaps Turgenev, who was the greatest diagnostician among all novelists, felt that by constantly depicting this manner of man Russia would realise her cardinal weakness, and some remedy might be found for it — just as the emancipation of the serfs had been partly brought about by his dispassionate analysis of their condition. Perhaps he repeated this character so often because he saw Rudin in his

own heart. At all events, he never wearied of showing Russians what they were, and he took this means of showing it. In nearly all his novels, and in many of his short tales, he has given us a whole gallery of Rudins under various names. In *Acia*, for example, we have a charming picture of the young painter, Gagin.

"Gagin showed me all his canvases. In his sketches there was a good deal of life and truth, a certain breadth and freedom; but not one of them was finished, and the drawing struck me as careless and incorrect. I gave candid expression to my opinion.

"'Yes, yes,' he assented, with a sigh, 'you're right; it's all very poor and crude; what's to be done? I haven't had the training I ought to have had; besides, one's cursed Slavonic slackness gets the better of one. While one dreams of work, one soars away in eagle flight; one fancies one's going to shake the earth out of its place — but when it comes to doing anything, one's weak and weary directly.'"

The heroine of *Rudin*, the young girl Natalya, is a faint sketch of the future Lisa. Turgenev's girls never seem to have any fun; how different they are from the twentieth century American novelist's heroine, for whom the world is a garden of delight, with exceedingly attractive young men as garden-

ers! These Russian young women are grave, serious, modest, religious, who ask and expect little for themselves, and who radiate feminine charm. They have indomitable power of will, characters of rock-like steadfastness, enveloped in a disposition of ineffable sweetness. Of course they at first fall an easy prey to the men who have the gift of eloquence; for nothing hypnotises a woman more speedily than noble sentiments in the mouth of a man. Her whole being vibrates in mute adoration, like flowers to the sunlight. The essential goodness of a woman's heart is fertile soil for an orator, whether he speaks from the platform or in a conservatory. Natalya is limed almost instantly by the honey of Rudin's language, and her virgin soul expands at his declaration of love. Despite the opposition of her mother, despite the iron bonds of convention, she is ready to forsake all and follow him. To her unspeakable amazement and dismay, she finds that the great orator is *vox, et praeterea nihil.*

"'And what advice can I give you, Natalya Alexyevna?'

"'What advice? You are a man; I am used to trusting to you, I shall trust you to the end. Tell me, what are your plans?'

"'My plans — Your mother certainly will turn me out of the house.'

"'Perhaps. She told me yesterday that she must break off all acquaintance with you. But you do not answer my question.'

"'What question?'

"'What do you think we must do now?'

"'What we must do?' replied Rudin; 'of course submit.'

"'Submit?' repeated Natalya slowly, and her lips turned white.

"'Submit to destiny,' continued Rudin. 'What is to be done?'"

But, although the average Anglo-Saxon reader is very angry with Rudin, he is not altogether contemptible. If every man were of the Roosevelt type, the world would become not a fair field, but a free fight. We need Roosevelts and we need Rudins. The Rudins allure to brighter worlds, even if they do not lead the way. If the ideals they set before us by their eloquence are true, their own failures do not negate them. Whose fault is it if we do not reach them? Lezhnyov gives the inefficient Rudin a splendid eulogy.

"Genius, very likely he has! but as for being natural. . . . That's just his misfortune, that there's nothing natural in him. . . . I want to speak of what is good; of what is rare in him. He has enthusiasm; and believe me, who am a phlegmatic person enough, that is the most precious

quality in our times. We have all become insufferably reasonable, indifferent, and slothful; we are asleep and cold, and thanks to any one who will wake us up and warm us! . . . He is not an actor, as I called him, nor a cheat, nor a scoundrel; he lives at other people's expense, not like a swindler, but like a child. . . . He never does anything himself precisely, he has no vital force, no blood; but who has the right to say that he has not been of use? that his words have not scattered good seeds in young hearts, to whom nature has not denied, as she has to him, powers for action, and the faculty of carrying out their own ideas? . . . I drink to the health of Rudin! I drink to the comrade of my best years, I drink to youth, to its hopes, its endeavours, its faith, and its purity, to all that our hearts beat for at twenty; we have known, and shall know, nothing better than that in life. . . . I drink to that golden time, — to the health of Rudin!"

It is plain that the speaker is something of a Rudin himself.

The next novel, *A House of Gentlefolk*,[1] is, with the possible exception of *Fathers and Children*, Turgenev's masterpiece. I know of no novel which gives a richer return for repeated re-readings. As the title implies, this book deals, not with an exciting

[1] In the original, *A Nobleman's Nest.*

narrative, but with a group of characters; who can forget them? Like all of its author's works, it is a love-story; this passion is the mainspring of the chief personages, and their minds and hearts are revealed by its power. It is commonly said that Turgenev lacked passion; one might say with equal truth that Wordsworth lacked love of nature. Many of his novels and tales are tremulous with passion, but they are never noisy with it. Like the true patrician that he was, he studied restraint and reserve. The garden scene between Lisa and Lavretsky is the very ecstasy of passion, although, like the two characters, it is marked by a pure and chaste beauty of word and action, that seems to prove that Love is something divine. Only the truly virtuous really understand passion — just as the sorrows of men are deeper than the sorrows of children, even though the latter be accompanied by more tears. Those who believe that the master-passion of love expresses itself by floods of words or by abominable imagery, will understand Turgenev as little as they understand life. In reading the few pages in which the lovers meet by night in the garden, one feels almost like an intruder — as one feels at the scene of reconciliation between Lear and Cordelia. It is the very essence of intimacy — the air is filled with something high and holy.

Lisa is the greatest of all Turgenev's great hero-

ines. No one can help being better for knowing such a girl. She is not very beautiful, she is not very accomplished, not even very quick-witted; but she has *eine schöne Seele*. There is nothing regal about her; she never tries to queen it in the drawing-room. She is not proud, high-spirited, and haughty; she does not constantly "draw herself up to her full height," a species of gymnastics in great favour with most fiction-heroines. But she draws all men unto herself. She is beloved by the two opposite extremes of manhood — Panshin and Lavretsky. Lacking beauty, wit, and learning, she has an irrepressible and an irresistible virginal charm — the exceedingly rare charm of youth when it seeks not its own. When she appears on the scene, the pages of the book seem illuminated, and her smile is a benediction. She is exactly the kind of woman to be loved by Lavretsky, and to be desired by a rake like Panshin. For a man like Lavretsky will love what is lovely, and a satiated rake will always eagerly long to defile what is beyond his reach.

It is contemptuously said by many critics — why is it that so many critics lose sensitiveness to beauty, and are afraid of their own feelings? — it is said that Lisa, like Rudin, is an obsolete type, the type of Russian girl of 1850, and that she is now interesting only as a fashion that has passed away,

and because of the enthusiasm she once awakened. We are informed, with a shade of cynicism, that all the Russian girls then tried to look like Lisa, and to imitate her manner. Is her character really out of style and out of date? If this were true, it would be unfortunate; for the kind of girl that Lisa represents will become obsolete only when purity, modesty, and gentleness in women become unattractive. We have not yet progressed quite so far as that. Instead of saying that Lisa is a type of the Russian girl of 1850, I should say that she is a type of the *Ewig-weibliche*.

At the conclusion of the great garden-scene, Turgenev, by what seems the pure inspiration of genius, has expressed the ecstasy of love in old Lemm's wonderful music. It is as though the passion of the lovers had mounted to that pitch where language would be utterly inadequate; indeed, one feels in reading that scene that the next page must be an anti-climax. It would have been if the author had not carried us still higher, by means of an emotional expression far nobler than words. The dead silence of the sleeping little town is broken by "strains of divine, triumphant music. . . . The music resounded in still greater magnificence; a mighty flood of melody — and all his bliss seemed speaking and singing in its strains. . . . The sweet, passionate melody went to his heart from the

first note; it was glowing and languishing with inspiration, happiness, and beauty; it swelled and melted away; it touched on all that is precious, mysterious, and holy on earth. It breathed of deathless sorrow and mounted dying away to the heavens."

Elena, the heroine of *On the Eve*, resembles Lisa in the absolute integrity of her mind, and in her immovable sincerity; but in all other respects she is a quite different person. The difference is simply the difference between the passive and the active voice. Lisa is static, Elena dynamic. The former's ideal is to be good, the latter's is to do good. Elena was strenuous even as a child, was made hotly angry by scenes of cruelty or injustice, and tried to help everything, from stray animals to suffering men and women. As Turgenev expresses it, "she thirsted for action." She is naturally incomprehensible to her conservative and ease-loving parents, who have a well-founded fear that she will eventually do something shocking. Her father says of her, rather shrewdly: "Elena Nikolaevna I don't pretend to understand. I am not elevated enough for her. Her heart is so large that it embraces all nature down to the last beetle or frog, everything in fact except her own father." In a word, Elena is unconventional, the first of the innumerable brood of the vigorous, untrammelled,

defiant young women of modern fiction, who puzzle their parents by insisting on "living their own life." She is only a faint shadow, however, of the type so familiar to-day in the pages of Ibsen, Björnson, and other writers. Their heroines would regard Elena as timid and conventional, for with all her self-assertion, she still believes in God and marriage, two ideas that to our contemporary emancipated females are the symbols of slavery.

Elena, with all her virtues, completely lacks the subtle charm of Lisa; for an aggressive, independent, determined woman will perhaps lose something of the charm that goes with mystery. There is no mystery about Elena, at all events; and she sees through her various adorers with eyes unblinded by sentiment. To an artist who makes love to her she says: "I believe in your repentance and I believe in your tears. But it seems to me that even your repentance amuses you — yes, and your tears too." Naturally there is no Russian fit to be the mate of this incarnation of Will. The hero of the novel, and the man who captures the proud heart of Elena, is a foreigner — a Bulgarian, who has only one idea, the liberation of his country. He is purposely drawn in sharp contrast to the cultivated, charming Russian gentlemen with whom he talks. Indeed, he rather dislikes talk, an unusual trait in a professional reformer. Elena is immedi-

ately conquered by the laconic answer he makes to her question, "You love your country very dearly?" "That remains to be shown. When one of us dies for her, then one can say he loved his country." Perhaps it is hypercritical to observe that in such a case others would have to say it for him.

He proves that he is a man of action in a humorous incident. At a picnic, the ladies are insulted by a colossal German, even as Gemma is insulted by a German in *Torrents of Spring*. Insarov is not a conventional person, but he immediately performs an act that is exceedingly conventional in fiction, though rare enough in real life. Although he is neither big, nor strong, nor in good health, he inflicts corporal chastisement on the brute before his lady's eyes — something that pleases women so keenly, and soothes man's vanity so enormously, that it is a great pity it usually happens only in books. He lifts the giant from the ground and pitches him into a pond. This is one of the very few scenes in Turgenev that ring false, that belong to fiction-mongers rather than to fiction-masters. Nothing is more delightful than to knock down a husky ruffian who has insulted the woman you love; but it is a desperate undertaking, and rarely crowned with success. For in real life ruffians are surprisingly unwilling to play this complaisant rôle.

Finding himself falling in love with Elena,

Insarov determines to go away like Lancelot, without saying farewell. Elena, however, meets him in a thunderstorm — not so sinister a storm as the Æneas adventure in *Torrents of Spring* — and says, "I am braver than you. I was going to you." She is actually forced into a declaration of love. This is an exceedingly difficult scene for a novelist, but not too difficult for Turgenev, who has made it beautiful and sweet. Love, which will ruin Bazarov, ennobles and stimulates Insarov; for the strong man has found his mate. She will leave father and mother for his sake, and cleave unto him. And, notwithstanding the anger and disgust of her parents, she leaves Russia forever with her husband.

All Turgenev's stories are tales of frustration. Rudin is destroyed by his own temperament. The heroes of *A House of Gentlefolk* and *Torrents of Spring* are ruined by the malign machinations of satanic women. Bazarov is snuffed out by a capriciously evil destiny. Insarov's splendid mind and noble aspirations accomplish nothing, because his lungs are weak. He falls back on the sofa, and Elena, thinking he has fainted, calls for help. A grotesque little Italian doctor, with wig and spectacles, quietly remarks, "Signora, the foreign gentleman is dead — of aneurism in combination with disease of the lungs."

This novel caused great excitement in Russia,

and the title, *On the Eve*, was a subject for vehement discussion everywhere. What did Turgenev mean? On the eve of what? Turgenev made no answer; but over the troubled waters of his story moves the brooding spirit of creation. Russians must and will learn manhood from foreigners, from men who die only from bodily disease, who are not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. At the very close of the book, one man asks another, "Will there ever be men among us?" And the other "flourished his fingers and fixed his enigmatical stare into the far distance." Perhaps Turgenev meant that salvation would eventually come through a woman — through women like Elena. For since her appearance, many are the Russian women who have given their lives for their country.[1]

The best-known novel of Turgenev, and with the possible exception of *A House of Gentlefolk*, his masterpiece, is *Fathers and Children*, which perhaps he intended to indicate the real dawn suggested by *On the Eve*. The terrific uproar caused in Russia by this book has not yet entirely ceased. Russian critics are, as a rule, very bad judges of Russian literature. Shut off from participation in free, public, parliamentary political debate, the Russians of 1860 and of to-day are almost certain to judge the

[1] See an article in the *Forum* for August, 1910.

literary value of a work by what they regard as its political and social tendency. Political bias is absolutely blinding in an attempt to estimate the significance of any book by Turgenev; for although he took the deepest interest in the struggles of his unfortunate country, he was, from the beginning to the end of his career, simply a supreme artist. He saw life clearly in its various manifestations, and described it as he saw it, from the calm and lonely vantage-ground of genius. Naturally he was both claimed and despised by both parties. Here are some examples from contemporary Russian criticism [1] (1862): —

"This novel differs from others of the same sort in that it is chiefly philosophical. Turgenev hardly touches on any of the social questions of his day. His principal aim is to place side by side the philosophy of the fathers and the philosophy of the children and to show that the philosophy of the children is opposed to human nature and therefore cannot be accepted in life. The problem of the novel is, as you see, a serious one; to solve this problem the author ought to have conscientiously and impartially studied both systems of speculation and then only reach certain conclusions. But on

[1] To the best of my knowledge, these reviews have never before been translated. These translations were made for me by a Russian friend, Mr William S. Gordon.

its very first pages you see that the author is deficient in every mental preparation to accomplish the aim of his novel. He not only has not the slightest understanding of the new positive philosophy, but even of the old ideal systems his knowledge is merely superficial and puerile. You could laugh at the heroes of the novel alone as you read their silly and 'hashy' discussions on the young generation had not the novel as a whole been founded on these identical discussions."

The radical critic Antonovich condemned the book in the following terms: —

"From an artistic standpoint the novel is entirely unsatisfactory, not to say anything more out of respect for the talent of Turgenev, for his former merits, and for his numerous admirers. There is no common thread, no common action which would have tied together all the parts of the novel; all of it is in some way just separate rhapsodies. . . . This novel is didactic, a real learned treatise written in dialectic form, and each character as he appears serves as an expression and representative of a certain opinion and direction. . . . All the attention of the author is turned on the principal hero and the other acting characters, however, not on their personality, not on the emotions of their souls, their feelings and passions, but rather almost exclusively on their talks and reasonings. This is

the reason why the novel, with the exception of one nice old woman, does not contain a single living character, a single living soul, but only some sort of abstract ideas, and various movements which are personified and called by proper names. Turgenev's novel is not a creation purely objective; in it the personality of the author steps out too clearly, his sympathies, his inspiration, even his personal bitterness and irritation. From this we get the opportunity to find in the novel the personal opinions of the author himself, and in this we have one point to start from — that we should accept as the opinions of the author the views expressed in the novel, at least those views which have been expressed with a noticeable feeling for them on the part of the author and put into the mouths of those characters whom he apparently favours. Had the author had at least a spark of sympathy for the 'children,' for the young generation, had he had at least a spark of true and clear understanding of their views and inclinations, it would have necessarily flashed out somewhere in the run of the novel.

"The 'fathers' as opposed to the 'children' are permeated with love and poetry; they are men, modestly and quietly doing good deeds; they would not for the world change their age. Even such an empty nothing as Pavel Petrovich, even he is raised on stilts and made a nice man. Turgenev

could not solve his problem; instead of sketching the relations between the 'fathers' and the 'children' he wrote a panegyric to the 'fathers' and a decrial against the 'children'; but he did not even understand the children; instead of a decrial it was nothing but a libel. The spreaders of healthy ideas among the young generation he wanted to show up as corrupters of youth, the sowers of discord and evil, haters of good, and in a word, very devils. In various places of the novel we see that his principal hero is no fool; on the contrary, a very able and gifted man, who is eager to learn and works diligently and knows much, but notwithstanding all this, he gets quite lost in disputes, utters absurdities, and preaches ridiculous things, which should not be pardoned even in a most narrow and limited mind. . . . In general the novel is nothing else but a merciless and destructive criticism on the young generation. In all the contemporaneous questions, intellectual movements, debates and ideals with which the young generation is occupied, Turgenev finds not the least common sense and gives us to understand that they lead only to demoralisation, emptiness, prosaic shallowness, and cynicism. Turgenev finds his ideal in quite a different place, namely in the 'fathers,' in the more or less old generation. Consequently, he draws a parallel and contrast between the 'fathers' and the 'chil-

dren,' and we cannot formulate the sense of the novel in this way; among a number of good children there are also bad ones who are the ones that are ridiculed in the novel; this is not its aim, its purpose is quite different and may be formulated thus: the children are bad and thus are they represented in the novel in all their ugliness; but the 'fathers' are good, which is also proven in the novel."

One of the very few criticisms from a truly artistic standpoint appeared in the *Russian Herald* during the year 1862, from which a brief quotation must suffice: —

"Everything in this work bears witness to the ripened power of Turgenev's wonderful talent; the clearness of ideas, the masterly skill in sketching types, the simplicity of plot and of movement of the action, and moderation and evenness of the work as a whole; the dramatic element which comes up naturally from the most ordinary situations; there is nothing superfluous, nothing retarding, nothing extraneous. But in addition to these general merits, we are also interested in Turgenev's novel because in it is caught and held a current, fleeting moment of a passing phenomenon, and in which a momentary phase of our life is typically drawn and arrested not only for the time being but forever."

These prophetically true words constitute a great

exception to the prevailing contemporary criticism, which, as has been seen, was passionately unjust. Twenty years later, a Russian writer, Boorenin, was able to view the novel as we see it to-day: —

"We can say with assurance that since the time of *Dead Souls* not a single Russian novel made such an impression as *Fathers and Children* has made. A deep mind, a no less deep observation, an incomparable ability for a bold and true analysis of the phenomena of life, and for their broadest relations to each other, — all these have shown themselves in the fundamental thought of this positively historical creation. Turgenev has explained with life-like images of 'fathers' and 'children' the essence of that life struggle between the dying period of the nobility which found its strength in the possession of peasants and the new period of reforms whose essence made up the principal element of our 'resurrection' and for which, however, none had found a real, true (*bright*) definition. Turgenev not only gave such a definition, not only illumined the inner sense of the new movement in the life of that time, but he also has pointed out its principal characteristic sign — negation in the name of realism, as the opposition to the old ideally liberal conservatism. It is known that he found not only an unusually appropriate nickname for this negation, but a nickname which later became attached to a cer-

tain group of phenomena and types and as such was accepted not only by Russia alone but by the whole of Europe. The artist created in the image of Bazarov an exceedingly characteristic representative of the new formation of life, of the new movement, and christened it with a wonderfully fitting word, which made so much noise, which called forth so much condemnation and praise, sympathy and hatred, timid alarm and bold raving. We can point out but few instances in the history of literature of such a deep and lively stir called forth in our literary midst by an artistic creation and by a type of almost political significance. This novel even after twenty years appears the same deep, bright, and truthful reflection of life, as it was at the moment of its first appearance. Now its depth and truthfulness seem even more clear and arouse even more wonder and respect for the creative thought of the artist who wrote it. In our days, when the period of development pointed at by Turgenev in his celebrated novel is almost entirely lived through, we can only wonder at that deep insight with which the author had guessed the fundamental characteristic in that life movement which had celebrated that period. The struggle of two social streams, the anti-reform and post-reform stream, the struggle of two generations; the old brought up on æsthetical idealism for which the leisure of the nobility,

made possible by their rights over the peasants, afforded such a fertile soil; and the young generation which was carried away by realism and negation, — this is what made up the essence of the movement of the epoch in the sixties. Turgenev with the instinct of genius saw through this fundamental movement in life and imaged it in living bright pictures with all its positive and negative, pathetic and humorous sides.

"In his novel Turgenev did not at all side with the 'fathers' as the unsympathetic progressive critics of that time insisted, he did not wish to in the least extol them above the 'children' in order to degrade the latter. Just so he had no intention of showing up in the character of the representative of the 'children' some kind of model of a 'thinking realist' to whom the young generation should have bowed and imitated, as the progressive critics who received the work sympathetically imagined. Such a one-sided view was foreign to the author; he sketched both the 'fathers' and the 'children' as far as possible impartially and analytically. He spared neither the 'fathers' nor the 'children' and pronounced a cold and severe judgment both on the ones and the others. He positively sings a requiem to the 'fathers' in the person of the Kirsanovs, and especially Paul Kirsanov, having shown up their aristocratic idealism, their sentimental æstheticism,

almost in a comical light, ay almost in caricature, as he himself has justly pointed out. In the prominent representative of the 'children,' Bazarov, he recognized a certain moral force, the energy of character, which favourably contrasts this strong type of realist with the puny, characterless, weak-willed type of the former generation; but having recognised the positive side of the young type, he could not but show up their shortcomings to life and before the people, and thus take their laurels from them. And he did so. And now when time has sufficiently exposed the shortcomings of the type of the generation of that time, we see how right the author was, how deep and far he saw into life, how clearly he perceived the beginning and the end of its development. Turgenev in *Fathers and Children* gave us a sample of a real universal novel, notwithstanding the fact that its plot centres on the usual intimate relations of the principal characters. And with what wonderful skill the author solves this puzzling problem — to place in narrow, limited frames the broadest and newest themes (*content*). Hardly one of the novelists of our age, beginning with Dickens and ending with George Sand and Spielhagen, has succeeded in doing it so compactly and tersely, with such an absence of the *didactic* element which is almost always present in the works of the above-mentioned authors, the now kings of

western literatures, with such a full insight into the very heart of the life movement which is reflected in the novel. I repeat again, *Fathers and Children* is thought of highly by European critics, but years will pass and it will be thought of even more highly. It will be placed in a line with those weighty literary creations in which is reflected the basic movement of the time which created it."

It would have been well for Turgenev if he could have preserved an absolute silence under the terrific storm of abuse that his most powerful novel brought down on his head; it would have been well to let the book speak for itself, and trust to time to make the strong wine sweet. But this was asking almost too much of human nature. Stung by the outrageous attacks of the Radicals, and suffering as only a great artist can suffer under what he regards as a complete misrepresentation of his purpose, Turgenev wrote letters of explanation, confession, irony, letters that gained him no affection, that only increased the perplexity of the public, and which are much harder to understand than the work itself. The prime difficulty was that in this book Turgenev had told a number of profound truths about life; and nobody wanted the truth. The eternal quarrel between the old and the young generation, the eternal quarrel between conservative and liberal, was at that time in Russia in an acute stage; and

everybody read *Fathers and Children* with a view to increasing their ammunition, not with the object of ascertaining the justice of their cause. The "fathers" were of course angry at Turgenev's diagnosis of their weakness; the "sons" went into a veritable froth of rage at what they regarded as a ridiculous burlesque of their ideas. But that is the penalty that a wise man suffers at a time of strife; for if every one saw the truth clearly, we should never fight each other at all.

Turgenev's subsequent statement, that so far from Bazarov being a burlesque, he was his "favourite child," is hard to understand even to-day. The novelist said that with the exception of Bazarov's views on art, he himself was in agreement with practically all of the ideas expressed by the great iconoclast. Turgenev probably thought he was, but really he was not. Authors are poor judges of their own works, and their statements about their characters are seldom to be trusted. Many writers have confessed that when they start to write a book, with a clear notion in their heads as to how the characters shall develop, the characters often insist on developing quite otherwise, and guide the pen of the author in a manner that constantly awakens his surprise at his own work. Turgenev surely intended originally that we should love Bazarov; as a matter of fact, nobody really

loves him,[1] and no other character in the book loves him for long except his parents. We have a wholesome respect for him, as we respect any ruthless, terrible force; but the word "love" does not express our feeling toward him. It is possible that Turgenev, who keenly realised the need in Russia of men of strong will, and who always despised himself because he could not have steadily strong convictions, tried to incarnate in Bazarov all the uncompromising strength of character that he lacked himself; just as men who themselves lack self-assertion and cannot even look another man in the eye, secretly idolise the men of masterful qualities. It is like the sick man Stevenson writing stories of rugged out-door activity. I heard a student say once that he was sure Marlowe was a little, frail, weak man physically, and that he poured out all his longing for virility and power in heroes like Tamburlaine.

Bazarov, as every one knows, was drawn from life. Turgenev had once met a Russian provincial doctor,[2] whose straightforward talk made a pro-

[1] I cannot believe that even Mr Edward Garnett loves him, though in his Introduction to Constance Garnett's translation, he says, "we love him."

[2] It is difficult to find out much about the original of Bazarov. Haumant says Turgenev met him while travelling by the Rhine in 1860; but Turgenev himself said that the young doctor had died not long before 1860, and that the idea of the novel first came to him in August, 1860, while he was bathing on the Isle of Wight.

found impression upon him. This man died soon after, and had a glorious resurrection in Bazarov, speaking to thousands and thousands of people from his obscure and forgotten grave. It is rather interesting that Turgenev, who drew so many irresolute Russian characters, should have attained his widest fame by the depiction of a man who is simply Incarnate Will.[1] If every other person in all Turgenev's stories should be forgotten, it is safe to say that Bazarov will always dwell in the minds of those who have once made his acquaintance.

And yet, Turgenev, with all his secret admiration for the Frankenstein he had created, did not hesitate at the last to crush him both in soul and body. The one real conviction of Turgenev's life was pessimism, — the belief that the man of the noblest aspiration and the man of the most brutish character are treated by Nature with equal indifference. Bazarov is the strongest individual that the novelist could conceive; and it is safe to say that most of us live all our lives through without meeting his equal. But his powerful mind, in its colossal egotism and with its gigantic ambitions, is an easy prey to the one thing he despised most of all — sentiment; and his rugged body goes to the grave through a chance scratch on the finger. Thus the

[1] Almost every writer on Russian literature has his own set of dates and incidents.

irony of this book — and I know of no novel in the world that displays such irony — is not the irony of intentional partisan burlesque. There is no attempt in the destruction of this proud character to prove that the "children" were wrong or mistaken; it is the far deeper irony of life itself, showing the absolute insignificance of the ego in the presence of eternal and unconscious nature. Thus Bazarov, who seems intended for a great hero of tragedy, is not permitted to fight for his cause, nor even to die for it. He is simply obliterated by chance, as an insect perishes under the foot of a passing traveller, who is entirely unaware that he has taken an individual life.

Nature herself could hardly be colder or more passive than the woman with whom it was Bazarov's bad luck to fall in love. The gradual change wrought in his temperament by Madame Odintsov is shown in the most subtle manner. To Bazarov, women were all alike, and valuable for only one thing; he had told this very woman that people were like trees in a forest; no botanist would think of studying an individual birch tree. Why, then, should this entirely unimportant individual woman change his whole nature, paralyse all his ambitions, ruin all the cheerful energy of his active mind? He fights against this obsession like a nervous patient struggling with a dreadful depression that

comes over him like a flood. He fights like a man fighting with an enemy in the dark, whom he cannot see, but whose terrible blows rain on his face. When he first meets her, he remarks to the shocked Arkady, "What a magnificent body! Shouldn't I like to see it on the dissecting table!" But he is unable long to admire her with such scientific aloofness. "His blood was on fire directly if he merely thought of her; he could easily have mastered his blood, but something else was taking root in him, something he had never admitted, at which he had always jeered, at which all his pride revolted." It is this bewilderment at meeting the two things that are stronger than life — love and death — that both stupefy and torture this superman. It is the harsh amazement of one who, believing himself to be free, discovers that he is really a slave. Just before he dies, he murmurs: "You see what a hideous spectacle; the worm half-crushed, but writhing still. And, you see I thought too: I'd break down so many things, I wouldn't die, why should I! there were problems to solve, and I was a giant! And now all the problem for the giant is how to die decently, though that makes no difference to any one either. . . . I was needed by Russia. . . . No, it's clear, I wasn't needed."

Madame Odintsov's profound and subtle remark about happiness is the key to her character,

and shows why she never could have been happy with Bazarov, or have given him any happiness.

"We were talking of happiness, I believe. . . . Tell me why it is that even when we are enjoying music, for instance, or a fine evening, or a conversation with sympathetic people, it all seems an intimation of some measureless happiness existing apart somewhere rather than actual happiness such, I mean, as we ourselves are in possession of? Why is it? Or perhaps you have no feeling like that?"

Many of us certainly have feelings like that; but while these two intellectuals are endeavouring to analyse happiness, and losing it in the process of analysis, the two young lovers, Arkady and Katya, whose brows are never furrowed by cerebration, are finding happiness in the familiar human way. In answer to his declaration of love, she smiled at him through her tears. "No one who has not seen those tears in the eyes of the beloved, knows yet to what a point, faint with shame and gratitude, a man may be happy on earth."

Although the character of Bazarov dominates the whole novel, Turgenev has, I think, displayed genius of a still higher order in the creation of that simple-minded pair of peasants, the father and mother of the young nihilist. These two are old-fashioned, absolutely pious, dwelling in a mental world millions of miles removed from that of their

son; they have not even a remote idea of what is passing in his mind, but they look on him with adoration, and believe him to be the greatest man in all Russia. At the end of a wonderful sketch of the mother, Turgenev says: "Such women are not common nowadays. God knows whether we ought to rejoice!"

This humble pair, whom another novelist might have treated with scorn, are glorified here by their infinite love for their son. Such love as that seems indeed too great for earth, too great for time, and to belong only to eternity. The unutterable pathos of this love consists in the fact that it is made up so largely of fear. They fear their son as only ignorant parents can fear their educated offspring; it is something that I have seen often, that every one must have observed, that arouses the most poignant sympathy in those that understand it. It is the fear that the boy will be bored at home; that he is longing for more congenial companionship elsewhere; that the very solicitude of his parents for his health, for his physical comfort, will irritate and annoy rather than please him. There is no heart-hunger on earth so cruel and so terrible as the hunger of father and mother for the complete sympathy and affection of their growing children. This is why the pride of so many parents in the development of their children is mingled with such mute but

piercing terror. It is the fear that the son will grow away from them; that their caresses will deaden rather than quicken his love for them. They watch him as one watches some infinitely precious thing that may at any moment disappear forever. The fear of a mother toward the son she loves is among the deepest tragedies of earth. She knows he is necessary to her happiness, and that she is not to his.

Even the cold-hearted Bazarov is shaken by the joy of his mother's greeting when he returns home, and by her agony at his early departure. He hates himself for not being able to respond to her demonstrations of affection. Unlike most sons, he is clever enough to understand the slavish adoration of his parents; but he realises that he cannot, especially in the presence of his college friend, relieve their starving hearts. At the very end, he says: "My father will tell you what a man Russia is losing. . . . That's nonsense, but don't contradict the old man. Whatever toy will comfort the child . . . you know. And be kind to mother. People like them aren't to be found in your great world if you look by daylight with a candle."

The bewildered, helpless anguish of the parents, who cannot understand why the God they worship takes their son away from them, reaches the greatest climax of tragedy that I know of anywhere in the

whole history of fiction. Not even the figure of Lear holding the dead body of Cordelia surpasses in tragic intensity this old pair whose whole life has for so long revolved about their son. And the novel closes with the scene in the little village churchyard, where the aged couple, supporting each other, visit the tomb, and wipe away the dust from the stone. Even the abiding pessimism of the novelist lifts for a moment its heavy gloom at this spectacle. "Can it be that their prayers, their tears, are fruitless? Can it be that love, sacred, devoted love, is not all-powerful? Oh, no! However passionate, sinning, and rebellious the heart hidden in the tomb, the flowers growing over it peep serenely at us with their innocent eyes; they tell us not of eternal peace alone, of that great peace of indifferent nature; they tell us too of eternal reconciliation and of life without end."

This is where the novel *Fathers and Children* rises above a picture of Russian politics in the sixties, and remains forever an immortal work of art. For the greatness of this book lies not in the use of the word Nihilist, nor in the reproduction of ephemeral political movements; its greatness consists in the fact that it faithfully portrays not merely the Russian character, nor the nineteenth century, but the very depths of the human heart as it has manifested itself in all ages and among all nations.

The next novel, *Smoke*, despite its extraordinary brilliancy, is in many ways unworthy of Turgenev's genius. It was written at Baden, while he was living with the Viardots, and I suspect that the influence of Madame Viardot is stronger in this work than in anything else Turgenev produced. Of course he had discussed again and again with her the abuse that young Russia had poured on his head for *Fathers and Children;* and I suspect she incited him to strike and spare not. The smoke in this novel is meant to represent the idle vapour of Russian political jargon; all the heated discussions on both sides are smoke, purposeless, obscure, and transitory as a cloud. But the smoke really rose from the flames of anger in his own heart, fanned by a woman's breath, who delighted to see her mild giant for once smite his enemies with all his force. If *Fathers and Children* had been received in Russia with more intelligence or more sympathy, it is certain that *Smoke* would never have appeared. This is the most bitter and purely satirical of all the works of Turgenev; the Slavophils, with their ignorance of the real culture of western Europe, and their unwillingness to learn from good teachers, are hit hard; but still harder hit are the Petersburg aristocrats, the "idle rich" (legitimate conventional target for all novelists), who are here represented as little better in intelligence than grinning apes, and much

worse in morals. No one ever seems to love his compatriots when he observes them in foreign lands; if Americans complain that Henry James has satirised them in his international novels, they ought to read *Smoke*, and see how Turgenev has treated his travelling countrymen. They talk bad German, hum airs out of tune, insist on speaking French instead of their own tongue, attract everybody's attention at restaurants and railway-stations, — in short, behave exactly as each American insists other Americans behave in Europe.

The book is filled with little portraits, made "peradventure with a pen corroded." First comes the typical Russian gasbag, who talks and then talks some more.

"He was no longer young, he had a flabby nose and soft cheeks, that looked as if they had been boiled, dishevelled greasy locks, and a fat squat person. Everlastingly short of cash, and everlastingly in raptures over something, Rostislav Bambaev wandered, aimless but exclamatory, over the face of our long-suffering mother-earth."

Dostoevski was so angry when he read this book that he said it ought to be burnt by the common hangman. But he must have approved of the picture of the Petersburg group, who under a thin veneer of polished manners are utterly inane and cynically vicious. One of them had "an expres-

sion of constant irritability on his face, as though he could not forgive himself for his own appearance."

The portrait of the Pecksniffian Pishtchalkin: "In exterior, too, he had begun to resemble a sage of antiquity; his hair had fallen off the crown of his head, and his full face had completely set in a sort of solemn jelly of positively blatant virtue."

None but a great master could have drawn such pictures; but it is not certain that the master was employing his skill to good advantage. And while representing his hatred of all the Russian bores who had made his life weary, he selected an old, ruined man, Potugin, to express his own sentiments — disgust with the present condition of Russia, and admiration for the culture of Europe and the practical inventive power of America. Potugin says that he had just visited the exposition at the Crystal Palace in London, and that he reflected that "our dear mother, Holy Russia, could go and hide herself in the lower regions, without disarranging a single nail in the place." Not a single thing in the whole vast exhibition had been invented by a Russian. Even the Sandwich Islanders had contributed something to the show. At another place in the story he declares that his father bought a Russian threshing machine, which remained five years useless in the barn, until replaced by an American one.

Such remarks enraged the Slavophils beyond measure, for they were determined to keep out of Russia foreign inventions and foreign ideas. But that Turgenev was right is shown in the twentieth century by an acute German observer, Baron Von der Brüggen. In his interesting book, *Russia of To-day*, he says: "All civilisation is derived from the West. . . . People are now beginning to understand this in Russia after having lost considerable time with futile phantasies upon original Slavonic civilisation. If Russia wishes to progress, her Western doors must be opened wide in order to facilitate the influx of European culture." The author of these words was not thinking of Turgenev: but his language is a faithful echo of Potugin. They sound like a part of his discourse. Still, the literary value of *Smoke* does not lie in the fact that Turgenev was a true prophet, or that he successfully attacked those who had attacked him. If this were all that the book contained, it would certainly rank low as a work of art.

But this is not all. Turgenev has taken for his hero Litvinov, a young Russian, thoroughly commonplace, but thoroughly practical and sincere, the type of man whom Russia needed the most, and has placed him between two women, who represent the eternal contrast between sacred and profane love. This situation has all the elements

of true drama, as every one knows who has read or heard *Carmen;* it is needless to say that Turgenev has developed it with consummate skill. Turgenev regarded brilliantly wicked women with hatred and loathing, but also with a kind of terror; and he has never failed to make them sinister and terrible. Irina as a young girl nearly ruined the life of Litvinov; and now we find him at Baden, his former passion apparently conquered, and he himself engaged to Turgenev's ideal woman, Tanya, not clever, but modest, sensible, and true-hearted, another Lisa. The contrast between these two women, who instinctively understand each other immediately and the struggle of each for the soul of the hero, shows Turgenev at his best. It is remarkable, too, how clearly the reader sees the heart of the man, so obscure to himself; and how evident it is that in the very midst of his passion for Irina, his love for Tanya remains. Irina is a firework, Tanya a star; and even the biggest skyrockets, that illuminate all the firmament, do not for long conceal the stars.

Turgenev thoroughly relieved his mind in *Smoke;* and in the novel that followed it, *Torrents of Spring*, he omitted politics and "movements" altogether, and confined himself to human nature in its eternal aspect. For this very reason the book attracted little attention in Russia, and is usually dismissed

in one sentence by the critics. But it is a work of great power; it sings the requiem of lost youth, a minor melody often played by Turgenev ; it gives us a curious picture of an Italian family living in Germany, and it contains the portrait of an absolutely devilish but unforgettable woman. We have a sincere and highly interesting analysis of the Russian, the German, and the Italian temperament; not shown in their respective political prejudices, but in the very heart of their emotional life. Once more the Russian hero is placed between God and Satan; and this time Satan conquers. Love, however, survives the burnt-out fires of passion; but it survives only as a vain regret — it survives as youth survives, only as an unspeakably precious memory. . . . The three most sinister women that Turgenev has ever drawn are Varvara Pavlovna, in *A House of Gentlefolk;* Irina, in *Smoke;* and Maria Nikolaevna, in *Torrents of Spring.* All three are wealthy and love luxury; all three are professional wreckers of the lives of men. The evil that they do rises from absolute selfishness, rather than from deliberate sensuality. Not one of them could have been saved by any environment, or by any husband. Varvara is frivolous, Irina is cold-hearted, and Maria is a super-woman; she makes a bet with her husband that she can seduce any man he brings to the house.

To each of her lovers she gives an iron ring, symbol of their slavery; and like Circe, she transforms men into swine. After she has hypnotised Sanin, and taken away his allegiance to the pure girl whom he loves, "her eyes, wide and clear, almost white, expressed nothing but the ruthlessness and glutted joy of conquest. The hawk, as it clutches a captured bird, has eyes like that." Turgenev, whose ideal woman is all gentleness, modesty, and calmness, must have seen many thoroughly corrupt ones, to have been so deeply impressed with a woman's capacity for evil. In *Virgin Soil*, when he introduces Mashurina to the reader, he says: "She was a single woman . . . and a very chaste single woman. Nothing wonderful in that, some sceptic will say, remembering what has been said of her exterior. Something wonderful and rare, let us be permitted to say." It is significant that in not one of Turgenev's seven novels is the villain of the story a man. Women simply must play the leading rôle in his books, for to them he has given the power of will; they lead men upward, or they drag them downward, but they are always in front.

The virtuous heroine of *Torrents of Spring*, Gemma, is unlike any other girl that Turgenev has created. In fact, all of his good women are individualised — the closest similarity is perhaps

seen in Lisa and Tanya, but even there the image of each girl is absolutely distinct in the reader's mind. But Gemma falls into no group, nor is there any other woman in Turgenev with whom one instinctively classifies or compares her. Perhaps this is because she is Italian. It is a long time before the reader can make up his mind whether he likes her or not — a rare thing in Turgenev, for most of his good women capture us in five minutes. Indeed, one does not know for some chapters whether Gemma is sincere or not, and one is angry with Sanin for his moth-like flitting about her radiance. She at once puzzles and charms the reader, as she did the young Russian. Her family circle are sketched with extraordinary skill, and her young brother is unique in Turgenev's books. He has, as a rule, not paid much attention to growing boys; but the sympathy and tenderness shown in the depiction of this impulsive, affectionate, chivalrous, clean-hearted boy prove that the novelist's powers of analysis were equal to every phase of human nature. No complete estimate of Turgenev can be made without reading *Torrents of Spring;* for the Italian menage, the character of Gemma and her young brother, and the absurd duelling punctilio are not to be found elsewhere. And Maria is the very Principle of Evil; one feels that if Satan had spoken to her

in the Garden of Eden, she could easily have tempted him; at all events, he would not have been the most subtle beast in the field.

In 1876 Turgenev wrote *Virgin Soil*. Of the seven novels, this is the last, the longest, and the least. But it did not deserve then, and does not deserve now, the merciless condemnation of the critics; though they still take up stones to stone it. Never was a book about a revolutionary movement, written by one in sympathy with it, so lukewarm. Naturally the public could not swallow it, for even God cannot digest a Laodicean. But the lukewarmness in this instance arose, not from lack of conviction, but rather from the conviction that things can really happen only in the fulness of time. Everything in the story from first to last emphasises this fact and might be considered a discourse on the text *add to knowledge, temperance: and to temperance, patience*. But these virtues have never been in high favour with revolutionists, which explains why so many revolutions are abortive, and so many ephemeral. It is commonly said that the leading character in *Virgin Soil*, Solomin, is a failure because he is not exactly true to life, he is not typically Russian. That criticism seems to me to miss the main point of the work. Of course he is not true to life, of course he is not typically Russian. The typical Russian in the

book is Nezhdanov, who is entirely true to life in his uncertainty and in his futility; he does not know whether or not he is in love, and he does not know at the last what the "cause" really is. He fails to understand the woman who accompanies him, he fails to understand Solomin, and he fails to understand himself. So he finally does what so many Russian dreamers have done — he places against his own breast the pistol he had intended for a less dangerous enemy. But he is a dead man long before that. In sharp contrast with him, Turgenev has created the character Solomin, who is not at all "typically Russian," but who must be if the revolutionary cause is to triumph. He seems unreal because he *is* unreal; he is the ideal. He is the man of practical worth, the man who is not passion's slave, and Turgenev loved him for the same reason that Hamlet loved Horatio. Amid all the vain babble of the other characters, Solomin stands out salient, the man who will eventually save Russia without knowing it. His power of will is in inverse proportion to his fluency of speech. The typical Russian, as portrayed by Turgenev, says much, and does little; Solomin lives a life of cheerful, reticent activity. As the revolution is not at hand, the best thing to do in the interim is to accomplish something useful. He has learned how to labour and to wait. "This

calm, heavy, not to say clumsy man was not only incapable of lying or bragging; one might rely on him, like a stone wall." In every scene, whether among the affected aristocrats or among the futile revolutionists, Solomin appears to advantage. There is no worse indictment of human intelligence than the great compliment we pay certain persons when we call them sane. Solomin is sane, and seems therefore untrue to life.

It is seldom that Turgenev reminds us of Dickens; but Sipyagin and his wife might belong to the great Dickens gallery, though drawn with a restraint unknown to the Englishman. Sipyagin himself is a miniature Pecksniff, unctuous, polished, and hollow. The dinner-table scenes at his house are pictured with a subdued but implacable irony. How the natural-born aristocrat Turgenev hated the Russian aristocracy! When Solomin appears in this household, he seems like a giant among manikins, so truly do the simple human virtues tower above the arrogance of affectation. The woman Marianna is a sister of Elena, whom we learned to know in *On the Eve;* she has the purity, not of an angel, but of a noble woman. She has that quiet, steadfast resolution so characteristic of Russian heroines. As for Mariusha, she is a specimen of Turgenev's extraordinary power of characterisation. She appears only two or three

times in the entire novel, and remains one of its most vivid personages. This is ever the final mystery of Turgenev's art — the power of absolutely complete representation in a few hundred words. In economy of material there has never been his equal.

The whole novel is worth reading, apart from its revolutionary interest, apart from the proclamation of the Gospel according to Solomin, for the picture of that anachronistic pair of old lovers, Fomushka and Finushka.[1] "There are ponds in the steppes which never get putrid, though there's no stream through them, because they are fed by springs from the bottom. And my old dears have such springs too in the bottom of their hearts, and pure as can be." Only one short chapter is devoted to this aged couple, at whom we smile but never laugh. At first sight they may seem to be an unimportant episode in the story, and a blemish on its constructive lines; but a little reflection reveals not only the humorous tenderness that inspired the novelist's pen in their creation, but contrasts them in their absurd indifference to time, with the turbulent and meaningless whirlpool where the modern revolutionists revolve. For just as tranquillity may not signify stagnation, so revolution is not neces-

[1] I cannot doubt that Turgenev got the hint for this chapter from Gogol's tale, *Old-fashioned Farmers*.

sarily progression. This old-fashioned pair have learned nothing from nineteenth century thought, least of all its unrest. They have, however, in their own lives attained the positive end of all progress — happiness. They are indeed a symbol of eternal peace, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Turgenev, most cultivated of novelists, never fails to rank simplicity of heart above the accomplishments of the mind.

Turgenev's splendid education, his wealth which made him independent, his protracted residence in Russia, in Germany, and in Paris, his intimate knowledge of various languages, and his bachelor life gave to his innate genius the most perfect equipment that perhaps any author has ever enjoyed. Here was a man entirely without the ordinary restraints and prejudices, whose mind was always hospitable to new ideas, who knew life at first hand, and to whose width of experience was united the unusual faculty of accurately minute observation. He knew people much better than they knew themselves. He was at various times claimed and hated by all parties, and belonged to none. His mind was too spacious to be dominated by one idea. When we reflect that he had at his command the finest medium of expression that the world has ever possessed, and that his skill in the use of it has never been equalled by a single one

of his countrymen, it is not surprising that his novels approach perfection.

His own standpoint was that of the Artist, and each man must be judged by his main purpose. Here is where he differs most sharply from Tolstoi, Dostoevski, and Andreev, and explains why the Russians admire him more than they love him. To him the truth about life was always the main thing. His novels were never tracts, he wrote them with the most painstaking care, and in his whole career he never produced a pot-boiler. His work is invariably marked by that high seriousness which Arnold worshipped, and love of his art was his main inspiration. He had a gift for condensation, and a willingness to cultivate it, such as no other novelist has shown. It is safe to say that his novels tell more about human nature in less space than any other novels in the world. Small as they are, they are inexhaustible, and always reveal beauty unsuspected on the previous reading.

His stories are not stories of incident, but stories of character. The extraordinary interest that they arouse is confined almost entirely to our interest in his men and women; the plot, the narrative, the events are always secondary; he imitated no other novelist, and no other can imitate him. For this very reason, he can never enjoy the popularity of Scott or Dumas; he will always be caviare

to the general. Henry James said of him, that he was particularly a favourite with people of cultivated taste, and that nothing cultivates the taste better than reading him. It is a surprising proof of the large number of readers who have good taste, that his novels met with instant acclaim, and that he enjoyed an enormous reputation during his whole career. After the publication of his first book, *A Sportsman's Sketches*, he was generally regarded in Russia as her foremost writer, a position maintained until his death; his novels were translated into French and English very soon after their appearance, and a few days after his death, the London *Athenæum* remarked, "Europe has been unanimous in according to Turgenev the first rank in contemporary literature." That a man whose books never on any page show a single touch of melodrama should have reached the hearts of so many readers, proves how interesting is the truthful portrayal of human nature.

George Brandes has well said that the relation of Turgenev to his own characters is in general the same relation to them held by the reader. This may not be the secret of his power, but it is a partial explanation of it. Brandes shows that not even men of genius have invariably succeeded in making the reader take their own attitude to the characters they have created. Thus, we are

often bored by persons that Balzac intended to be tremendously interesting; and we often laugh at persons that Dickens intended to draw our tears. With the single exception of Bazarov, no such mistake is possible in Turgenev's work; and the misunderstanding in that case was caused principally by the fact that Bazarov, with all his powerful individuality, stood for a political principle. Turgenev's characters are never vague, shadowy, or indistinct; they are always portraits, with every detail so subtly added, that each one becomes like a familiar acquaintance in real life. Perhaps his one fault lay in his fondness for dropping the story midway, and going back over the previous existence or career of a certain personage. This is the only notable blemish on his art. But even by this method, which would be exceedingly irritating in a writer of less skill, additional interest in the character is aroused. It is as though Turgenev personally introduced his men and women to the reader, accompanying each introduction with some biographical remarks that let us know why the introduction was made, and stir our curiosity to hear what the character will say. Then these introductions are themselves so wonderfully vivid, are given with such brilliancy of outline, that they are little works of art in themselves, like the matchless pen portraits of Carlyle.

Another reason why Turgenev's characters are so interesting, is because in each case he has given a remarkable combination of individual and type. Here is where he completely overshadows Sudermann, even Ibsen, for their most successful personages are abnormal. Panshin, for example, is a familiar type in any Continental city; he is merely the representative of the young society man. He is accomplished, sings fairly well, sketches a little, rides horseback finely, is a ready conversationalist; while underneath all these superficial adornments he is shallow and vulgar. Ordinary acquaintances might not suspect his inherent vulgarity — all Lisa knows is that she does not like him; but the experienced woman of the world, the wife of Lavretsky, understands him instantly, and has not the slightest difficulty in bringing his vulgarity to the surface. Familiar type as he is, — there are thousands of his ilk in all great centres of civilisation, — Panshin is individual, and we hate him as though he had shadowed our own lives. Again, Varvara herself is the type of society woman whom Turgenev knew well, and whom he both hated and feared; yet she is as distinct an individual as any that he has given us. He did not scruple to create abnormal figures when he chose; it is certainly to be hoped that Maria, in *Torrents of Spring*, is abnormal even among her class; but

she is an engine of sin rather than a real woman, and is not nearly so convincingly drawn as the simple old mother of Bazarov.

Turgenev represents realism at its best, because he deals with souls rather than with bodies. It is in this respect that his enormous superiority over Zola is most clearly shown. When *L'Assommoir* was published, George Moore asked Turgenev how he liked it, and he replied: "What difference does it make to me whether a woman sweats in the middle of her back or under her arm? I want to know how she thinks, not how she feels." In that concrete illustration, Turgenev diagnosed the weakness of naturalism. No one has ever analysed the passion of love more successfully than he; but he is interested in the growth of love in the mind, rather than in its carnal manifestations.

Finally, Turgenev, although an uncompromising realist, was at heart always a poet. In reading him we feel that what he says is true, it is life indeed; but we also feel an inexpressible charm. It is the mysterious charm of music, that makes our hearts swell and our eyes swim. He saw life, as every one must see it, through the medium of his own soul. As Joseph Conrad has said, no novelist describes the world; he simply describes his own world. Turgenev had the temperament of a poet, just the opposite temperament from such men of

genius as Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant. Their books receive our mental homage, and deserve it; but they are without charm. On closing their novels, we never feel that wonderful afterglow that lingers after the reading of Turgenev. To read him is not only to be mentally stimulated, it is to be purified and ennobled; for though he never wrote a sermon in disguise, or attempted the didactic, the ethical element in his tragedies is so pervasive that one cannot read him without hating sin and loving virtue. Thus the works of the man who is perhaps the greatest novelist in history are in harmony with what we recognise as the deepest and most eternal truth, both in life and in our own hearts.

The silver tones and subtle music of Turgenev's clavichord were followed by the crashing force of Tolstoi's organ harmonies, and by the thrilling, heart-piercing discords struck by Dostoevski. Still more sensational sounds come from the younger Russian men of to-day, and all this bewildering audacity of composition has in certain places drowned for a time the less pretentious beauty of Turgenev's method. During the early years of the twentieth century, there has been a visible reaction against him, an attempt to persuade the world that after all he was a subordinate and secondary man. This attitude is shown plainly in Mr.

Baring's *Landmarks in Russian Literature*, whose book is chiefly valuable for its sympathetic understanding of the genius of Dostoevski. How far this reaction has gone may be seen in the remark of Professor Brückner, in his *Literary History of Russia:* "The great, healthy artist Turgenev always moves along levelled paths, in the fair avenues of an ancient landowner's park. Æsthetic pleasure is in his well-balanced narrative of how Jack and Jill did *not* come together: deeper ideas he in no wise stirs in us." If *A House of Gentlefolk* and *Fathers and Children* stir no deeper ideas than that in the mind of Professor Brückner, whose fault is it? One can only pity him. But there are still left some humble individuals, at least one, who, caring little for politics and the ephemeral nature of political watchwords and party strife, and still less for faddish fashions in art, persist in giving their highest homage to the great artists whose work shows the most perfect union of Truth and Beauty.

IV

DOSTOEVSKI

THE life of Dostoevski contrasts harshly with the luxurious ease and steady level seen in the outward existence of his two great contemporaries, Turgenev and Tolstoi. From beginning to end he lived in the very heart of storms, in the midst of mortal coil. He was often as poor as a rat; he suffered from a horrible disease; he was sick and in prison, and no one visited him; he knew the bitterness of death. Such a man's testimony as to the value of life is worth attention; he was a faithful witness, and we know that his testimony is true.

Fedor Mikhailovich Dostoevski was born on the 30 October 1821, at Moscow. His father was a poor surgeon, and his mother the daughter of a mercantile man. He was acquainted with grief from the start, being born in a hospital. There were five children, and they very soon discovered the exact meaning of such words as hunger and cold. Poverty in early years sometimes makes men rather close and miserly in middle age, as it certainly did in the case of Ibsen, who seemed

to think that charity began and ended at home. Not so Dostoevski: he was often victimised, he gave freely and impulsively, and was chronically in debt. He had about as much business instinct as a prize-fighter or an opera singer. As Merezhkovski puts it: "This victim of poverty dealt with money as if he held it not an evil, but utter rubbish. Dostoevski thinks he loves money, but money flees him. Tolstoi thinks he hates money, but money loves him, and accumulates about him. The one, dreaming all his life of wealth, lived, and but for his wife's business qualities would have died, a beggar. The other, all his life dreaming and preaching of poverty, not only has not given away, but has greatly multiplied his very substantial possessions." In order to make an impressive contrast, the Russian critic is here unfair to Tolstoi, but there is perhaps some truth in the Tolstoi paradox. No wonder Dostoevski loved children, for he was himself a great child.

He was brought up on the Bible and the Christian religion. The teachings of the New Testament were with him almost innate ideas. Thus, although his parents could not give him wealth, or ease, or comfort, or health, they gave him something better than all four put together.

When he was twenty-seven years old, having impulsively expressed revolutionary opinions at

a Radical Club to which he belonged, he was arrested with a number of his mates, and after an imprisonment of some months, he was led out on the 22 December 1849, with twenty-one companions, to the scaffold. He passed through all the horror of dying, for visible preparations had been made for the execution, and he was certain that in a moment he would cease to live. Then came the news that the Tsar had commuted the sentence to hard labour; this saved their lives, but one of the sufferers had become insane.

Then came four years in the Siberian prison, followed by a few years of enforced military service. His health actually grew better under the cruel régime of the prison, which is not difficult to understand, for even a cruel régime is better than none at all, and Dostoevski never had the slightest notion of how to take care of himself. At what time his epilepsy began is obscure, but this dreadful disease faithfully and frequently visited him during his whole adult life. From a curious hint that he once let fall, reënforced by the manner in which the poor epileptic in *The Karamazov Brothers* acquired the falling sickness, we cannot help thinking that its origin came from a blow given in anger by his father.

Dostoevski was enormously interested in his disease, studied its symptoms carefully, one might

say eagerly, and gave to his friends minute accounts of exactly how he felt before and after the convulsions, which tally precisely with the vivid descriptions written out in his novels. This illness coloured his whole life, profoundly affected his character, and gave a feverish and hysterical tone to his books.

Dostoevski had a tremendous capacity for enthusiasm. As a boy, he was terribly shaken by the death of Pushkin, and he never lost his admiration for the founder of Russian literature. He read the great classics of antiquity and of modern Europe with wild excitement, and wrote burning eulogies in letters to his friends. The flame of his literary ambition was not quenched by the most abject poverty, nor by the death of those whom he loved most intensely. After his first wife died, he suffered agonies of grief, accentuated by wretched health, public neglect, and total lack of financial resources. But chill penury could not repress his noble rage. He was always planning and writing new novels, even when he had no place to lay his head. And the bodily distress of poverty did not cut him nearly so sharply as its shame. His letters prove clearly that at times he suffered in the same way as the pitiable hero of *Poor Folk*. That book was indeed a prophecy of the author's own life.

It is impossible to exaggerate the difficulties under which he wrote his greatest novels. His wife and children were literally starving. He could not get money, and was continually harassed by creditors. During part of the time, while writing in the midst of hunger and freezing cold, he had an epileptic attack every ten days. His comment on all this is, "I am only preparing to live," which is as heroic as Paul Jones's shout, "I have not yet begun to fight."

In 1880 a monument to Pushkin was unveiled, and the greatest Russian authors were invited to speak at the ceremony. This was the occasion where Turgenev vainly tried to persuade Tolstoi to appear and participate. Dostoevski paid his youthful debt to the ever living poet in a magnificent manner. He made a wonderful oration on Russian literature and the future of the Russian people, an address that thrilled the hearts of his hearers, and inspired his countrymen everywhere. On the 28 January 1881, he died, and forty thousand mourners saw his body committed to the earth.

Much as I admire the brilliant Russian critic, Merezhkovski, I cannot understand his statement that Dostoevski "drew little on his personal experiences, had little self-consciousness, complained of no one." His novels are filled with his personal

experiences, he had an almost abnormal self-consciousness, and he bitterly complained that Turgenev, who did not need the money, received much more for his work than he.

Dostoevski's inequalities as a writer are so great that it is no wonder he has been condemned by some critics as a mere journalistic maker of melodrama, while others have exhausted their entire stock of adjectives in his exaltation. His most ardent admirer at this moment is Mr. Baring, who is at the same time animated by a strange jealousy of Turgenev's fame, and seems to think it necessary to belittle the author of *Fathers and Children* in order to magnify the author of *Crime and Punishment*. This seems idle; Turgenev and Dostoevski were geniuses of a totally different order, and we ought to rejoice in the greatness of each man, just as we do in the greatness of those two entirely dissimilar poets, Tennyson and Browning. Much of Mr. Baring's language is an echo of Merezhkovski; but this Russian critic, while loving Dostoevski more than Turgenev, was not at all blind to the latter's supreme qualities. Listen to Mr. Baring:—

"He possesses a certain quality which is different in kind from those of any other writer, a power of seeming to get nearer to the unknown, to what lies beyond the flesh, which is perhaps the secret of

his amazing strength; and, besides this, he has certain great qualities which other writers, and notably other Russian writers, possess also; but he has them in so far higher a degree that, when seen with other writers he annihilates them. The combination of this difference in kind and this difference in degree makes something so strong and so tremendous, that it is not to be wondered at when we find many critics saying that Dostoevski is not only the greatest of all Russian writers, but one of the greatest writers that the world has ever seen. I am not exaggerating when I say that such views are held; for instance, Professor Brückner, a most level-headed critic, in his learned and exhaustive survey of Russian literature, says that it is not in *Faust*, but rather in *Crime and Punishment*, that the whole grief of mankind takes hold of us.

"Even making allowance for the enthusiasm of his admirers, it is true to say that almost any Russian judge of literature at the present day would place Dostoevski as being equal to Tolstoi and immeasurably above Turgenev; in fact, the ordinary Russian critic at the present day no more dreams of comparing Turgenev with Dostoevski, than it would occur to an Englishman to compare Charlotte Yonge with Charlotte Brontë."

This last sentence shows the real animus against Turgenev that obsesses Mr. Baring's mind; once

more the reader queries, Suppose Dostoevski be all that Mr. Baring claims for him, why is it necessary to attack Turgenev? Is there not room in Russian literature for both men? But as Mr. Baring has appealed to Russian criticism, it is only fair to quote one Russian critic of good standing, Kropotkin. He says:—

"Dostoevski is still very much read in Russia; and when, some twenty years ago, his novels were first translated into French, German, and English, they were received as a revelation. He was praised as one of the greatest writers of our own time, and as undoubtedly the one who 'had best expressed the mystic Slavonic soul'—whatever that expression may mean! Turgenev was eclipsed by Dostoevski, and Tolstoi was forgotten for a time. There was, of course, a great deal of hysterical exaggeration in all this, and at the present time sound literary critics do not venture to indulge in such praises. The fact is, that there is certainly a great deal of power in whatever Dostoevski wrote: his powers of creation suggest those of Hoffmann; and his sympathy with the most down-trodden and down-cast products of the civilisation of our large towns is so deep that it carries away the most indifferent reader and exercises a most powerful impression in the right direction upon young readers. His analysis of the most varied speci-

mens of incipient psychical disease is said to be thoroughly correct. But with all that, the artistic qualities of his novels are incomparably below those of any one of the great Russian masters: Tolstoi, Turgenev, or Goncharov. Pages of consummate realism are interwoven with the most fantastical incidents worthy only of the most incorrigible romantics. Scenes of a thrilling interest are interrupted in order to introduce a score of pages of the most unnatural theoretical discussions. Besides, the author is in such a hurry that he seems never to have had the time himself to read over his novels before sending them to the printer. And, worst of all, every one of the heroes of Dostoevski, especially in his novels of the later period, is a person suffering from some psychical disease or from moral perversion. As a result, while one may read some of the novels of Dostoevski with the greatest interest, one is never tempted to re-read them, as one re-reads the novels of Tolstoi and Turgenev, and even those of many secondary novel writers; and the present writer must confess that he had the greatest pain lately in reading through, for instance, *The Brothers Karamazov*, and never could pull himself through such a novel as *The Idiot*. However, one pardons Dostoevski everything, because when he speaks of the ill-treated and the forgotten children of our

town civilisation he becomes truly great through his wide, infinite love of mankind — of man, even in his worst manifestations."

Mr. Baring's book was published in 1910, Kropotkin's in 1905, which seems to make Mr. Baring's attitude point to the past, rather than to the future. Kropotkin seems to imply that the wave of enthusiasm for Dostoevski is a phase that has already passed, rather than a new and increasing demonstration, as Mr. Baring would have us believe.

Dostoevski's first book, *Poor Folk*, appeared when he was only twenty-five years old: it made an instant success, and gave the young author an enviable reputation. The manuscript was given by a friend to the poet Nekrassov. Kropotkin says that Dostoevski "had inwardly doubted whether the novel would even be read by the editor. He was living then in a poor, miserable room, and was fast asleep when at four o'clock in the morning Nekrassov and Grigorovich knocked at his door. They threw themselves on Dostoevski's neck, congratulating him with tears in their eyes. Nekrassov and his friend had begun to read the novel late in the evening; they could not stop reading till they came to the end, and they were both so deeply impressed by it that they could not help going on this nocturnal expedition to see the author

and tell him what they felt. A few days later, Dostoevski was introduced to the great critic of the time, Bielinski, and from him he received the same warm reception. As to the reading public, the novel produced quite a sensation."

The story *Poor Folk* is told in the highly artificial form of letters, but is redeemed by its simplicity and deep tenderness. Probably no man ever lived who had a bigger or warmer heart than Dostoevski, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. All the great qualities of the mature man are in this slender volume: the wideness of his mercy, the great deeps of his pity, the boundlessness of his sympathy, and his amazing spiritual force. If ever there was a person who would forgive any human being anything seventy times seven, that individual was Dostoevski. He never had to learn the lesson of brotherly love by long years of experience: the mystery of the Gospel, hidden from the wise and prudent, was revealed to him as a babe. The language of these letters is so simple that a child could understand every word; but the secrets of the human heart are laid bare. The lover is a grey-haired old man, with the true Slavonic genius for failure, and a hopeless drunkard; the young girl is a veritable flower of the slums, shedding abroad the radiance and perfume of her soul in a sullen

and sodden environment. She has a purity of soul that will not take pollution.

> "See how this mere chance-sown cleft-nursed seed
> That sprang up by the wayside 'neath the foot
> Of the enemy, this breaks all into blaze,
> Spreads itself, one wide glory of desire
> To incorporate the whole great sun it loves
> From the inch-height whence it looks and longs!"

No one can read a book like this without being better for it, and without loving its author.

It is unfortunate that Dostoevski did not learn from his first little masterpiece the great virtue of compression. This story is short, but it is long enough; the whole history of two lives, so far as their spiritual aspect is concerned, is fully given in these few pages. The besetting sin of Dostoevski is endless garrulity with its accompanying demon of incoherence; in later years he yielded to that, as he did to other temptations, and it finally mastered him. He was never to write again a work of art that had organic unity.

Like all the great Russian novelists, Dostoevski went to school to Gogol. The influence of his teacher is evident throughout *Poor Folk*. The hero is almost an imitation of the man in Gogol's short story, *The Cloak*, affording another striking example of the germinal power of that immortal work. Dostoevski seemed fully to realise his debt to Gogol,

and in particular to *The Cloak;* for in *Poor Folk,* one entire letter is taken up with a description of Makar's emotions after reading that extraordinary tale. Makar assumes that it is a description of himself. "Why, I hardly dare show myself in the streets! Everything is so accurately described that one's very gait is recognisable."

Dostoevski's consuming ambition for literary fame is well indicated in his first book. "If anything be well written, Varinka, it is literature. I learned this the day before yesterday. What a wonderful thing literature is, which, consisting but of printed words, is able to invigorate, to instruct, the hearts of men!"

So many writers have made false starts in literature that Dostoevski's instinct for the right path at the very outset is something notable. His entire literary career was to be spent in portraying the despised and rejected. Never has a great author's first book more clearly revealed the peculiar qualities of his mind and heart.

But although he struck the right path, it was a long time before he found again the right vein. He followed up his first success with a row of failures, whose cold reception by the public nearly broke his heart. He was extremely busy, extremely productive, and extremely careless, as is shown by the fact that during the short period from 1846 to 1849, he

launched thirteen original publications, not a single one of which added anything to his fame. It was not until after the cruel years of Siberia that the great books began to appear.

Nor did they appear at once. In 1859 he published *The Uncle's Dream*, a society novel, showing both in its humour and in its ruthless satire the influence of Gogol. This is an exceedingly entertaining book, and, a strange thing in Dostoevski, it is, in many places, hilariously funny. The satire is so enormously exaggerated that it completely overshoots the mark, but perhaps this very exaggeration adds to the reader's merriment. The conversation in this story is often brilliant, full of unexpected quips and retorts delivered in a manner far more French than Russian. The intention of the author seems to have been to write a scathing and terrible satire on provincial society, where every one almost without exception is represented as absolutely selfish, absolutely conceited, and absolutely heartless. It is a study of village gossip, a favourite subject for satirists in all languages. In the middle of the book Dostoevski remarks : "Everybody in the provinces lives as though he were under a bell of glass. It is impossible for him to conceal anything whatever from his honourable fellow-citizens. They know things about him of which he himself is ignorant. The provincial, by his very nature, ought to be a

very profound psychologist. That is why I am sometimes honestly amazed to meet in the provinces so few psychologists and so many imbeciles."

Never again did Dostoevski write a book containing so little of himself, and so little of the native Russian element. Leaving out the exaggeration, it might apply to almost any village in any country, and instead of sympathy, it shows only scorn. The scheming mother, who attempts to marry her beautiful daughter to a Prince rotten with diseases, is a stock figure on the stage and in novels. The only truly Russian personage is the young lover, weak-willed and irresolute, who lives a coward in his own esteem.

This novel was immediately followed by another within the same year, *Stepanchikovo Village*, translated into English with the title *The Friend of the Family*. This has for its hero one of the most remarkable of Dostoevski's characters, and yet one who infaliibly reminds us of Dickens's Pecksniff. The story is told in the first person, and while it cannot by any stretch of language be called a great book, it has one advantage over its author's works of genius, in being interesting from the first page to the last. Both the uncle and the nephew, who narrate the tale, are true Russian characters: they suffer long, and are kind; they hope all things, and believe all things. The household is such a

menagerie that it is no wonder that the German translation of this novel is called *Tollhaus oder Herrenhaus?* Some of the inmates are merely abnormal; others are downright mad. There is not a natural or a normal character in the entire book, and not one of the persons holds the reader's sympathy, though frequent drafts are made on his pity. The hero is a colossal hypocrite, hopelessly exaggerated. If one finds Dickens's characters to be caricatures, what shall be said of this collection? This is the very apotheosis of the unctuous gasbag, from whose mouth, eternally ajar, pours a viscous stream of religious and moral exhortation. Compared with this Friend of the Family, Tartuffe was unselfish and noble: Joseph Surface modest and retiring; Pecksniff a humble and loyal man. The best scene in the story, and one that arouses outrageous mirth, is the scene where the uncle, who is a kind of Tom Pinch, suddenly revolts, and for a moment shakes off his bondage. He seizes the fat hypocrite by the shoulder, lifts him from the floor, and hurls his carcass through a glass door. All of which is in the exact manner of Dickens.

One of the most characteristic of Dostoevski's novels, characteristic in its occasional passages of wonderful beauty and pathos, characteristic in its utter formlessness and long stretches of uninspired dulness, is *Downtrodden and Oppressed.* Here the

author gives us the life he knew best by actual experience and the life best suited to his natural gifts of sympathetic interpretation. Stevenson's comment on this story has attracted much attention. Writing to John Addington Symonds in 1886, he said: "Another has been translated — *Humiliés et Offensés*. It is even more incoherent than *Le Crime et le Châtiment*, but breathes much of the same lovely goodness, and has passages of power. Dostoevski is a devil of a swell, to be sure." There is no scorn and no satire in this book; it was written from an overflowing heart. One of the speeches of the spineless young Russian, Alosha, might be taken as illustrative of the life-purpose of our novelist: "I am on fire for high and noble ideals; they may be false, but the basis on which they rest is holy."

Downtrodden and Oppressed is full of melodrama and full of tears; it is four times too long, being stuffed out with interminable discussions and vain repetitions. It has no beauty of construction, no evolution, and irritates the reader beyond all endurance. The young hero is a blazing ass, who is in love with two girls at the same time, and whose fluency of speech is in inverse proportion to his power of will. The real problem of the book is how either of the girls could have tolerated his presence for five minutes. The hero's father is a melo-

dramatic villain, who ought to have worn patent-leather boots and a Spanish cloak. And yet, with all its glaring faults, it is a story the pages of which ought not to be skipped. So far as the narrative goes, one may skip a score of leaves at will; but in the midst of aimless and weary gabble, passages of extraordinary beauty and uncanny insight strike out with the force of a sudden blow. The influence of Dickens is once more clearly seen in the sickly little girl Nelly, whose strange caprices and flashes of passion are like Goethe's Mignon, but whose bad health and lingering death recall irresistibly Little Nell. They are similar in much more than in name.

Dostoevski told the secrets of his prison-house in his great book *Memoirs of a House of the Dead* — translated into English with the title *Buried Alive*. Of the many works that have come from prison-walls to enrich literature, and their number is legion, this is one of the most powerful, because one of the most truthful and sincere. It is not nearly so well written as Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis;* but one cannot escape the suspicion that this latter masterpiece was a brilliant pose. Dostoevski's *House of the Dead* is marked by that naïve Russian simplicity that goes not to the reader's head but to his heart. It is at the farthest remove from a well-constructed novel; it is indeed simply an irregular,

incoherent notebook. But if the shop-worn phrase "human document" can ever be fittingly applied, no better instance can be found than this. It is a revelation of Dostoevski's all-embracing sympathy. He shows no bitterness, no spirit of revenge, toward the government that sent him into penal servitude; he merely describes what happened there. Nor does he attempt to arouse our sympathy for his fellow-convicts by depicting them as heroes, or in showing their innate nobleness. They are indeed a bad lot, and one is forced to the conviction that they ought not to be at large. Confinement and hard labour is what most of them need; for the majority of them in this particular Siberian prison are not revolutionists, offenders against the government, sent there for some petty or trumped-up charge, but cold-blooded murderers, fiendishly cruel assassins, wife-beaters, dull, degraded brutes. But the régime, as our novelist describes it, does not improve them; the officers are as brutal as the men, and the floggings do not make for spiritual culture. One cannot wish, after reading the book, that such prisoners were free, but one cannot help thinking that something is rotten in the state of their imprisonment. Dostoevski brings out with great clearness the utter childishness of the prisoners; mentally, they are just bad little boys; they seem never to have developed, except in an increased capacity for sin.

They spend what time they have in silly talk, in purposeless discussions, in endeavours to get drink, in practical jokes, and in thefts from one another. The cruel pathos of the story is not in the fact that such men are in prison, but that a Dostoevski should be among them. Here is a delicate, sensitive man of genius, in bad health, with a highly organised nervous system, with a wonderful imagination, condemned to live for years in slimy misery, with creatures far worse than the beasts of the field. Indeed, some of the most beautiful parts of the story are where Dostoevski turns from the men to the prison dog and the prison horse, and there finds true friendship. His kindness to the neglected dog and the latter's surprise and subsequent devotion make a deep impression. The greatness of Dostoevski's heart is shown in the fact that although his comrades were detestable characters, he did not hate them. His calm account of their unblushing knavery is entirely free from either vindictive malice or superior contempt. He loved them because they were buried alive, he loved them because of their wretchedness, with a love as far removed from condescension as it was from secret admiration of their bold wickedness. There was about these men no charm of personality and no glamour of desperate crime. The delightful thing about Dostoevski's attitude is that it was so perfect an exemplification

of true Christianity. No pride, no scorn, no envy. He regarded them as his brothers, and one feels that not one of the men would ever have turned to Dostoevski for sympathy and encouragement without meeting an instant and warm response. That prison was a great training-school for Dostoevski's genius, and instead of casting a black shadow over his subsequent life, it furnished him with the necessary light and heat to produce a succession of great novels.

Their production was, however, irregular, and at intervals he continued to write and publish books of no importance. One of his poorest stories is called *Memoirs of the Cellarage*, or, as the French translation has it, *L'Esprit Souterrain*. The two parts of the story contain two curious types of women. The hero is the regulation weak-willed Russian; his singular adventures with an old criminal and his mistress in the first part of the story, and with a harlot in the second, have only occasional and languid interest; it is one of the many books of Dostoevski that one vigorously vows never to read again. The sickly and impractical Ordinov spends most of his time analysing his mental states, and indulging in that ecstasy of thought which is perhaps the most fatal of all Slavonic passions. Soon after appeared a strange and far better novel, called *The Gambler*. This story is told in the first

person, and contains a group of highly interesting characters, the best being an old woman, whose goodness of heart, extraordinary vitality, and fondness for speaking her mind recall the best type of English Duchess of the eighteenth century. There is not a dull page in this short book; and often as the obsession of gambling has been represented in fiction, I do not at this moment remember any other story where the fierce, consuming power of this heart-eating passion has been more powerfully pictured. No reader will ever forget the one day in the sensible old lady's life when all her years of training, all her natural caution and splendid common sense, could not keep her away from the gaming table. This is a kind of international novel, where the English, French, German, and Russian temperaments are analysed, perhaps with more cleverness than accuracy. The Englishman, Astley, is utterly unreal, Paulina is impossible, and the Slavophil attacks on the French are rather pointless. Some of the characters are incomprehensible, but none of them lacks interest.

Of all Dostoevski's novels, the one best known outside of Russia is, of course, *Crime and Punishment.* Indeed, his fame in England and in America may be said still to depend almost entirely on this one book. It was translated into French, German, and English in the eighties, and has been dramatised

in France and in America. While it is assuredly a great work, and one that nobody except a genius could have written, I do not think it is Dostoevski's most characteristic novel, nor his best. It is characteristic in its faults; it is abominably diffuse, filled with extraneous and superfluous matter, and totally lacking in the principles of good construction. There are scenes of positively breathless excitement, preceded and followed by dreary drivel; but the success of the book does not depend on its action, but rather on the characters of Sonia, her maudlin father, the student Raskolnikov, and his sister. It is impossible to read *Crime and Punishment* without reverently saluting the author's power. As is well known, the story gave Stevenson all kinds of thrills, and in a famous letter written while completely under the spell he said: "Raskolnikov is easily the greatest book I have read in ten years; I am glad you took to it. Many find it dull; Henry James could not finish it; all I can say is, it nearly finished me. It was like having an illness. James did not care for it because the character of Raskolnikov was not objective; and at that I divined a great gulf between us, and, on further reflection, the existence of a certain impotence in many minds of to-day, which prevents them from living *in* a book or a character, and keeps them standing afar off, spectators of a puppet

show. To such I suppose the book may seem empty in the centre; to the others it is a room, a house of life, into which they themselves enter, and are purified. The Juge d'Instruction I thought a wonderful, weird, touching, ingenious creation; the drunken father, and Sonia, and the student friend, and the uncircumscribed, protoplasmic humanity of Raskolnikov, all upon a level that filled me with wonder; the execution, also, superb in places."

Dostoevski is fond of interrupting the course of his narratives with dreams, — dreams that often have no connection with the plot, so far as there may be said to exist a plot, — but dreams of vivid and sharp verisimilitude. Whether these dreams were interjected to deceive the reader, or merely to indulge the novelist's whimsical fancy, is hard to divine; but one always wakes with surprise to find that it is all a dream. A few hours before Svidrigailov commits suicide he has an extraordinary dream of the cold, wet, friendless little girl, whom he places tenderly in a warm bed, and whose childish eyes suddenly give him the leer of a French harlot. Both he and the reader are amazed to find that this is only a dream, so terribly real has it seemed. Then Raskolnikov's awful dream, so minutely circumstanced, of the cruel peasants maltreating a horse, their drunken laughter and vicious conver-

sation, their fury that they cannot kill the mare with one blow, and the wretched animal's slow death makes a picture that I have long tried in vain to forget. These dream episodes have absolutely no connection with the course of the story — they are simply impressionistic sketches.

Another favourite device of Dostoevski's is to have one of his characters take a walk, and on this walk undergo some experience that has nothing whatever to do with the course of the action, but is, as it were, a miniature story of its own introduced into the novel. One often remembers these while forgetting many vital constructive features. That picture of the pretty young girl, fifteen or sixteen years old, staggering about in the heat of the early afternoon, completely drunk, while a fat libertine slowly approaches her, like a vulture after its prey, stirs Raskolnikov to rage and then to reflection — but the reader remembers it long after it has passed from the hero's mind. Dostoevski's books are full of disconnected but painfully oppressive incidents.

Raskolnikov's character cannot be described nor appraised; one must follow him all the way through the long novel. He is once more the Rudin type — utterly irresolute, with a mind teeming with ideas and surging with ambition. He wants to be a Russian Napoleon, with a completely subservient conscience, but instead of murdering on a large

scale, like his ideal, he butchers two inoffensive old women. Although the ghastly details of this double murder are given with definite realism, Dostoevski's interest is wholly in the criminal psychology of the affair, in the analysis of Raskolnikov's mind before, during, and chiefly after the murder; for it is the mind, and not the bodily sensations that constitute the chosen field of our novelist. After this event, the student passes through almost every conceivable mental state; we study all these shifting moods under a powerful microscope. The assassin is redeemed by the harlot Sonia, who becomes his religious and moral teacher. The scene where the two read together the story of the resurrection of Lazarus, and where they talk about God, prayer, and the Christian religion, shows the spiritual force of Dostoevski in its brightest manifestations. At her persuasion, he finally confesses his crime, and is deported to Siberia, where his experiences are copied faithfully from the author's own prison life. Sonia accompanies him, and becomes the good angel of the convicts, who adore her. "When she appeared while they were at work, all took off their hats and made a bow. 'Little mother, Sophia Semenova, thou art our mother, tender and compassionate,' these churlish and branded felons said to her. She smiled in return; they loved even to see her walk, and turned to look upon her as she

passed by. They praised her for being so little, and knew not what not to praise her for. They even went to her with their ailments."

It is quite possible that Tolstoi got the inspiration for his novel *Resurrection* from the closing words of *Crime and Punishment*. Raskolnikov and Sonia look forward happily to the time when he will be released. "Seven years — only seven years! At the commencement of their happiness they were ready to look upon these seven years as seven days. They did not know that a new life is not given for nothing; that it has to be paid dearly for, and only acquired by much patience and suffering, and great future efforts. But now a new history commences; a story of the gradual renewing of a man, of his slow, progressive regeneration, and change from one world to another — an introduction to the hitherto unknown realities of life. This may well form the theme of a new tale; the one we wished to offer the reader is ended."

It did indeed form the theme of a new tale — and the tale was Tolstoi's *Resurrection*.

Sonia is the greatest of all Dostoevski's woman characters. The professional harlot has often been presented on the stage and in the pages of fiction, but after learning to know Sonia, the others seem weakly artificial. This girl, whose father's passion for drink is something worse than madness, goes

on the street to save the family from starvation. It is the sacrifice of Monna Vanna without any reward or spectacular acclaim. Deeply spiritual, intensely religious, she is the illumination of the book, and seems to have stepped out of the pages of the New Testament. Her whole story is like a Gospel parable, and she has saved many besides Raskolnikov. . . . She dies daily, and from her sacrifice rises a life of eternal beauty.

Two years later came another book of tremendous and irregular power — *The Idiot.* With the exception of *The Karamazov Brothers*, this is the most peculiarly characteristic of all Dostoevski's works. It is almost insufferably long; it reads as though it had never been revised; it abounds in irrelevancies and superfluous characters. One must have an unshakable faith in the author to read it through, and one should never begin to read it without having acquired that faith through the perusal of *Crime and Punishment.* The novel is a combination of a hospital and an insane asylum; its pages are filled with sickly, diseased, silly, and crazy folk. It is largely autobiographical; the hero's epileptic fits are described as only an epileptic could describe them, more convincingly than even so able a writer as Mr. De Morgan diagnoses them in *An Affair of Dishonour.* Dostoevski makes the convulsion come unexpectedly; Mr De Morgan

uses the fit as a kind of moral punctuation point. The author's sensations when under condemnation of death and expecting the immediate catastrophe are also minutely given from his own never paling recollection. Then there are allusions to Russian contemporary authors, which occur, to be sure, in his other books. One reason why Dostoevski is able to portray with such detail the thoughts and fancies of abnormal persons is because he was so abnormal himself; and because his own life had been filled with such an amazing variety of amazing experiences. Every single one of his later novels is a footnote to actual circumstance; with any other author, we should say, for example, that his accounts of the thoughts that pass in a murderer's mind immediately before he assassinates his victim were the fantastical emanation of a diseased brain, and could never have taken place; one cannot do that in Dostoevski's case, for one is certain that he is drawing on his Siberian reservoir of fact. These novels are fully as much a contribution to the study of abnormal psychology as they are to the history of fiction.

The leading character, the epileptic Idiot, has a magnetic charm that pulls the reader from the first, and from which it is vain to hope to escape. The "lovely goodness" that Stevenson found in Dostoevski's *Downtrodden and Oppressed* shines in

this story with a steady radiance. The most brilliant and beautiful women in the novel fall helplessly in love with the Idiot, and the men try hard to despise him, without the least success. He has the sincerity of a child, with a child's innocence and confidence. His character is almost the incarnation of the beauty of holiness. Such common and universal sins as deceit, pretence, revenge, ambition, are not only impossible to him, they are even inconceivable; he is without taint. From one point of view, he is a natural-born fool; but the wisdom of this world is foolishness with him. His utter harmlessness and incapacity to hurt occasion scenes of extraordinary humour, scenes that make the reader suddenly laugh out loud, and love him all the more ardently. Dostoevski loved children and animals, and so-called simple folk; what is more, he not only loved them, he looked upon them as his greatest teachers.

It is a delight to hear this Idiot talk: —

"What has always surprised me, is the false idea that grown-up people have of children. They are not even understood by their fathers and mothers. We ought to conceal nothing from children under the pretext that they are little and that at their age they should remain ignorant of certain things. What a sad and unfortunate idea! And how clearly the children themselves perceive that their

parents take them for babies who can't understand anything, when really they understand everything! Great folks don't know that in even the most difficult affairs a child is able to give advice that is of the utmost importance. O God! when this pretty little bird stares at you with a happy and confiding look, you are ashamed to deceive him! I call them little birds because little birds are the finest things in the world."

The Idiot later in the story narrates the following curious incident. Two friends stopping together at an inn retired to their room peacefully, when one of them, lusting to possess the other's watch, drew a knife, sneaked up behind his victim stealthily, raised his eyes to heaven, crossed himself, and piously murmured this prayer: "O Lord, pardon me through the merits of Christ!" then stabbed his friend to death, and quietly took the watch. Naturally the listener roars with laughter, but the Idiot quietly continues: "I once met a peasant woman crossing herself so piously, so piously! 'Why do you do that, my dear?' said I (I am always asking questions). 'Well,' said she, 'just as a mother is happy when she sees the first smile of her nursling, so God experiences joy every time when, from the height of heaven, he sees a sinner lift toward Him a fervent prayer.' It was a woman of the people who told me that, who expressed this thought so pro-

found, so fine, so truly religious, which is the very basis of Christianity, that is to say, the idea that God is our father, that He is delighted at the sight of a man as a mother is at the sight of her child, — the chief thought of Christ! A simple peasant woman! To be sure, she was a mother. . . . The religious sentiment, in its essence, can never be crushed by reasoning, by a sin, by a crime, by any form of atheism; there is something there which remains and always will remain beyond all that, something which the arguments of atheists will never touch. But the chief thing is, that nowhere does one notice this more clearly than in the heart of Russia. It is one of the most important impressions that I first received from our country."

The kindness of the Idiot toward his foes and toward those who are continually playing on his generosity and exploiting him, enrages beyond all endurance some of his friends. A beautiful young society girl impatiently cries: "There isn't a person who deserves such words from you! here not one of them is worth your little finger, not one who has your intelligence or your heart! You are more honest than all of us, more noble than all, better than all, more clever than all! There isn't one of these people who is fit to pick up the handkerchief you let fall, so why then do you humiliate yourself and place yourself below everybody! Why have

you crushed yourself, why haven't you any pride?"

She had begun her acquaintance with him by laughing at him and trying to cover him with ridicule. But in his presence those who come to scoff remain to pray. Such men really overcome the world.

He is not the only Idiot in fiction who is able to teach the wise, as every one knows who remembers his *David Copperfield*. How Betsy Trotwood would have loved Dostoevski's hero! Dickens and Dostoevski were perhaps the biggest-hearted of all novelists, and their respect for children and harmless men is notable. The sacredness of mad folk is a holy tradition, not yet outworn.

The Eternal Husband is a story dealing, of course, with an abnormal character, in abnormal circumstances. It is a quite original variation on the triangle theme. It has genuine humour, and the conclusion leaves one in a muse. *The Hobbledehoy*, translated into French as *Un Adolescent*, is, on the whole, Dostoevski's worst novel, which is curious enough, coming at a time when he was doing some of his best work. He wrote this while his mind was busy with a great masterpiece, *The Karamazov Brothers*, and in this book we get nothing but the lees. It is a novel of portentous length and utter vacuity. I have read many dull books, but it is

hard to recall a novel where the steady, monotonous dulness of page after page is quite so oppressive. For it is not only dull; it is stupid.

Dostoevski's last work, *The Karamazov Brothers*, was the result of ten years' reflection, study, and labour, and he died without completing it. It is a very long novel as it stands; had he lived five years more, it would probably have been the longest novel on the face of the earth, for he seems to have regarded what he left as an introduction. Even as it is, it is too long, and could profitably be cut down one-third. It is incomplete, it is badly constructed, it is very badly written; but if I could have only one of his novels, I would take *The Karamazov Brothers*. For Dostoevski put into it all the sum of his wisdom, all the ripe fruit of his experience, all his religious aspiration, and in Alosha he created not only the greatest of all his characters, but his personal conception of what the ideal man should be. Alosha is the Idiot, minus idiocy and epilepsy.

The women in this book are not nearly so well drawn as the men. I cannot even tell them apart, so it would be a waste of labour to write further about them. But the four men who make up the Karamazov family, the father and the three sons, are one of the greatest family parties in the history of fiction. Then the idiotic and epileptic Smerdakov — for Dostoevski must have his idiot and his

fits, and they make an effective combination — is an absolutely original character out of whose mouth come from time to time the words of truth and soberness. The old monk at the head of the chapter is marvellous; he would find a natural place in one of Ibsen's early historical dramas, for he is a colossal pontifical figure, and has about him the ancient air of authority. If one really doubted the genius of Dostoevski, one would merely need to contemplate the men in this extraordinary story, and listen to their talk. Then if any one continued to doubt Dostoevski's greatness as a novelist, he could no longer doubt his greatness as a man.

The criminal psychology of this novel and the scenes at the trial are more interesting than those in *Crime and Punishment*, for the prisoner is a much more interesting man than Raskolnikov, and by an exceedingly clever trick the reader is completely deceived. The discovery of the murder is as harsh a piece of realism as the most difficult realist could desire. The corpse lies on its back on the floor, its silk nightgown covered with blood. The faithful old servant, smitten down and bleeding copiously, is faintly crying for help. Close at hand is the epileptic, in the midst of a fearful convulsion. There are some dramatic moments!

But the story, as nearly always in Dostoevski, is a mere easel for the portraits. From the loins of the

father — a man of tremendous force of character, all turned hellward, for he is a selfish, sensual beast — proceed three sons, men of powerful individualities, bound together by fraternal affection. Mitia is in many respects like his father, but it is wonderful how we love him in the closing scenes; Ivan is the sceptic, whose final conviction that he is morally responsible for his father's murder shows his inability to escape from the domination of moral ideas; Alosha, the priestly third brother, has all the family force of character, but in him it finds its only outlet in love to God and love to man. He has a remarkably subtle mind, but he is as innocent, as harmless, as sincere, and as pure in heart as a little child. He invariably returns for injury, not pardon, but active kindness. No one can be offended in him for long, and his cheerful conversation and beautiful, upright life are a living witness to his religious faith, known and read of all men. Angry, sneering, and selfish folk come to regard him with an affection akin to holy awe. But he is not in the least a prig or a stuffed curiosity. He is essentially a reasonable, kind-hearted man, who goes about doing good. Every one confides in him, all go to him for advice and solace. He is a multitudinous blessing, with masculine virility and shrewd insight, along with the sensitiveness and tenderness of a good woman. Seeing six boys attacking one, he

attempts to rescue the solitary fighter, when to his surprise the gamin turns on him, insults him, strikes him with a stone, and bites him. Alosha, wrapping up his injured hand, after one involuntary scream of pain, looks affectionately at the young scoundrel, and quietly asks, "Tell me, what have I done to you?" The boy looks at him in amazement. Alosha continues: "I don't know you, but of course I must have injured you in some way since you treat me so. Tell me exactly where I have been wrong." The child bursts into tears, and what no violence of punishment has been able to accomplish, Alosha's kindness has done in a few moments. Here is a boy who would gladly die for him.

The conversations in this book have often quite unexpected turns of humour, and are filled with oversubtle questions of casuistry and curious reasonings. From one point of view the novel is a huge, commonplace book, into which Dostoevski put all sorts of whimsies, queries, and vagaries. Smerdakov, the epileptic, is a thorn in the side of those who endeavour to instruct him, for he asks questions and raises unforeseen difficulties that perplex those who regard themselves as his superiors. No one but Dostoevski would ever have conceived of such a character, or have imagined such ideas.

If one reads *Poor Folk*, *Crime and Punishment*, *Memoirs of the House of the Dead*, *The Idiot*, and

The Karamazov Brothers, one will have a complete idea of Dostoevski's genius and of his faults as a writer, and will see clearly his attitude toward life. In his story called *Devils* one may learn something about his political opinions; but these are of slight interest; for a man's opinions on politics are his views on something of temporary and transient importance, and like a railway time-table, they are subject to change without notice. But the ideas of a great man on Religion, Humanity, and Art take hold on something eternal, and sometimes borrow eternity from the object.

No doubt Dostoevski realised the sad inequalities of his work, and the great blunders due to haste in composition. He wrote side by side with Turgenev and Tolstoi, and could not escape the annual comparison in production. Indeed, he was always measuring himself with these two men, and they were never long out of his mind. Nor was his soul without bitterness when he reflected on their fortunate circumstances which enabled them to write, correct, and polish at leisure, and give to the public only the last refinement of their work. In the novel *Downtrodden and Oppressed* Natasha asks the young writer if he has finished his composition. On being told that it is all done, she says: "God be praised! But haven't you hurried it too much? Haven't you spoiled anything?" "Oh, I don't think so,"

he replied; "when I have a work that demands a particular tension of the mind, I am in a state of extraordinary nervous excitement; images are clearer, my senses are more alert, and for the form, why, the style is plastic, and steadily becomes better in proportion as the tension becomes stronger." She sighed, and added: "You are exhausting yourself and you will ruin your health. Just look at S. He spent two years in writing one short story; but how he has worked at it and chiselled it down! not the least thing to revise; no one can detect a blemish." To this stricture the poor fellow rejoined, "Ah, but those fellows have their income assured, they are never compelled to publish at a fixed date, while I, why, I am only a cab-horse!"

Although Dostoevski's sins against art were black and many, it was a supreme compliment to the Novel as an art-form that such a man should have chosen it as the channel of his ideas. For he was certainly one of the most profound thinkers of modern times. His thought dives below and soars above the regions where even notable philosophers live out their intellectual lives. He never dodged the ugly facts in the world, nor even winced before them. Nor did he defy them. The vast knowledge that he had of the very worst of life's conditions, and of the extreme limits of sin of which humanity is

capable, seemed only to deepen and strengthen his love of this world, his love of all the creatures on it, and his intense religious passion. For the religion of Dostoevski is thrilling in its clairvoyance and in its fervour. That so experienced and unprejudiced a man, gifted with such a power of subtle and profound reflection, should have found in the Christian religion the only solution of the riddle of existence, and the best rule for daily conduct, is in itself valuable evidence that the Christian religion is true.

Dostoevski has been surpassed in many things by other novelists. The deficiencies and the excrescences of his art are glaring. But of all the masters of fiction, both in Russia and elsewhere, he is the most truly spiritual.

V

TOLSTOI

On the 6 September 1852, signed only with initials, appeared in a Russian periodical the first work of Count Leo Tolstoi — *Childhood*. By 1867, his name was just barely known outside of Russia, for in that year the American diplomat, Eugene Schuyler, in the preface to his translation of *Fathers and Sons*, said, "The success of Gogol brought out a large number of romance-writers, who abandoned all imitation of German, French, and English novelists, and have founded a truly national school of romance." Besides Turgenev, "easily their chief," he mentioned five Russian writers, all but one of whom are now unknown or forgotten in America. The second in his list was "the Count Tolstoi, a writer chiefly of military novels." During the seventies, the English scholar Ralston published in a review some paraphrases of Tolstoi, because, as he said, "Tolstoi will probably never be translated into English." To-day the works of Tolstoi are translated into forty-five languages, and in the original Russian the sales have gone into many millions. During the last ten years of his life he held an absolutely unchallenged position as

the greatest living writer in the world, there being not a single contemporary worthy to be named in the same breath.

Tolstoi himself, at the end of the century, divided his life into four periods: [1] the innocent, joyous, and poetic time of childhood, from earliest recollection up to the age of fourteen; the "terrible twenties," full of ambition, vanity, and licentiousness, lasting till his marriage at the age of thirty-four; the third period of eighteen years, when he was honest and pure in family life, but a thorough egoist; the fourth period, which he hoped would be the last, dating from his Christian conversion, and during which he tried to shape his life in accordance with the Sermon on the Mount.

He was born at Yasnaya Polyana, in south central Russia, not far from the birthplace of Turgenev, on the 28 August 1828. His mother died when he was a baby, his father when he was only nine. An aunt, to whom he was devotedly attached, and whom he called "Grandmother," had the main supervision of his education. In 1836 the family went to live at Moscow, where the boy formed that habit of omnivorous reading which characterised his whole life. Up to his fourteenth year, the books that chiefly influenced him were the Old

[1] His own *Memoirs*, edited by Birukov, are now the authority for biographical detail. They are still in process of publication.

Testament, the *Arabian Nights*, Pushkin, and popular Russian legends. It was intended that he should follow a diplomatic career, and in preparation for the University of Kazan, he studied Oriental languages. In 1844 he failed to pass his entrance examinations, but was admitted some months later. He left the University in 1847. From his fourteenth to his twenty-first year the books that he read with the most profit were Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, under the influence of which he wrote his first story, Pushkin, Schiller's *Robbers*, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgenev's *A Sportsman's Sketches;* and to a less degree he was affected by the New Testament, Rousseau, Dickens's *David Copperfield*, and the historical works of the American Prescott. Like all Russian boys, he of course read the romances of Fenimore Cooper.

On leaving the University, he meant to take up a permanent residence in the country; but this enthusiasm waned at the close of the summer, as it does with nearly everybody, and he went to St. Petersburg in the autumn of 1847, where he entered the University in the department of law. During all this time he had the habit of almost morbid introspection, and like so many young people, he wrote resolutions and kept a diary. In 1851 he went with his brother to the Caucasus, and entered the military service, as described in his novel, *The*

Cossacks. Here he indulged in dissipation, cards, and women, like the other soldiers. In the midst of his life there he wrote to his aunt, in French, the language of most of their correspondence, "You recall some advice you once gave me — to write novels: well, I am of your opinion, and I am doing literary work. I do not know whether what I write will ever appear in the world, but it is work that amuses me, and in which I have persevered for too long a time to give it up." He noted at this time that the three passions which obstructed the moral way were gambling, sensuality, and vanity. And he further wrote in his journal, "There is something in me which makes me think that I was not born to be just like everybody else." Again: "The man who has no other goal than his own happiness is a bad man. He whose goal is the good opinion of others is a weak man. He whose goal is the happiness of others is a virtuous man. He whose goal is God is a great man!"

He finished his first novel, *Childhood*, sent it to a Russian review, and experienced the most naïve delight when the letter of acceptance arrived. "It made me happy to the limit of stupidity," he wrote in his diary. The letter was indeed flattering. The publisher recognised the young author's talent, and was impressed with his "simplicity and reality," as well he might be, for they became the cardinal

qualities of all Tolstoi's books. It attracted little attention, however, and no criticism of it appeared for two years. But a little later, when Dostoevski obtained in Siberia the two numbers of the periodical containing *Childhood* and *Boyhood*, he was deeply moved, and wrote to a friend, asking, Who is this mysterious L. N. T.? But for a long time Tolstoi refused to let his name be known.

Tolstoi took part in the Crimean war, not as a spectator or reporter, but as an officer. He was repeatedly in imminent danger, and saw all the horrors of warfare, as described in *Sevastopol*. Still, he found time somehow for literary work, wrote *Boyhood*, and read Dickens in English. About this time he decided to substitute the Lord's Prayer in his private devotions for all other petitions, saying that "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven" included everything. On the 5 March 1855 he wrote in his diary a curious prophecy of his present attitude toward religion: "My conversations on divinity and faith have led me to a great idea, for the realisation of which I am ready to devote my whole life. This idea is the founding of a new religion, corresponding to the level of human development, the religion of Christ, but purified of all dogmas and mysteries, a practical religion not promising a blessed future life, but bestowing happiness here on earth."

In this same year he wrote the book which was the first absolute proof of his genius, and with the publication of which his reputation began — *Sevastopol in December*. This was printed in the same review that had accepted his first work, was greeted with enthusiasm by Turgenev and the literary circles at Petersburg, was read by the Tsar, and translated into French at the imperial command. It was followed by *Sevastopol in May* and *Sevastopol in August*, and Tolstoi found himself famous.

It was evident that a man so absorbed in religious ideas and so sensitive to the hideous wholesale murder of war, could not remain for long in the army. He arrived at Petersburg on the 21 November 1855, and had a warm reception from the distinguished group of writers who were at that time contributors to the *Sovremennik*[1] (*The Contemporary Review*), which had published Tolstoi's work. This review had been founded by Pushkin in 1836, was now edited by Nekrassov, who had accepted Tolstoi's first article, *Childhood*, and had enlisted the foremost writers of Russia, prominent among whom was, of course, Turgenev. The books which Tolstoi read with the most profit

[1] An amusing caricature of the time represents Turgenev, Ovstrovski, and Tolstoi bringing rolls of manuscripts to the editors.

during this period were Goethe, Hugo's *Notre-Dame*, Plato in French, and Homer in Russian.

Turgenev had a fixed faith in the future of Tolstoi; he was already certain that a great writer had appeared in Russia. Writing to a friend from Paris, in 1856, he said, "When this new wine is ripened there will be a drink fit for the gods." In 1857, after Tolstoi had visited him in Paris, Turgenev wrote, "This man will go far and will leave behind him a profound influence." But the two authors had little in common, and it was evident that there could never be perfect harmony between them. Explaining why he could not feel wholly at ease with Tolstoi, he said, "We are made of different clay."

In January 1857, Tolstoi left Moscow for Warsaw by sledge, and from there travelled by rail for Paris. In March, accompanied by Turgenev, he went to Dijon, and saw a man executed by the guillotine. He was deeply impressed both by the horror and by the absurdity of capital punishment, and, as he said, the affair "pursued" him for a long time. He travelled on through Switzerland, and at Lucerne he felt the contrast between the great natural beauty of the scenery and the artificiality of the English snobs in the hotel. He journeyed on down the Rhine, and returned to Russia from Berlin. During all these months of travel, his

journal expresses the constant religious fermentation of his mind, and his intense democratic sentiments. They were the same ideas held by the Tolstoi of 1900.

On the 3 July 1860, he left Petersburg by steamer, once more to visit southern Europe. He visited schools, universities, and studied the German methods of education. He also spent some time in the south of France, and wrote part of *The Cossacks* there. In Paris he once more visited Turgenev, and then crossed over to London, where he saw the great Russian critic Herzen almost every day. Herzen was not at all impressed by Tolstoi's philosophical views, thinking them both weak and vague. The little daughter of Herzen begged her father for the privilege of meeting the young and famous author. She expected to see a philosopher, who would speak of weighty matters: what was her disappointment when Count Tolstoi appeared, dressed in the latest English style, looking exactly like a fashionable man of the world, and talking with great enthusiasm of a cock-fight he had just witnessed!

After nine months' absence, Tolstoi returned to Russia in April 1861. He soon went to his home at Yasnaya Polyana, established a school for the peasants, and devoted himself to the arduous labour of their education. Here he had a chance to put into practice all the theories that he had

acquired from his observations in Germany and England. He worked so hard that he injured his health, and in a few months was forced to travel and rest. In this same year he lost a thousand rubles playing billiards with Katkov, the well-known editor of the *Russian Messenger*. Not being able to pay cash, he gave Katkov the manuscript of his novel, *The Cossacks*, which was accordingly printed in the review in January 1863.

On the 23 September 1862, he was married. A short time before this event he gave his fiancée his diary, which contained a frank and free account of all the sins of his bachelor life. She was overwhelmed, and thought of breaking off the engagement. After many nights spent in wakeful weeping, she returned the journal to him, with a full pardon, and assurance of complete affection. It was fortunate for him that this young girl was large-hearted enough to forgive his sins, for she became an ideal wife, and shared in all his work, copying in her own hand his manuscripts again and again. In all her relations with the difficult temperament of her husband, she exhibited the utmost devotion, and that uncommon quality which we call common sense.

Shortly after the marriage, Tolstoi began the composition of a leviathan in historical fiction, *War and Peace*. While composing it, he wrote:

"If one could only accomplish the hundredth part of what one conceives, but one cannot even do a millionth part! Still, the consciousness of Power is what brings happiness to a literary man. I have felt this power particularly during this year." He suffered, however, from many paroxysms of despair, and constantly corrected what he wrote. This made it necessary for his wife to copy out the manuscript; and it is said that she wrote in her own hand the whole manuscript of this enormous work seven times!

The publication of the novel began in the *Russki Viestnik* (*Russian Messenger*) for January 1865, and the final chapters did not appear till 1869. It attracted constant attention during the process of publication, and despite considerable hostile criticism, established the reputation of its author.

During its composition Tolstoi read all kinds of books, *Pickwick Papers*, Anthony Trollope, whom he greatly admired, and Schopenhauer, who for a time fascinated him. In 1869 he learned Greek, and was proud of being able to read the *Anabasis* in a few months. He interested himself in social problems, and fought hard with the authorities to save a man from capital punishment. To various schemes of education, and to the general amelioration of the condition of the peasants, he gave all the tremendous energy of his mind.

On the 19 March 1873, he began the composition of *Anna Karenina*, which was to give him his greatest fame outside of Russia. Several years were spent in its composition and publication. Despite the power of genius displayed in this masterpiece, he did not enjoy writing it, and seemed to be unaware of its splendid qualities. In 1875 he wrote, "For two months I have not soiled my fingers with ink, but now I return again to this tiresome and vulgar *Anna Karenina*, with the sole wish of getting it done as soon as possible, in order that I may have time for other work." It was published in the *Russian Messenger*, and the separate numbers drew the attention of critics everywhere, not merely in Russia, but all over Europe.

The printing began in 1874. All went well enough for two years, as we see by a letter of the Countess Tolstoi, in December 1876. "At last we are writing *Anna Karenina comme il faut*, that is, without interruptions. Leo, full of animation, writes an entire chapter every day, and I copy it off as fast as possible ; even now, under this letter, there are the pages of the new chapter that he wrote yesterday. Katkov telegraphed day before yesterday to send some chapters for the December number." But, just before the completion of the work, Tolstoi and the editor, Katkov, had an irreconcilable quarrel. The war with Turkey was imminent.

Tolstoi was naturally vehemently opposed to it, while Katkov did everything in his power to inflame public opinion in favour of the war party; and he felt that Vronsky's departure for the war, after the death of Anna, with Levin's comments thereupon, were written in an unpatriotic manner. Ridiculous as it now seems to give this great masterpiece a political twist, or to judge it from that point of view, it was for a time the sole question that agitated the critics. Katkov insisted that Tolstoi "soften" the objectionable passages. Tolstoi naturally refused, editor and author quarrelled, and Tolstoi was forced to publish the last portion of the work in a separate pamphlet. In the number of May 1877, Katkov printed a footnote to the instalment of the novel, which shows how little he understood its significance, although the majority of contemporary Russian critics understood the book no better than he.

"In our last number, at the foot of the novel *Anna Karenina*, we printed, 'Conclusion in the next issue.' But with the death of the heroine the real story ends. According to the plan of the author, there will be a short epilogue, in which the reader will learn that Vronsky, overwhelmed by the death of Anna, will depart for Servia as a volunteer; that all the other characters remain alive and well; that Levin lives on his estates and

fumes against the Slavonic party and the volunteers. Perhaps the author will develop this chapter in a special edition of his novel."

Levin's conversation with the peasant, toward the close of *Anna Karenina*, indicates clearly the religious attitude of Tolstoi, and prepares us for the crisis that followed. From 1877 to 1879 he passed through a spiritual struggle, read the New Testament constantly, and became completely converted to the practical teachings of the Gospel. Then followed his well-known work, *My Religion*, the abandonment of his former way of life, and his attempts to live like a peasant, in daily manual labour. Since that time he wrote a vast number of religious, political, and social tracts, dealing with war, marriage, law-courts, imprisonment, etc. Many of the religious tracts belong to literature by the beauty and simple directness of their style. Two short stories and one long novel, all written with a didactic purpose, are of this period, and added to their author's reputation: *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*, *The Kreuzer Sonata*, and *Resurrection*.

One cannot but admire the courage of Tolstoi in attempting to live in accordance with his convictions, just as we admire Milton for his motives in abandoning poetry for politics. But our unspeakable regret at the loss to the world in both instances,

when its greatest living author devotes himself to things done much better by men destitute of talent, makes us heartily sympathise with the attitude of the Countess, who hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. In a letter to her husband, written in October 1884, and filled with terms of affectionate tenderness, she said: "Yesterday I received your letter, and it has made me very sad. I see that you have remained at Yasnaya not for intellectual work, which I place above everything, but to play 'Robinson.' You have let the cook go . . . and from morning to night you give yourself up to manual toil fit only for young men. . . . You will say, of course, that this manner of life conforms to your principles and that it does you good. That's another matter. I can only say, 'Rejoice and take your pleasure,' and at the same time I feel sad to think that such an intellectual force as yours should expend itself in cutting wood, heating the samovar, and sewing boots. That is all very well as a change of work, but not for an occupation. Well, enough of this subject. If I had not written this, it would have rankled in me, and now it has passed and I feel like laughing. I can calm myself only by this Russian proverb: 'Let the child amuse himself, no matter how, provided he doesn't cry.'"

In the last few weeks of his life, the differences

of opinion between the aged couple became so acute that Tolstoi fled from his home, and refused to see the Countess again. This flight brought on a sudden illness, and the great writer died early in the morning of the 20 November 1910. He was buried under an oak tree at Yasnaya Polyana.

Although Count Tolstoi divided his life into four distinct periods, and although critics have often insisted on the great difference between his earlier and his later work, these differences fade away on a close scrutiny of the man's whole production, from *Childhood* to *Resurrection*.

"Souls alter not, and mine must still advance," said Browning. This is particularly true of Tolstoi. He progressed, but did not change; and he progressed along the path already clearly marked in his first books. The author of *Sevastopol* and *The Cossacks* was the same man mentally and spiritually who wrote *Anna Karenina*, *Ivan Ilyich*, *The Kreuzer Sonata*, and *Resurrection*. Indeed, few great authors have steered so straight a course as he. No such change took place in him as occurred with Björnson. The teaching of the later books is more evident, the didactic purpose is more obvious, but that is something that happens to almost all writers as they descend into the vale of years. The seed planted in the early

novels simply came to a perfectly natural and logical fruition.

Not only do the early novels indicate the direction that Tolstoi's whole life was bound to assume, but his diary and letters show the same thing. The extracts from these that I have given above are substantial proof of this — he saw the truth just as clearly in 1855 as he saw it in 1885, or in 1905. The difference between the early and later Tolstoi is not, then, a difference in mental viewpoint, it is a difference in conduct and action.[1] The eternal moral law of self-sacrifice was revealed to him in letters of fire when he wrote *The Cossacks* and *Sevastopol;* everything that he wrote after was a mere amplification and additional emphasis. But he was young then; and although he saw the light, he preferred the darkness. He knew then, just as clearly as he knew later, that the life in accordance with New Testament teaching was a better life than that spent in following his animal instincts; but his knowledge did not save him.

Even the revolutionary views on art, which he expressed toward the end of the century in his book, *What is Art?* were by no means a sudden discovery, nor do they reveal a change in his at-

[1] For a very unfavourable view of Tolstoi's later conduct, the "Tolstoi legend," see Merezhkovski, *Tolstoi as Man and Artist.*

titude. The accomplished translator, Mr. Maude, said in his preface, "The fundamental thought expressed in this book leads inevitably to conclusions so new, so unexpected, and so contrary to what is usually maintained in literary and artistic circles," etc. But while the conclusions seemed new (and absurd) to many artists, they were not at all new to Tolstoi. So early as 1872 he practically held these views. In a letter to Strakov, expressing his contempt for modern Russian literature and the language of the great poets and novelists, he said: "Pushkin himself appears to me ridiculous. The language of the people, on the contrary, has sounds to express everything that the poet is able to say, and it is very dear to me." In the same letter he wrote, "'Poor Lisa' drew tears and received homage, but no one reads her any more, while popular songs and tales, and folk-lore ballads will live as long as the Russian language."

In his views of art, in his views of morals, in his views of religion, Tolstoi developed, but he did not change. He simply followed his ideas to their farthest possible extreme, so that many Anglo-Saxons suspected him even of madness. In reality, the method of his thought is characteristically and purely Russian. An Englishman may be in love with an idea, and start out bravely to

follow it; but if he finds it leading him into a position contrary to the experience of humanity, then he pulls up, and decides that the idea must be false, even if he can detect no flaw in it; not so the Russian; the idea is right, and humanity is wrong.

No author ever told us so much about himself as Tolstoi. Not only do we now possess his letters and journals, in which he revealed his inner life with the utmost clarity of detail, but all his novels, even those that seem the most objective, are really part of his autobiography. Through the persons of different characters he is always talking about himself, always introspective. That is one reason why his novels seem so amazingly true to life. They seem true because they are true.

Some one said of John Stuart Mill, "Analysis is the king of his intellect." This remark is also true of most Russian novelists, and particularly true of Tolstoi. In all his work, historical romance, realistic novels, religious tracts, his greatest power was shown in the correct analysis of mental states. And he took all human nature for his province. Strictly speaking, there are no minor characters in his books. The same pains are taken with persons who have little influence on the course of the story, as with the chief actors. The normal interests him even more than the abnormal, which

is the great difference between his work and that of Gorki and Andreev, as it was the most striking difference between Shakespeare and his later contemporaries. To reveal ordinary people just as they really are, — sometimes in terrific excitement, sometimes in humdrum routine, — this was his aim. Natural scenery is occasionally introduced, like the mountains in *The Cossacks*, to show how the spectacle affects the mind of the person who is looking at it. It is seldom made use of for a background. Mere description occupied a very small place in Tolstoi's method. The intense fidelity to detail in the portrayal of character, whether obsessed by a mighty passion, or playing with a trivial caprice, is the chief glory of his work. This is why, after the reading of Tolstoi, so many other "realistic" novels seem utterly untrue and absurd.

The three stories, *Childhood*, *Boyhood*, *Youth*, now generally published as one novel, are the work of a genius, but not a work of genius. They are interesting in the light of their author's later books, and they are valuable as autobiography. The fact that he himself repudiated them, was ashamed of having written them, and declared that their style was unnatural, means little or much, according to one's viewpoint. But the undoubted power revealed here and there in their pages is immature, a mere suggestion of what was to follow.

They are exercises in composition. He learned how to write in writing these. But the intention of their author is clear enough. His "stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul." There is not a single unusual or sensational event in the whole narrative, nor did the hero grow up in any strange or remarkable environment. The interest therefore is not in what happened, but wholly in the ripening character of the child. The circumstances are partly true of Tolstoi's own boyhood, partly not; he purposely mixed his own and his friends' experiences. But mentally the boy is Tolstoi himself, revealed in all the awkwardness, self-consciousness, and morbidity of youth. The boy's pride, vanity, and curious mixture of timidity and conceit do not form a very attractive picture, and were not intended to. Tolstoi himself as a young man had little charm, and his numerous portraits all plainly indicate the fact. His Satanic pride made frank friendship with him almost an impossibility. Despite our immense respect for his literary power, despite the enormous influence for good that his later books have effected, it must be said that of all the great Russian writers, Tolstoi was the most unlovely.

These three sketches, taken as one, are grounded on moral ideas — the same ideas that later com-

pletely dominated the author's life. We feel his hatred of dissipation and of artificiality. The chapter on Love, in *Youth*, might also form a part of the *Kreuzer Sonata*, so fully does it harmonise with the teaching of the later work.

"I do not speak of the love of a young man for a young girl, and hers for him; I fear these tendernesses, and I have been so unfortunate in life as never to have seen a single spark of truth in this species of love, but only a lie, in which sentiment, connubial relations, money, a desire to bind or to unbind one's hands, have to such an extent confused the feeling itself, that it has been impossible to disentangle it. I am speaking of the love for man." [1]

Throughout this book, as in all Tolstoi's work, is the eternal question *Why?* For what purpose is life, and to what end am I living? What is the real meaning of human ambition and human effort?

Tolstoi's reputation as an artist quite rightly began with the publication of the three Sevastopol stories, *Sevastopol in December* [1854], *Sevastopol in May*, *Sevastopol in August*. This is the work, not of a promising youth, but of a master. There is not a weak or a superfluous paragraph. Maurice Hewlett has cleverly turned the charge that those

[1] Translated by Isabel Hapgood.

who oppose war are sentimentalists, by risposting that the believers in war are the real sentimentalists: "they do not see the murder beneath the khaki and the flags." Tolstoi was one of the first novelists to strip war of its glamour, and portray its dull, commonplace filth, and its unspeakable horror. In reading that masterpiece *La Débâcle*, and every one who believes in war ought to read it, one feels that Zola must have learned something from Tolstoi. The Russian novelist stood in the midst of the flying shells, and how little did any one then realise that his own escape from death was an event of far greater importance to the world than the outcome of the war!

There is little patriotic feeling in *Sevastopol*, and its success was artistic rather than political. Of course Russian courage is praised, but so is the courage of the French. In spite of the fact that Tolstoi was a Russian officer, actively fighting for his country, he shows a singular aloofness from party passion in all his descriptions. The only partisan statement is in the half sentence, "it is a comfort to think that it was not we who began this war, that we are only defending our own country," which might profitably be read by those who believe in "just" wars, along with Tennyson's *Maud*, published at the same time. Tennyson was cock-sure that the English were God's own people, and in all

this bloodshed were doing the blessed work of their Father in heaven.

"God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar."

Throughout the heat of the conflict, Tolstoi felt its utter absurdity, really holding the same views of war that he held as an old man. "And why do not Christian people," he wrote in *Sevastopol in May*, "who profess the one great law of love and self-sacrifice, when they behold what they have wrought, fall in repentance upon their knees before Him who, when He gave them life, implanted in the soul of each of them, together with the fear of death, a love of the good and beautiful, and, with tears of joy and happiness, embrace each other like brothers?"

Together with the fear of death — this fear is analysed by Tolstoi in all its manifestations. The fear of the young officer, as he exchanges the enthusiastic departure from Petersburg for the grim reality of the bastions; the fear of the still sound and healthy man as he enters the improvised hospitals; the fear as the men watch the point of approaching light that means a shell; the fear of the men lying on the ground, waiting with closed eyes for the shell to burst. It is the very psychology of death. In reading the account of Praskukhin's sensations just before death, one feels, as one does in reading the

thoughts of Anna Karenina under the train, that Tolstoi himself must have died in some previous existence, in order to analyse death so clearly. And all these officers, who walk in the Valley of the Shadow, have their selfish ambitions, their absurd social distinctions, and their overweening, egotistical vanity.

At the end of the middle sketch, *Sevastopol in May*, Tolstoi wrote out the only creed to which he remained consistently true all his life, the creed of Art.

"Who is the villain, who the hero? All are good and all are evil.

"The hero of my tale, whom I love with all the strength of my soul, whom I have tried to set forth in all his beauty, and who has always been, is, and always will be most beautiful, is — the truth."

The next important book, *The Cossacks*, is not a great novel. Tolstoi himself grew tired of it, and never finished it. It is interesting as an excellent picture of an interesting community, and it is interesting as a diary, for the chief character, Olenin, is none other than Leo Tolstoi. He departed for the Caucasus in much the same manner as the young writer, and his observations and reflections there are Tolstoi's own. The triple contrast in the book is powerfully shown: first, the contrast between the majesty of the mountains and the pettiness of man;

second, the contrast between the noble simplicity of the Cossack women and the artificiality of the padded shapes of society females; third, the contrast between the two ways of life, that which Olenin recognises as right, the Christian law of self-denial, but which he does not follow, and the almost sublime pagan bodily joy of old Uncle Yeroshka, who lives in exact harmony with his creed. Yeroshka is a living force, a real character, and might have been created by Gogol.

Olenin, who is young Tolstoi, and not very much of a man, soliloquises in language that was echoed word for word by the Tolstoi of the twentieth century.

"Happiness consists in living for others. This also is clear. Man is endowed with a craving for happiness; therefore it must be legitimate. If he satisfies it egotistically, — that is, if he bends his energies toward acquiring wealth, fame, physical comforts, love, — it may happen that circumstances will make it impossible to satisfy this craving. In fact, these cravings are illegitimate, but the craving for happiness is not illegitimate. What cravings can always be satisfied independently of external conditions? Love, self-denial." [1]

His later glorification of physical labour, as the way of salvation for irresolute and overeducated

[1] Translated by Isabel Hapgood.

Russians, is as emphatically stated in *The Cossacks* as it is in the *Kreuzer Sonata*.

"The constant hard field labour, and the duties intrusted to them, give a peculiarly independent, masculine character to the Greben women, and have served to develop in them, to a remarkable degree, physical powers, healthy minds, decision and stability of character."

The chief difference between Turgenev and Tolstoi is that Turgenev was always an artist; Tolstoi always a moralist. It was not necessary for him to abandon novels, and write tracts; for in every novel his moral teaching was abundantly clear.

With the possible exception of *Taras Bulba*, *War and Peace* is the greatest historical romance in the Russian language, perhaps the greatest in any language. It is not illumined by the humour of any such character as Zagloba, who brightens the great chronicles of Sienkiewicz; for if Tolstoi had had an accurate sense of humour, or the power to create great comic personages, he would never have been led into the final extremes of doctrine. But although this long book is unrelieved by mirth, and although as an objective historical panorama it does not surpass *The Deluge*, it is nevertheless a greater book. It is greater because its psychological analysis is more profound and more cunning. It is not so much a study of war, or the study of a

vital period in the earth's history, as it is a revelation of all phases of human nature in a time of terrible stress. It is filled with individual portraits, amazingly distinct.

Professors of history and military experts have differed widely — as it is the especial privilege of scholars and experts to differ — concerning the accuracy of *War and Peace* as a truthful narrative of events. But this is really a matter of no importance. Shakespeare is the greatest writer the world has ever seen; but he is not an authority on history; he is an authority on man. When we wish to study the Wars of the Roses, we do not turn to his pages, brilliant as they are. Despite all the geographical and historical research that Tolstoi imposed on himself as a preliminary to the writing of *War and Peace*, he did not write the history of that epoch, nor would a genuine student quote him as an authority. He created a prose epic, a splendid historical panorama, vitalised by a marvellous imagination, where the creatures of his fancy are more alive than Napoleon and Alexander. Underneath all the march of armies, the spiritual purpose of the author is clear. The real greatness of man consists not in fame or pride of place, but in simplicity and purity of heart. Once more he gives us the contrast between artificiality and reality.

This novel, like all of Tolstoi's, is by no means

a perfect work of art. Its outline is irregular and ragged; its development devious. It contains many excrescences, superfluities, digressions. But it is a dictionary of life, where one may look up any passion, any emotion, any ambition, any weakness, and find its meaning. Strakov called it a complete picture of the Russia of that time, and a complete picture of humanity.

Its astonishing inequalities make the reader at times angrily impatient, and at other times inspired. One easily understands the varying emotions of Turgenev, who read the story piecemeal, in the course of its publication. "The second part of 1805 is weak. How petty and artificial all that is! . . . where are the real features of the epoch? where is the historical colour?" Again: "I have just finished reading the fourth volume. It contains things that are intolerable and things that are astounding; these latter are the things that dominate the work, and they are so admirable that never has a Russian written anything better; I do not believe there has ever been written anything so good." Again: "How tormenting are his obstinate repetitions of the same thing: the down on the upper lip of the Princess Bolkonsky. But with all that, there are in this novel passages that no man in Europe except Tolstoi could have written, things which put me into a frenzy of enthusiasm."

Tolstoi's genius reached its climax in *Anna Karenina*. Greatly as I admire some of his other books, I would go so far as to say that if a forced choice had to be made, I had rather have *Anna Karenina* than all the rest of his works put together. Leave that out, and his position in the history of fiction diminishes at once. It is surely the most powerful novel written by any man of our time, and it would be difficult to name a novel of any period that surpasses it in strength. I well remember the excitement with which we American undergraduates in the eighties read the poor and clipped English translation of this book. Twenty years' contemplation of it makes it seem steadily greater.

Yet its composition was begun by a mere freak, by something analogous to a sporting proposition. He was thinking of writing a historical romance of the times of Peter the Great, but the task seemed formidable, and he felt no well of inspiration. One evening, the 19 March 1873, he entered a room where his ten-year-old boy had been reading aloud from a story by Pushkin. Tolstoi picked up the book and read the first sentence: "On the eve of the fête the guests began to arrive." He was charmed by the abrupt opening, and cried: "That's the way to begin a book! The reader is immediately taken into the action. Another writer would have begun by a description, but Pushkin, he goes

straight to his goal." Some one in the room suggested playfully to Tolstoi that he try a similar commencement and write a novel. He immediately withdrew, and wrote the first sentence of *Anna Karenina*. The next day the Countess said in a letter to her sister: "Yesterday Leo all of a sudden began to write a novel of contemporary life. The subject: the unfaithful wife and the whole resulting tragedy. I am very happy."

The suicide of the heroine was taken almost literally from an event that happened in January 1872. We learn this by a letter of the Countess, written on the 10 January in that year: "We have just learned of a very dramatic story. You remember, at Bibikov's, Anna Stepanova? Well, this Anna Stepanova was jealous of all the governesses at Bibikov's house. She displayed her jealousy so much that finally Bibikov became angry and quarrelled with her; then Anna Stepanova left him and went to Tula. For three days no one knew where she was. At last, on the third day, she appeared at Yassenky, at five o'clock in the afternoon, with a little parcel. At the railway station she gave the coachman a letter for Bibikov, and gave him a ruble for a tip. Bibikov would not take the letter, and when the coachman returned to the station, he learned that Anna Stepanova had thrown herself under the train and was crushed to death. She had certainly

done it intentionally. The judge came, and they read him the letter. It said: 'You are my murderer: be happy, if assassins can be. If you care to, you can see my corpse on the rails, at Yassenky.' Leo and Uncle Kostia have gone to the autopsy."

Most of the prominent characters in the book are taken from life, and the description of the death of Levin's brother is a recollection of the time when Tolstoi's own brother died in his arms.

Levin is, of course, Tolstoi himself; and all his eternal doubts and questionings, his total dissatisfaction and condemnation of artificial social life in the cities, his spiritual despair, and his final release from suffering at the magic word of the peasant are strictly autobiographical. When the muzhik told Levin that one man lived for his belly, and another for his soul, he became greatly excited, and eagerly demanded further knowledge of his humble teacher. He was once more told that man must live according to God — according to truth. His soul was immediately filled, says Tolstoi, with brilliant light. He was indeed relieved of his burden, like Christian at the sight of the Cross. Now Tolstoi's subsequent doctrinal works are all amplifications of the conversation between Levin and the peasant, which in itself contains the real significance of the whole novel.

Even *Anna Karenina*, with all its titanic power, is not an artistic model of a story. It contains much superfluous matter, and the balancing off of the two couples, Levin and Kitty, with Vronsky and Anna, is too obviously arranged by the author. One Russian critic was so disgusted with the book that he announced the plan of a continuation of the novel where Levin was to fall in love with his cow, and Kitty's resulting jealousy was to be depicted.

It has no organic plot — simply a succession of pictures. The plot does not develop — but the characters do, thus resembling our own individual human lives. It has no true unity, such as that shown, for example, by the *Scarlet Letter*. Our interest is largely concentrated in Anna, but besides the parallel story of Kitty, we have many other incidents and characters which often contribute nothing to the progress of the novel. They are a part of life, however, so Tolstoi includes them. One might say there is an attempt at unity, in the person of that sleek egotist, Stepan — his relation by blood and marriage to both Anna and Kitty makes him in some sense a link between the two couples. But he is more successful as a personage than as the keystone of an arch. The novel would really lose nothing by considerable cancellation. The author might have omitted Levin's two brothers, the whole Kitty and Levin history could

have been liberally abbreviated, and many of the conversations on philosophy and politics would never be missed. Yes, the work could be shortened, but it would take a Turgenev to do it.

Although we may not always find Art in the book, we always find Life. No novel in my recollection combines wider range with greater intensity. It is extensive and intensive — broad and deep. The simplicity of the style in the most impressive scenes is so startling that it seems as if there were somehow no style and no language there; nothing whatever between the life in the book and the reader's mind; not only no impenetrable wall of style, such as Meredith and James pile up with curious mosaic, so that one cannot see the characters in the story through the exquisitè and opaque structure, — but really no medium at all, transparent or otherwise. The emotional life of the men and women enter into our emotions with no let or hindrance, and that perfect condition of communication is realised which Browning believed would characterise the future life, when spirits would somehow converse without the slow, troublesome, and inaccurate means of language.

I believe that the average man can learn more about life by reading *Anna Karenina* than he can by his own observation and experience. One learns much about Russian life in city and country,

much about human nature, and much about one's self, not all of which is flattering, but perhaps profitable for instruction.

This is the true realism — external and internal. The surface of things, clothes, habits of speech, manners and fashions, the way people enter a drawing-room, the way one inhales a cigarette, — everything is truthfully reported. Then there is the true internal realism, which dives below all appearances and reveals the dawn of a new passion, the first faint stir of an ambition, the slow and cruel advance of the poison of jealousy, the ineradicable egotism, the absolute darkness of unspeakable remorse. No caprice is too trivial, no passion too colossal, to be beyond the reach of the author of this book.

Some novels have attained a wide circulation by means of one scene. In recollecting *Anna Karenina*, powerful scenes crowd into the memory — introspective and analytic as it is, it is filled with dramatic climaxes. The sheer force of some of these scenes is almost terrifying. The first meeting of Anna and Vronsky at the railway station, the midnight interview in the storm on the way back to Petersburg, the awful dialogue between them after she has fallen (omitted from the first American translation), the fearful excitement of the horse-race, the sickness of Anna, Karenin's forgiveness,

the humiliation of Vronsky, the latter's attempt at suicide, the steadily increasing scenes of jealousy with the shadow of death coming nearer, the clairvoyant power of the author in describing the death of Anna, and the departure of Vronsky, where the railway station reminds him with intrusive agony of the contrast between his first and last view of the woman he loved. No one but Tolstoi would ever have given his tragic character a toothache at that particular time; but the toothache, added to the heartache, gives the last touch of reality. No reader has ever forgotten Vronsky, as he stands for the last time by the train, his heart torn by the vulture of Memory, and his face twisted by the steady pain in his tooth.

Every character in the book, major and minor, is a living human being. Stepan, with his healthy, pampered body, and his inane smile at Dolly's reproachful face; Dolly, absolutely commonplace and absolutely real; Yashvin, the typical officer; the English trainer, Cord; Betsy, always cheerful, always heartless, probably the worst character in the whole book, Satan's own spawn; Karenin himself, not ridiculous, like an English Restoration husband, but with an overwhelming power of creating *ennui*, in which he lives and moves and has his being.

From the first day of his acquaintance with Anna,

Vronsky steadily rises, and Anna steadily falls. This is in accordance with the fundamental, inexorable moral law. Vronsky, a handsome man with no purpose in life, who has had immoral relations with a large variety of women, now falls for the first time really in love, and his love for one woman strengthens his mind and heart, gives him an object in life, and concentrates the hitherto scattered energies of his soul. His development as a man, his rise in dignity and force of character, is one of the notable features of the whole book. When we first see him, he is colourless, a mere fashionable type; he constantly becomes more interesting, and when we last see him, he has not only our profound sympathy, but our cordial respect. He was a figure in a uniform, and has become a man. Devotion to one woman has raised him far above trivialities.

The woman pays for all this. Never again, not even in the transports of passion, will she be so happy as when we first see her on that bright winter day. She grows in intelligence by the fruit of the tree, and sinks in moral worth and in peace of mind. Never, since the time of Helen, has there been a woman in literature of more physical charm. Tolstoi, whose understanding of the body is almost supernatural, has created in Anna a woman, quite ordinary from the mental and spiritual point of

view, but who leaves on every reader an indelible vision of surpassing loveliness. One is not surprised at Vronsky's instant and total surrender.

As a study of sin, the moral force of the story is tremendous. At the end, the words of Paul come irresistibly into the mind. To be carnally minded is death; to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

One can understand Tolstoi's enthusiasm for the Gospel in his later years, and also the prodigious influence of his parables and evangelistic narratives, by remembering that the Russian mind, which, as Gogol said, is more capable than any other of receiving the Christian religion, had been starved for centuries. The Orthodox Church of Russia seems to have been and to be as remote from the life of the people as the political bureaucracy. The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed. The Christian religion is the dominating force in the works of Gogol, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski. How eager the Russian people are for the simple Gospel, and with what amazing joy they now receive it, remind one of the Apostolic age. Accurate testimony to this fact has lately been given by a dispassionate German observer: —

"In the second half of the nineteenth century the Bible followed in the track of the knowledge of reading and writing in the Russian village. It worked, and works, far more powerfully than all

the Nihilists, and if the Holy Synod wishes to be consistent in its policy of spiritual enslavement, it must begin by checking the distribution of the Bible. The origin of the 'Stunde,' from the prayer hour of the German Menonites and other evangelical colonist meetings, is well known. The religious sense of the Russian, brooding for centuries over empty forms, combined with the equally repressed longing for spiritual life, — these quickly seized upon the power of a simple and practical living religious doctrine, and the 'Stundist' movement spread rapidly over the whole south of the Empire. Wherever a Bible in the Russian language is to be found in the village, there a circle rapidly forms around its learned owner; he is listened to eagerly, and the Word has its effect. . . .

"Pashkov, a colonel of the Guards, who died in Paris at the beginning of 1902, started in the 'eighties' a movement in St. Petersburg, which was essentially evangelical, with a methodistical tinge, and which soon seized upon all the strata of the population in the capital. Substantially it was a religious revival from the dry-as-dust Greek church similar to that which in the sixteenth century turned against the Romish church in Germany and in Switzerland. The Gospel was to Pashkov himself new, good tidings, and as such he carried it into the distinguished circles which he assembled at his

palace on the Neva, and as such he brought it amongst the crowds of cabmen, labourers, laundresses, etc., whom he called from the streets to hear the news. Pashkov's name was known by the last crossing-sweeper, and many thousands blessed him, some because they had been moved by the religious spirit which glowed in him, others because they knew of the many charitable institutions which he had founded with his own means and with the help of rich men and women friends. I myself shall never forget the few hours which I spent in conversation with this man, simple in spirit as in education, but so rich in religious feeling and in true humility. To me he could offer nothing new, for all that to him was new I, the son of Lutheran parents, had known from my childhood days. But what was new to me was the phenomenon of a man who had belonged for fifty years to a Christian Church and had only now discovered as something new what is familiar to every member of an evangelical community as the sum and substance of Christian teaching. To him the Gospel itself was something new, a revelation.

"This has been the case of many thousands in the Russian Empire when they opened the Bible for the first time. The spark flew from village to village and took fire, because the people were thirsting for a spiritual, religious life, because it brought comfort

in their material misery, and food for their minds. . . . Holy Vladimir, with his Byzantine priests, brought no living Christianity into the land, and the common Russian had not been brought into contact with it during the nine hundred years which have elapsed since. Wherever it penetrates to-day with the Bible, there its effect is apparent. It is such as the best Government could not accomplish by worldly means alone. But it is diametrically opposed to the State Church; it leads to secession from orthodoxy, and the State has entered upon a crusade against it." [1]

In *The Power of Darkness*, *Ivan Ilyich*, and the *Kreuzer Sonata* Tolstoi has shown the way of Death. In *Resurrection* he has shown the way of Life.

The most sensational of all his books is the *Kreuzer Sonata;* it was generally misunderstood, and from that time some of his friends walked no more with him. By a curious freak of the powers of this world, it was for a time taboo in the United States, and its passage by post was forbidden; then the matter was taken to the courts, and a certain upright judge declared that so far from the book being vicious, it condemned vice and immorality on every page. He not only removed the ban, but recommended its wider circulation. The circum-

[1] *Russia of To-day*, by Baron E. von der Brüggen. Translated by M. Sandwith, London, 1904. Pages 165–167.

stances that gave rise to its composition are described in an exceedingly interesting article in the New York *Sun* for 10 October 1909, *A Visit to Count Leo Tolstoi in* 1887, by Madame Nadine Helbig. The whole article should be read for the charming picture it gives of the patriarchal happiness at Yasnaya Polyana, and while she saw clearly the real comfort enjoyed by Tolstoi, which aroused the fierce wrath of Merezhkovski, she proved also how much good was accomplished by the old novelist in the course of a single average day.

"Never shall I forget the evening when the young Polish violinist, whom I have already mentioned, asked me to play with him Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin, dedicated to Kreuzer, his favourite piece, which he had long been unable to play for want of a good piano player.

"Tolstoi listened with growing attention. He had the first movement played again, and after the last note of the sonata he went out quietly without saying, as usual, good night to his family and guests.

"That night was created the 'Kreuzer Sonata' in all its wild force. Shortly afterward he sent me in Rome the manuscript of it. Tolstoi was the best listener whom I have ever had the luck to play to. He forgot himself and his surroundings. His expression changed with the music. Tears ran down his cheeks at some beautiful adagio, and he

would say, 'Tania, just give me a fresh handkerchief; I must have got a cold to-day.' I had to play generally Beethoven and Schumann to him. He did not approve of Bach, and on the other hand you could make him raving mad with Liszt, and still more with Wagner."

Many hundreds of amateur players have struggled through the music of the *Kreuzer Sonata*, trying vainly to see in it what Tolstoi declared it means. Of course the significance attached to it by Tolstoi existed only in his vivid imagination, Beethoven being the healthiest of all great composers. If the novelist had really wished to describe sensual music, he would have made a much more felicitous choice of *Tristan und Isolde*.

Although his own married life was until the last years happy as man could wish, Tolstoi introduced into the *Kreuzer Sonata* passages from his own existence. When Posdnichev is engaged, he gives his fiancée his memoirs, containing a truthful account of his various *liaisons*. She is in utter despair, and for a time thinks of breaking off the engagement. All this was literally true of the author himself. When a boy, the hero was led to a house of ill-fame by a friend of his brother, "a very gay student, one of those who are called good fellows." This reminds us of a precisely similar attempt described by Tolstoi in *Youth*. Furthermore, Posdnichev's self-

righteousness in the fact that although he had been dissipated, he determined to be faithful to his wife, was literally and psychologically true in Tolstoi's own life.

The *Kreuzer Sonata* shows no diminution of Tolstoi's realistic power: the opening scenes on the train, the analysis of the hero's mind during the early years of his married life, and especially the murder, all betray the familiar power of simplicity and fidelity to detail. The passage of the blade through the corset and then into something soft has that sensual realism so characteristic of all Tolstoi's descriptions of bodily sensations. The book is a work of art, and contains many reflections and bitter accusations against society that are founded on the truth.

The moral significance of the story is perfectly clear — that men who are constantly immoral before marriage need not expect happiness in married life. It is a great pity that Tolstoi did not let the powerful little novel speak for itself, and that he allowed himself to be goaded into an explanatory and defensive commentary by the thousands of enquiring letters from foolish readers. Much of the commentary contains sound advice, but it leads off into that *reductio ad absurdum* so characteristic of Russian thought.

Many of the tracts and parables that Tolstoi

wrote are true works of art, with a Biblical directness and simplicity of style. Their effect outside of Russia is caused fully as much by their literary style as by their teaching. I remember an undergraduate, who, reading *Where Love is there God is Also*, said that he was tremendously excited when the old shoemaker lost his spectacles, and had no peace of mind till he found them again. This is unconscious testimony to Tolstoi's power of making trivial events seem real.

The long novel, *Resurrection*, is, as Mr. Maude, the English translator, shows, not merely a story, but a general summary of all the final conclusions about life reached by its author. The English volume actually has an *Index to Social Questions*, *Types*, etc., giving the pages where the author's views on all such topics are expressed in the book. Apart from the great transformation wrought in the character of the hero, which is the motive of the work, there are countless passages which show the genius of the author, still burning brightly in his old age. The difference between the Easter kiss and the kiss of lust is one of the most powerful instances of analysis, and may be taken as a symbol of the whole work. And the depiction of the sportsman's feelings when he brings down a wounded bird, half shame and half rage, will startle and impress every man who has carried a gun.

Resurrection teaches directly what Tolstoi always taught — what he taught less directly, but with even greater art, in *Anna Karenina*.

In reading this work of his old age, we cannot help thinking of what Carlyle said of the octogenarian Goethe: "See how in that great mind, beaming in mildest mellow splendour, beaming, if also trembling, like a great sun on the verge of the horizon, near now to its long farewell, all these things were illuminated and illustrated."

VI

GORKI

Gorki went up like the sky-rocket, and seems to have had the traditional descent. From 1900 to 1906 everybody was talking about him; since 1906 one scarcely hears mention of his name. He was ridiculously overpraised, but he ought not to be forgotten. As an artist, he will not bear a moment's comparison with Andreev; but some of his short stories and his play, *The Night Asylum*, have the genuine Russian note of reality, and a rude strength much too great for its owner's control. He has never written a successful long novel, and his plays have no coherence; but, after all, the man has the real thing — vitality.

Just at the moment when Chekhov appeared to stand at the head of young Russian writers, Gorki appeared, and his fame swept from one end of the world to the other. In Russia, his public was second in numbers only to Tolstoi's; Kuprin and Andreev both dedicated books to him; in Germany, France, England, and America, he became literally a household word. It is probable that there were a thousand foreigners who knew his name, to one who had heard of Chekhov. Com-

pared with Chekhov, he had more matter and less art.

His true name, which comparatively few have ever heard, is Alexei Maximovich Peshkov. "This name," said M. de Vogüé, "will remain forever buried in the parish register." He chose to write under the name Gorki, which means "bitter," a happy appellation for this modern Ishmaelite. He was born in 1869, at Nizhni Novgorod, in a dyer's shop. He lost both father and mother when he was a child, but his real mother was the river Volga, on whose banks he was born, and on whose broad breast he has found the only repose he understands. The little boy was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but ran away, as he did from a subsequent employer. By a curious irony of fate, this atheist learned to read out of a prayer-book, and this iconoclast was for a time engaged in the manufacture of ikons, holy images. As the aristocrat Turgenev learned Russian from a house servant, Gorki obtained his love for literature from a cook. This happened on a steamer on the great river, where Gorki was employed as an assistant in the galley. The cook was a rough giant, who spent all his spare moments reading, having an old trunk full of books. It was a miscellaneous assortment, containing Lives of Saints, stories by Dumas *père*, and fortunately some works by Gogol. This literature gave him a

thirst for learning, and when he was sixteen he went to Kazan, a town on the Volga, where Tolstoi had studied at the University. He had the notion that literature and learning were there distributed free to the famished, like bread in times of famine. He was quickly undeceived; and instead of receiving intellectual food, he was forced to work in a baker's shop, for a miserable pittance. These were the darkest days of his life, and in one of his most powerful stories he has reflected the wretched daily and nightly toil in a bakery.

Then he went on the road, and became a tramp, doing all kinds of odd jobs, from peddling to hard manual labour on wharves and railways. At the age of nineteen, weary of life, he shot himself, but recovered. Then he followed the Volga to the Black Sea, unconsciously collecting the material that in a very few years he was to give to the world. In 1892, when twenty-three years old, he succeeded in getting some of his sketches printed in newspapers. The next year he had the good fortune to meet at Nizhni Novgorod the famous Russian author Korolenko. Korolenko was greatly impressed by the young vagabond, believed in his powers, and gave timely and valuable help. With the older man's influence, Gorki succeeded in obtaining the *entrée* to the St. Petersburg magazines; and while the Russian critics were at a loss how to

regard the new genius, the public went wild. He visited the capital in 1899, and there was intense curiosity to see and to hear him. A great hall was engaged, and when he mounted the platform to read, the young people in the audience went into a frenzy.

Gorki has been repeatedly imprisoned for his revolutionary ideas and efforts; in 1906, at the very apex of his fame, he came to the United States to collect funds for the cause. The whole country was eager to receive and to give, and his advent in New York was a notable occasion. He insisted that he came, not as an anarchist, but as a socialist, that his mission in the world was not to destroy, but to fulfil. At first, he was full of enthusiasm about America and New York, and American writers; he was tremendously impressed by the sky-scrapers, by the intense activity of the people, and by the Hudson River, which, as he regarded from his hotel windows, reminded him of the Volga. He said America would be the first nation to give mankind a true government, and that its citizens were the incarnation of progress. He declared that Mark Twain was even more popular in Russia than in America, that it was "a part of the national Russian education" to read him, and that he himself had read every translation of his books.

Incidentally he spoke of his favourite world-

authors. Shakespeare he put first of all, saying he was "staggering," an opinion quite different from that of Tolstoi. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche were the philosophers he liked the best. Byron and Heine he read in preference to most other poets, for there is an invincible strain of lyric romanticism in this Russian tramp, as there was in his master Gogol. Flaubert, Goethe, and Dumas *père* he read with delight.

A literary dinner was arranged in honour of the distinguished guest, and inasmuch as all present were ignorant of the next day's catastrophe, the account given of this love-feast in the New York *Sun* is worth quoting. "Mark Twain and Gorki recognised each other before they were introduced, but neither being able to understand the language of the other, they simply grasped hands and held on more than a minute. . . . Gorki said he had read Mark Twain's stories when he was a boy, and that he had gotten much delight from them. Mark declared that he also had been a reader and admirer of Gorki. The smile of Gorki was broader and not so dry as the smile of Mark, but both smiles were distinctly those of fellow-humorists who understood each other. Gorki made a little speech which was translated by a Russian who knew English. Gorki said he was glad to meet Mark Twain, 'world famous and in Russia the best known of American

writers, a man of tremendous force and convictions, who, when he hit, hit hard. I have come to America to get acquainted with the American people and ask their aid for my suffering countrymen who are fighting for liberty. The despotism must be overthrown now, and what is needed is money, money, money!' Mark said he was glad to meet Gorki, adding, 'If we can help to create the Russian republic, let us start in right away and do it. The fighting may have to be postponed awhile, but meanwhile we can keep our hearts on the matter and we can assist the Russians in being free.'"

A committee was formed to raise funds, and then came the explosion, striking evidence of the enormous difference between the American and the Continental point of view in morals. With characteristic Russian impracticability, Gorki had come to America with a woman whom he introduced as his wife; but it appeared that his legal wife was in Russia, and that his attractive and accomplished companion was somebody else. This fact, which honestly seemed to Gorki an incident of no importance, took on a prodigious shape. This single mistake cost the Russian revolutionary cause an enormous sum of money, and may have altered history. Gorki was expelled from his hotel, and refused admittance to others; unkindest cut of all, Mark Twain, whose absence of religious belief had

made Gorki believe him to be altogether emancipated from prejudices, positively refused to have anything more to do with him. As Gorki had said, "When Mark Twain hit, he hit hard." Turn whither he would, every door was slammed in his face. I do not think he has ever recovered from the blank amazement caused by the American change of front. His golden opportunity was gone, and he departed for Italy, shaking the dust of America off his feet, and roundly cursing the nation that he had just declared to be the incarnation of progress. The affair unquestionably has its ludicrous side, but it was a terrible blow to the revolutionists. Many of them believed that the trap was sprung by the government party.

Gorki's full-length novels are far from successful works of art. They have all the incoherence and slipshod workmanship of Dostoevski, without the latter's glow of brotherly love. His first real novel, *Foma Gordeev*, an epic of the Volga, has many beautiful descriptive passages, really lyric and idyllic in tone, mingled with an incredible amount of drivel. The character who plays the title-rôle is a typical Russian windbag, irresolute and incapable, like so many Russian heroes; but whether drunk or sober, he is destitute of charm. He is both dreary and dirty. The opening chapters are written with great spirit, and the reader is

full of happy expectation. One goes farther and fares worse. After the first hundred pages, the book is a prolonged anti-climax, desperately dull. Altogether the best passage in the story is the description of the river in spring, impressive not merely for its beauty and accuracy of language, but because the Volga is interpreted as a symbol of the spirit of the Russian people, with vast but unawakened possibilities.

"Between them, in a magnificent sweep, flowed the broad-breasted Volga; triumphantly, without haste, flow her waters, conscious of their unconquerable power; the hill-shore was reflected in them like a dark shadow, but on the left side she was adorned with gold and emerald velvet by the sandy borders of the reefs, and the broad meadows. Now here, now there, on the hills, and in the meadows, appeared villages, the sun sparkled in the window-panes of the cottages, and upon the roofs of yellow straw; the crosses of the churches gleamed through the foliage of the trees, the gray wings of the mills rotated lazily through the air, the smoke from the chimneys of a factory curled skyward in thick black wreaths. . . . On all sides was the gleaming water, on all sides were space and freedom, cheerfully green meadows, and graciously clear blue sky; in the quiet motion of the water, restrained power could be felt; in the

heaven above it shone the beautiful sun, the air was saturated with the fragrance of evergreen trees, and the fresh scent of foliage. The shores advanced in greeting, soothing the eye and the soul with their beauty, and new pictures were constantly unfolded upon them.

"On everything round about rested the stamp of a certain sluggishness: everything — nature and people — lived awkwardly, lazily; but in this laziness there was a certain peculiar grace, and it would seem that behind the laziness was concealed a huge force, an unconquerable force, as yet unconscious of itself, not having, as yet, created for itself clear desires and aims. And the absence of consciousness in this half-somnolent existence cast upon its whole beautiful expanse a shade of melancholy. Submissive patience, the silent expectation of something new and more active was audible even in the call of the cuckoo, as it flew with the wind from the shore, over the river." [1]

The novel *Varenka Olessova* is a tedious book of no importance. The hero is, of course, the eternal Russian type, a man of good education and no backbone: he lacks resolution, energy, will-power, and will never accomplish anything. He has not even force enough to continue his studies. Contrasted with him is the girl Varenka, a simple

[1] Isabel Hapgood's translation.

child of nature, who prefers silly romances to Russian novels, and whose virgin naïveté is a constant puzzle to the conceited ass who does not know whether he is in love with her or not. Indeed, he asks himself if he is capable of love for any one. The only interesting pages in this stupid story are concerned with a discussion on reading, between Varenka and the young man, where her denunciation of Russian fiction is, of course, meant to proclaim its true superiority. In response to the question whether she reads Russian authors, the girl answers with conviction: "Oh, yes! But I don't like them! They are so tiresome, so tiresome! They always write about what I know already myself, and know just as well as they do. They can't create anything interesting; with them almost everything is true. . . . Now with the French, their heroes are real heroes, they talk and act unlike men in actual life. They are always brave, amorous, vivacious, while our heroes are simple little men, without any warm feelings, without any beauty, pitiable, just like ordinary men in real life. . . . In Russian books, one cannot understand at all why the men continue to live. What's the use of writing books if the author has nothing remarkable to say?"

The long novel *Mother* is a good picture of life among the working-people in a Russian factory,

that is, life as seen through Gorki's eyes; all cheerfulness and laughter are, of course, absent, and we have presented a dull monotone of misery. The factory itself is the villain of the story, and resembles some grotesque wild beast, that daily devours the blood, bone, and marrow of the throng of victims that enter its black jaws. The men, women, and children are represented as utterly brutalised by toil; in their rare moments of leisure, they fight and beat each other unmercifully, and even the little children get dead drunk. Socialist and revolutionary propaganda are secretly circulated among these stupefied folk, and much of the narrative is taken up with the difficulties of accomplishing this distribution; for the whole book itself is nothing but a revolutionary tract. The characters, including the pitiful Mother herself, are not vividly drawn, they are not alive, and one forgets them speedily; as for plot, there is none, and the book closes with the brutal murder of the old woman. It is a tedious, inartistic novel, with none of the relief that would exist in actual life. Turgenev's poorest novel, *Virgin Soil*, which also gives us a picture of a factory, is immensely superior from every point of view.

But if *Mother* is a dull book, *The Spy* is impossible. It is full of meaningless and unutterably dreary jargon; its characters are sodden with alcohol and best-

ial lusts. One abominable woman's fat body spreads out on an arm-chair "like sour dough." And indeed, this novel bears about the same relation to a finished work of art that sour dough bears to a good loaf of bread. The characters are poorly conceived, and the story is totally without movement. Not only is it very badly written, it lacks even good material. The wretched boy, whose idiotic states of mind are described one after the other, and whose eventual suicide is clear from the start, is a disgusting whelp, without any human interest. One longs for his death with murderous intensity, and when, on the last page, he throws himself under the train, the reader experiences a calm and sweet relief.

Much of Gorki's work is like Swift's poetry, powerful not because of its cerebration or spiritual force, but powerful only from the physical point of view, from its capacity to disgust. It appeals to the nose and the stomach rather than to the mind and the heart. From the medicinal standpoint, it may have a certain value. Swift sent a lady one of his poems, and immediately after reading it, she was taken violently sick. Not every poet has sufficient force to produce so sudden an effect.

One man, invariably before reading the works of a famous French author, put on his overshoes.

A distinguished American novelist has said that in Gorki "seems the body without the soul of Russian fiction, and sodden with despair. The soul of Russian fiction is the great thing." This is, indeed, the main difference between his work and that of the giant Dostoevski. In the latter's darkest scenes the spiritual flame is never extinct.

Gorki lacks either the patient industry or else the knowledge necessary to make a good novel. He is seen at his best in short stories, for his power comes in flashes. In *Twenty-six Men and a Girl*, the hideous tale that gave him his reputation in America, one is conscious of the streak of genius that he undoubtedly possesses. The helpless, impotent rage felt by the wretched men as they witness the debauching of a girl's body and the damnation of her soul, is clearly echoed in the reader's mind. Gorki's notes are always the most thrilling when played below the range of the conventional instrument of style. This is not low life, it is sub-life.

He is, after all, a student of sensational effect; and the short story is peculiarly adapted to his natural talent. He cannot develop characters, he cannot manage a large group, or handle a progressive series of events. But in a lurid picture of the pit, in a flash-light photograph of an underground den, in a sudden vision of a heap of garbage with

unspeakable creatures crawling over it, he is impressive.

I shall never forget the performance of *The Night Asylum*, *Nachtasyl*, which I saw acted in Munich by one of the best stock companies in the world, a combination of players from the *Neues* and *Kleines* theaters in Berlin. In reading this utterly formless and incoherent drama, I had been only slightly affected; but when it was presented on the stage by actors who intelligently incarnated every single character, the thing took on a terrible intensity. The persons are all, except old Luka, who talks like a man in one of Tolstoi's recent parables, dehumanised. The woman dying of consumption before our eyes, the Baron in an advanced stage of paresis who continually rolls imaginary cigarettes between his weak fingers, and the alcoholic actor who has lost his memory are impossible to forget. I can hear that actor now, as with stupid fascination he continually repeats the diagnosis a physician once made of his case: "*Mein Organismus ist durch und durch mit Alcool vergiftet!*"

Gorki, in spite of his zeal for the revolutionary cause, has no remedy for the disease he calls Life. He is eaten up with rage at the world in general, and tries to make us all share his disgust with it. But he teaches us nothing; he has little to say that

we can transmute into anything valuable. This is perhaps the reason why the world has temporarily, at any rate, lost interest in him. He was a new sensation, he shocked us, and gave us strange thrills, after the manner of new and unexpected sensations. Gorki came up on the literary horizon like an evil storm, darkening the sky, casting an awful shadow across the world's mirth and laughter, and making us shudder in the cold and gloom.

Gorki completely satisfied that strange but almost universal desire of well-fed and comfortable people to go slumming. In his books men and women in fortunate circumstances had their curiosity satisfied — all the world went slumming, with no discomfort, no expense, and no fear of contagion. With no trouble at all, no personal inconvenience, we learned the worst of all possible worsts on this puzzling and interesting planet.

But we soon had enough of it, and our experienced and professional guide failed to perceive the fact. He showed us more of the same thing, and then some more. Such sights and sounds — authentic visions and echoes of hell — merely repeated, began to lose their uncanny fascination. The man who excited us became a bore. For the worst thing about Gorki is his dull monotony, and vice is even more monotonous than virtue, perhaps

because it is more common. Open the pages of almost any of his tales, it is always the same thing, the same criminals, the same horrors, the same broken ejaculations and brutish rage. Gorki has shown no capacity for development, no power of variety and complexity. His passion for mere effect has reacted unfavourably on himself.[1]

Is it possible that success robbed him of something? He became a popular author in conventional environment, surrounded by books and modern luxuries, living in the pleasant climate of Italy, with no anxiety about his meals and bed. Is it possible that wealth, comfort, independence, and leisure have extinguished his original force? Has he lost something of the picturesque attitude of Gorki the penniless tramp? He is happily still a young man, and perhaps he may yet achieve the masterpiece that ten years ago we so confidently expected from his hands.

He is certainly not a great teacher, but he has the power to ask awkward questions so characteristic of Andreev, Artsybashev, and indeed of all Russian novelists. We cannot answer him with a shrug of the shoulders or a sceptical smile. He shakes the

[1] His play *Die Letzten* was put on at the *Deutsches Theater*, Berlin, 6 September 1910. The press despatch says, "The father is a police inspector, drunkard, gambler, briber, bribe-taker, adulterer, and robber."

foundations of our fancied security by boldly questioning what we had come to regard as axioms. As the late M. de Vogüé remarked, when little children sit on our knee and pelt us with questions that go to the roots of our philosophy, we get rid of the bother of it by telling the children to go away and play; but when a Tolstoi puts such questions, we cannot get rid of him so easily. Russian novelists are a thorn in the side of complacent optimism.

And yet surely, if life is not so good as it conceivably might be, it is not so darkly bitter as the Bitter One would have us believe. In a short article that he wrote about one of the playgrounds of America, he betrayed his own incurable jaundice. In the New York *Independent* for 8 August 1907, Gorki published a brilliant impressionistic sketch of Coney Island, and called it *Boredom*. Gorki at Coney Island is like Dante at a country fair. Thomas Carlyle was invited out to a social dinner-party once upon a time, and when he came home he wrote savagely in his diary of the flippant, light-hearted conversation among the men and women about the festive board, saying, "to me through those thin cobwebs Death and Eternity sat glaring." What a charming guest he must have been on that particular occasion!

Gorki speaks poetically in his article of the

"fantastic city all of fire" that one sees at night. But as he mingles with the throng, disgust fills his lonely heart.

"The public looks at them silently. It breathes in the moist air, and feeds its soul with dismal ennui, which extinguishes thought as a wet, dirty cloth extinguishes the fire of a smouldering coal."

Describing the sensations of the crowd before the tiger's cage, he says: —

"The man runs about the cage, shoots his pistol and cracks his whip, and shouts like a madman. His shouts are intended to hide his painful dread of the animals. The crowd regards the capers of the man, and waits in suspense for the fatal attack. They wait; unconsciously the primitive instinct is awakened in them. They crave fight, they want to feel the delicious shiver produced by the sight of two bodies intertwining, the splutter of blood and pieces of torn, steaming human flesh flying through the cage and falling on the floor. They want to hear the roar, the cries, the shrieks of agony. . . . Then the crowd breaks into dark pieces, and disperses over the slimy marsh of boredom.

" . . . You long to see a drunken man with a jovial face, who would push and sing and bawl, happy because he is drunk, and sincerely wishing all good people the same. . . .

"In the glittering gossamer of its fantastic buildings, tens of thousands of grey people, like patches on the ragged clothes of a beggar, creep along with weary faces and colourless eyes. . . .

"But the precaution has been taken to blind the people, and they drink in the vile poison with silent rapture. The poison contaminates their souls. Boredom whirls about in an idle dance, expiring in the agony of its inanition.

"One thing alone is good in the garish city: you can drink in hatred to your soul's content, hatred sufficient to last throughout life, hatred of the power of stupidity!"

This sketch is valuable not merely because of the impression of a distinguished foreign writer of one of the sights of America, but because it raises in our minds an obstinate doubt of his capacity to tell the truth about life in general. Suppose a person who had never seen Coney Island should read Gorki's vivid description of it, would he really know anything about Coney Island? Of course not. The crowds at Coney Island are as different from Gorki's description of them as anything could well be. Now then, we who know the dregs of Russian life only through Gorki's pictures, can we be certain that his representations are accurate? Are they reliable history of fact, or are they the revelations of a heart that knoweth its own bitterness?

VII

CHEKHOV

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, like Pushkin, Lermontov, Bielinski, and Garshin, died young, and although he wrote a goodly number of plays and stories which gave him a high reputation in Russia, he did not live to enjoy international fame. This is partly owing to the nature of his work, but more perhaps to the total eclipse of other contemporary writers by Gorki. There are signs now that his delicate and unpretentious art will outlast the sensational flare of the other's reputation. Gorki himself has generously tried to help in the perpetuation of Chekhov's name, by publishing a volume of personal reminiscences of his dead friend.

Like Gogol and Artsybashev, Chekhov was a man of the South, being born at Taganrog, a seaport on a gulf of the Black Sea, near the mouth of the river Don. The date of his birth is the 17 January 1860. His father was a clever serf, who, by good business foresight, bought his freedom early in life. Although the father never had much education himself, he gave his four children every possible advantage. Anton studied in the Greek school in his native city, and then entered the Faculty of Medi-

cine at the University of Moscow. "I don't well remember why I chose the medical faculty," he remarked later, "but I never regretted that choice." He took his degree, but entered upon no regular practice. For a year he worked in a hospital in a small town near Moscow, and in 1892 he freely offered his medical services during an epidemic of cholera. His professional experiences were of immense service to him in analysing the characters of various patients whom he treated, and his scientific training he always believed helped him greatly in the writing of his stories and plays, which are all psychological studies.

He knew that he had not very long to live, for before he had really begun his literary career signs of tuberculosis had plainly become manifest. He died in Germany, the 2 July 1904, and his funeral at Moscow was a national event.

Chekhov was a fine conversationalist, and fond of society; despite the terrible gloom of his stories, he had distinct gifts as a wit, and was a great favourite at dinner-parties and social gatherings. He joked freely on his death-bed. He was warm-hearted and generous, and gave money gladly to poor students and overworked school-teachers. His innate modesty and lack of self-assertion made him very slow at personal advertisement, and his dislike of Tolstoi's views prevented at first an acquaint-

ance with the old sage. Later, however, Tolstoi, being deeply interested in him, sought him out, and the two writers became friends. At this time many Russians believed that Chekhov was the legitimate heir to Tolstoi's fame.

In 1879, while still in the University of Moscow, Chekhov began to write short stories, of a more or less humorous nature, which were published in reviews. His first book appeared in 1887. Some critics sounded a note of warning, which he heeded. They said "it was too bad that such a talented young man should spend all his time making people laugh." This indirect advice, coupled with maturity of years and incipient disease, changed the writer's point of view, and his best known work is typically Russian in its tragic intensity.

In Russia he enjoyed an enormous vogue. Kropotkin says that his works ran through ten to fourteen editions, and that his publications, appearing as a supplement to a weekly magazine, had a circulation of two hundred thousand copies in one year. Toward the end of his life his stories captivated Germany, and one of the Berlin journalists cried out, as the Germans have so often of Oscar Wilde, "*Chekhov und kein Ende!*"

Chekhov, like Gorki and Andreev, was a dramatist as well as a novelist, though his plays are only beginning to be known outside of his native land.

They resemble the dramatic work of Gorki, Andreev, and for that matter of practically all Russian playwrights, in being formless and having no true movement; but they contain some of his best Russian portraits, and some of his most subtle interpretations of Russian national life. Russian drama does not compare for an instant with Russian fiction: I have never read a single well-constructed Russian play except *Revizor*. Most of them are dull to a foreign reader, and leave him cold and weary. Mr. Baring, in his book *Landmarks in Russian Literature*, has an excellent chapter on the plays of Chekhov, which partially explains the difficulties an outsider has in studying Russian drama. But this chapter, like the other parts of his book, is marred by exaggeration. He says, "Chekhov's plays are as interesting to read as the work of any first-rate novelist." And a few sentences farther in the same paragraph, he adds, "Chekhov's plays are a thousand times more interesting to see on the stage than they are to read." Any one who believes Mr. Baring's statement, and starts to read Chekhov's dramas with the faith that they are as interesting as *Anna Karenina*, will be sadly disappointed. And if on the stage they are a thousand times more interesting to see than *Anna Karenina* is to read, they must indeed be thrilling. It is, however, perfectly true that a foreigner cannot judge the real

value of Russian plays by reading them. We ought to hear them performed by a Russian company. That wonderful actress, Madame Komisarzhevskaya, who was lately followed to her grave by an immense concourse of weeping Russians, gave a performance of *The Cherry Garden* which stirred the whole nation. Madame Nazimova has said that Chekhov is her favourite writer, but that his plays could not possibly succeed in America, unless every part, even the minor ones, could be interpreted by a brilliant actor.

Chekhov is *durch und durch echt russisch:* no one but a Russian would ever have conceived such characters, or reported such conversations. We often wonder that physical exercise and bodily recreation are so conspicuously absent from Russian books. But we should remember that a Russian conversation is one of the most violent forms of physical exercise, as it is among the French and Italians. Although Chekhov belongs to our day, and represents contemporary Russia, he stands in the middle of the highway of Russian fiction, and in his method of art harks back to the great masters. He perhaps resembles Turgenev more than any other of his predecessors, but he is only a faint echo. He is like Turgenev in the delicacy and in the aloofness of his art. He has at times that combination of the absolutely real with the abso-

lutely fantastic that is so characteristic of Gogol: one of his best stories, *The Black Monk*, might have been written by the author of *The Cloak* and *The Portrait*. He is like Dostoevski in his uncompromising depiction of utter degradation; but he has little of Dostoevski's glowing sympathy and heart-power. He resembles Tolstoi least of all. The two chief features of Tolstoi's work — self-revelation and moral teaching — must have been abhorrent to Chekhov, for his stories tell us almost nothing about himself and his own opinions, and they teach nothing. His art is impersonal, and he is content with mere diagnosis. His only point of contact with Tolstoi is his grim fidelity to detail, the peculiar Russian realism common to every Russian novelist. Tolstoi said that Chekhov resembled Guy de Maupassant. This is entirely wide of the mark. He resembles Guy de Maupassant merely in the fact that, like the Frenchman, he wrote short stories.

Among recent writers Chekhov is at the farthest remove from his friend Gorki, and most akin to Andreev. It is probable that Andreev learned something from him. Unlike Turgenev, both Chekhov and Andreev study mental disease. Their best characters are abnormal; they have some fatal taint in the mind which turns this goodly frame, the earth, into a sterile promontory; this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, into a foul

and pestilent congregation of vapours. Neither Chekhov nor Andreev have attempted to lift that black pall of despair that hangs over Russian fiction.

Just as the austere, intellectual beauty of Greek drama forms striking evidence of the extraordinarily high average of culture in Athenian life, so the success of an author like Chekhov is abundant proof of the immense number of readers of truly cultivated taste that are scattered over Holy Russia. For Chekhov's stories are exclusively intellectual and subtle. They appeal only to the mind, not to the passions nor to any love of sensation. In many of them he deliberately avoids climaxes and all varieties of artificial effect. He would be simply incomprehensible to the millions of Americans who delight in musical comedy and in pseudo-historical romance. He wrote only for the elect, for those who have behind them years of culture and habits of consecutive thought. That such a man should have a vogue in Russia such as a cheap romancer enjoys in America, is in itself a significant and painful fact.

Chekhov's position in the main line of Russian literature and his likeness to Turgenev are both evident when we study his analysis of the Russian temperament. His verdict is exactly the same as that given by Turgenev and Sienkiewicz — *slave*

improductivité. A majority of his chief characters are Rudins. They suffer from internal injuries, caused by a diseased will. In his story called *On the Way* the hero remarks, "*Nature has set in every Russian an enquiring mind, a tendency to speculation, and extraordinary capacity for belief; but all these are broken into dust against our improvidence, indolence, and fantastic triviality.*"[1]

The novelist who wrote that sentence was a physician as well as a man of letters. It is a professional diagnosis of the national sickness of mind, which produces sickness of heart.

It is absurd to join in the chorus that calls Turgenev old-fashioned, when we find his words accurately, if faintly, echoed by a Russian who died in 1904! Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and wishes have always been the legitimate fathers of thoughts. My friend and colleague, Mr. Mandell, the translator of *The Cherry Garden*,[2] says that the play indicates that the useless people are dying away, "and thus making room for the regenerated young generation which is full of hope and strength to make a fruitful cherry garden of Russia for the Russian people . . . the prospects of realisation are now bright. But how soon will this become a practical reality? Let us hope in the

[1] The citations from Chekhov are from the translations by Long.
[2] Published at Yale University by the *Yale Courant.*

near future!" Yes, let us hope, as Russians hoped in 1870 and in 1900. Kropotkin says that Chekhov gave an "impressive parting word" to the old generation, and that we are now on the eve of the "new types which already are budding in life." Gorki has violently protested against the irresolute Slav, and Artsybashev has given us in Jurii the Russian as he is (1903) and in Sanin the Russian as he ought to be. But a disease obstinately remains a disease until it is cured, and it cannot be cured by hope or by protest.

Chekhov was a physician and an invalid; he saw sickness without and sickness within. Small wonder that his stories deal with the unhealthy and the doomed. For just as Artsybashev's tuberculosis has made him create the modern Tamburlaine as a mental enjoyment of physical activity, so the less turbulent nature of Chekhov has made him reproduce in his creatures of the imagination his own sufferings and fears. I think he was afraid of mental as well as physical decay, for he has studied insanity with the same assiduity as that displayed by Andreev in his nerve-wrecking story *A Dilemma*.

In *Ward No. 6*, which no one should read late at night, Chekhov has given us a picture of an insane asylum, which, if the conditions there depicted are true to life, would indicate that some parts of Russia

have not advanced one step since Gogol wrote *Revizor*. The patients are beaten and hammered into insensibility by a brutal keeper; they live amidst intolerable filth. The attending physician is a typical Russian, who sees clearly the horror and abomination of the place, but has not sufficient will-power to make a change. He is fascinated by one of the patients, with whom he talks for hours. His fondness for this man leads his friends to believe that he is insane, and they begin to treat him with that humouring condescension and pity which would be sufficient in itself to drive a man out of his mind. He is finally invited by his younger colleague to visit the asylum to examine a strange case; when he reaches the building, he himself is shoved into Ward No. 6, and realises that the doors are shut upon him forever. He is obliged to occupy a bed in the same filthy den where he has so often visited the other patients, and his night-gown has a slimy smell of dried fish. In about twenty-four hours he dies, but in those hours he goes through a hell of physical and mental torment.

The fear of death, which to an intensely intellectual people like the Russians, is an obsession of terror, and shadows all their literature,—it appears all through Tolstoi's diary and novels,—is analysed in many forms by Chekhov. In *Ward*

No. 6 Chekhov pays his respects to Tolstoi's creed of self-denial, through the lips of the doctor's favourite madman. "A creed which teaches indifference to wealth, indifference to the conveniences of life, and contempt for suffering is quite incomprehensible to the great majority who never knew either wealth or the conveniences of life, and to whom contempt for suffering would mean contempt for their own lives, which are made up of feelings of hunger, cold, loss, insult, and a Hamlet-like terror of death. All life lies in these feelings, and life may be hated or wearied of, but never despised. Yes, I repeat it, the teachings of the Stoics can never have a future; from the beginning of time, life has consisted in sensibility to pain and response to irritation."

No better indictment has ever been made against those to whom self-denial and renunciation are merely a luxurious attitude of the mind.

Chekhov's sympathy with Imagination and his hatred for commonplace folk who stupidly try to repress its manifestations are shown again and again in his tales. He loves especially the imagination of children; and he shows them as infinitely wiser than their practical parents. In the short sketch *An Event* the children are wild with delight over the advent of three kittens, and cannot understand their father's disgust for the little

beasts, and his cruel indifference to their welfare. The cat is their mother, that they know; but who is the father? The kittens must have a father, so the children drag out the wooden rocking-horse, and place him beside his wife and offspring.

In the story *At Home* the father's bewilderment at the creative imagination and the curious caprices of his little boy's mind is tenderly and beautifully described. The father knows he is not bringing him up wisely, but is utterly at a loss how to go at the problem, having none of the intuitive sympathy of a woman. The boy is busy with his pencil, and represents sounds by shapes, letters by colours. For example, "the sound of an orchestra he drew as a round, smoky spot; whistling as a spiral thread." In making letters, he always painted L yellow, M red, and A black. He draws a picture of a house with a soldier standing in front of it. The father rebukes him for bad perspective, and tells him that the soldier in his picture is taller than the house. But the boy replies, "If you drew the soldier smaller, you wouldn't be able to see his eyes."

One of Chekhov's favourite pastimes was gardening. This, perhaps, accounts for his location of the scene in his comedy *The Cherry Garden*, where a business-like man, who had once been a serf, just like the dramatist's own father, has prospered

sufficiently to buy the orchard from the improvident and highly educated owners; and for all the details about fruit-gardening given in the powerful story *The Black Monk*. This story infallibly reminds one of Gogol. A man has repeatedly a vision of a black monk, who visits him through the air, with whom he carries on long conversations, and who inspires him with great thoughts and ideals. His wife and friends of course think he is crazy, and instead of allowing him to continue his intercourse with the familiar spirit, they persuade him he is ill, and make him take medicine. The result is wholesale tragedy. His life is ruined, his wife is separated from him; at last he dies. The idea seems to be that he should not have been disobedient unto the heavenly vision. Imagination and inspiration are necessary to life; they are what separate man from the beasts that perish. The monk asks him, "How do you know that the men of genius whom all the world trusts have not also seen visions?"

Chekhov is eternally at war with the practical, with the narrow-minded, with the commonplace. Where there is no vision, the people perish.

Professor Brückner has well said that Chekhov was by profession a physician, but an artist by the grace of God. He was indeed an exquisite artist, and if his place in Russian literature is not large,

it seems permanent. He does not rank among the greatest. He lacks the tremendous force of Tolstoi, the flawless perfection of Turgenev, and the mighty world-embracing sympathy of Great-heart Dostoevski. But he is a faithful interpreter of Russian life, and although his art was objective, one cannot help feeling the essential goodness of the man behind his work, and loving him for it.

VIII

ARTSYBASHEV

Not the greatest, but the most sensational, novel published in Russia during the last five years is *Sanin*, by Artsybashev. It is not sensational in the incidents, though two men commit suicide, and two girls are ruined; it is sensational in its ideas. To make a sensation in contemporary Russian literature is an achievement, where pathology is now rampant. But Artsybashev accomplished it, and his novel made a tremendous noise, the echoes of which quickly were heard all over curious and eclectic Germany, and have even stirred Paris. Since the failure of the Revolution, there has been a marked revolt in Russia against three great ideas that have at different times dominated Russian literature: the quiet pessimism of Turgenev, the Christian non-resistance religion of Tolstoi, and the familiar Russian type of will-less philosophy. Even before the Revolution Gorki had expressed the spirit of revolt; but his position, extreme as it appears to an Anglo-Saxon, has been left far behind by Artsybashev, who, with the genuine Russian love of the *reductio ad absurdum*,

has reached the farthest limits of moral anarchy in the creation of his hero Sanin.

In an admirable article in the *Westminster Gazette*, for 14 May 1910, by the accomplished scholar and critic, Mr. R. C. Long, called *The Literature of Self-assertion*, we obtain a strong smell of the hell-broth now boiling in Russian literature. "In the Spring of 1909, an exhibition was held in the Russian ministry of the Interior of specimen copies of all books and brochures issued in 1908, to the number of 70,841,000. How many different books were exhibited the writer does not know, but he lately came upon an essay by the critic Ismailoff, in which it was said that there were on exhibition a thousand different sensational novels, classed as 'Nat Pinkerton and Sherlock Holmes literature,' with such expressive titles as 'The Hanged,' 'The Chokers,' 'The Corpse Disinterred,' and 'The Expropriators.' Ismailoff comments on this as sign and portent. Russia always had her literature of adventure, and Russian novels of manners and of psychology became known to Westerners merely because they were the best, and by no means because they were the only books that appeared. The popular taste was formerly met with naïve and outrageous 'lubotchniya'-books. The new craze for 'Nat Pinkerton and Sherlock Holmes' stories is something quite different. It foreshadows a

complete change in the psychosis of the Russian reader, the decay of the literature of passivity, and the rise of a new literature of action and physical revolt. The literature of passivity reached its height with the (*sic*) Chekhov. The best representative of the transition from Chekhov to the new literature of self-assertion is Maxim Gorki's friend, Leonid Andreev. . . .

"These have got clear away from the humble, ineffectual individual, 'crushed by life.' Full of learned philosophies from Max Stirner and Nietzsche, they preach, in Stirner's words, 'the absolute independence of the individual, master of himself, and of all things.' 'The death of "Every-day-ism,"' the 'resurrection of myth,' 'orgiasm,' 'Mystical Anarchism,' and 'universalist individualism' are some of the shibboleths of these new writers, who are mostly very young, very clever, and profoundly convinced that they are even cleverer than they are.

"Anarchism, posing as self-assertion, is the note in most recent Russian literature, as, indeed, it is in Russian life."

The most powerful among this school of writers, and the only one who can perhaps be called a man of genius, is Michael Artsybashev. He came honestly by his hot, impulsive temperament, being, like Gogol, a man of the South. He was born in

1878. He says of himself: "I am Tartar in name and in origin, but not a pure-blooded one. In my veins runs Russian, French, Georgian, and Polish blood. I am glad to name as one of my ancestors the famous Pole, Kosciusko, who was my maternal great-grandfather. My father, a retired officer, was a landed proprietor with very little income. I was only three years old when my mother died. As a legacy, she bequeathed to me tuberculosis. . . . I am now living in the Crimea and trying to get well, but with little faith in my recovery."

Sanin appeared at the psychological moment, late in the year 1907. The Revolution was a failure, and it being impossible to fight the government or to obtain political liberty, people in Russia of all classes were ready for a revolt against moral law, the religion of self-denial, and all the conventions established by society, education, and the church. At this moment of general desperation and smouldering rage, appeared a work written with great power and great art, deifying the natural instincts of man, incarnating the spirit of liberty in a hero who despises all so-called morality as absurd tyranny. It was a bold attempt to marshal the animal instincts of humanity, terrifically strong as they are even in the best citizens, against every moral and prudential restraint. The effect of the book will probably not last very long, — already it has been

called an ephemeral sensation, — but it was immediate and tremendous. It was especially powerful among university students and high school boys and girls — the "Sanin-morals" of undergraduates were alluded to in a speech in the Duma.

But although the book was published at the psychological moment, it was written with no reference to any post-revolution spirit. For Artsybashev composed his novel in 1903, when he was twenty-four years old. He tried in vain to induce publishers to print it, and fortunately for him, was obliged to wait until 1907, when the time happened to be exactly ripe.

The novel has been allowed to circulate in Russia, because it shows absolutely no sympathy with the Revolution or with the spirit of political liberty. Men who waste their time in the discussion of political rights or in the endeavour to obtain them are ridiculed by Sanin. The *summum bonum* is personal, individual happiness, the complete gratification of desire. Thus, those who are working for the enfranchisement of the Russian people, for relief from the bureaucracy, and for more political independence, not only have no sympathy with the book — they hate it, because it treats their efforts with contempt. Some of them have gone so far as to express the belief that the author is in a conspiracy with the government to bring ridicule on

their cause, and to defeat their ever living hopes of better days. However this may be, *Sanin* is not in the least a politically revolutionary book, and critics of that school see no real talent or literary power in its pages.

But, sinister and damnable as its tendency is, the novel is written with extraordinary skill, and Artsybashev is a man to be reckoned with. The style has that simplicity and directness so characteristic of Russian realism, and the characters are by no means sign-posts of various opinions; they are living and breathing human beings. I am sorry that such a book as *Sanin* has ever been written; but it cannot be black-balled from the republic of letters.

It is possible that it is a florescence not merely of the author's genius, but of his sickness. The glorification of Sanin's bodily strength, of Karsavina's female voluptuousness, and the loud call to physical joy which rings through the work may be an emanation of tuberculosis as well as that of healthy mental conviction. Shut out from active happiness, Artsybashev may have taken this method of vicarious delight.

The bitterness of his own enforced resignation of active happiness and the terror inspired by his own disease are incarnated in a decidedly interesting character, Semionov, who, although still able to walk

about when we first see him, is dying of consumption. He has none of the hopefulness and cheerfulness so often symptomatic of that malady; he is peevish, irritable, and at times enraged by contact with his healthy friends. After a frightful attack of coughing, he says: "I often think that soon I shall be lying in complete darkness. You understand, with my nose fallen in and my limbs decayed. And above me, where you are on the earth, everything will go on, exactly as it does now, while I still am permitted to see it. You will be living then, you will look at this very moon, you will breathe, you will pass over my grave; perhaps you will stop there a moment and despatch some necessity. And I shall lie and become rotten."

His death at the hospital in the night, with his friends looking on, is powerfully and minutely described. The fat, stupid priest goes through the last ceremonies, and is dully amazed at the contempt he receives from Sanin.

Sanin's beautiful sister Lyda is ruined by a worthless but entirely conventional officer. Her remorse on finding that she is with child is perfectly natural, but is ridiculed by her brother, who saves her from suicide. He is not in the least ashamed of her conduct, and tells her she has no reason for loss of pride; indeed, he does not think of blaming the officer. He is ready to commit incest with his sister,

whose physical charm appeals to him; but she is not sufficiently emancipated for that, so he advises her to get married with a friend who loves her, before the child is born. This is finally satisfactorily arranged. Later, Sanin, not because he disapproves of the libertine officer's affair with his sister, but because he regards the officer as a blockhead, treats him with scant courtesy; and the officer, hidebound by convention, sees no way out but a challenge to a duel. The scene when the two brother officers bring the formal challenge to Sanin is the only scene in the novel marked by genuine humour, and is also the only scene where we are in complete sympathy with the hero. One of the delegates has all the stiff courtesy and ridiculous formality which he regards as entirely consistent with his errand; the other is a big, blundering fellow, who has previously announced himself as a disciple of Tolstoi. To Sanin's philosophy of life, duelling is as absurd as religion, morality, or any other stupid conventionality; and his cold, ruthless logic makes short work of the polite phrases of the two ambassadors. Both are amazed at his positive refusal to fight, and hardly know which way to turn; the disciple of Tolstoi splutters with rage because Sanin shows up his inconsistency with his creed; both try to treat him like an outcast, but make very little progress. Sanin informs them that he will not

fight a duel, because he does not wish to take the officer's life, and because he does not care to risk his own; but that if the officer attempts any physical attack upon him in the street, he will thrash him on the spot. Enraged and bewildered by Sanin's unconventional method of dealing with the difficulty, the discomfited emissaries withdraw. Later, the challenger meets Sanin in the street, and goaded to frenzy by his calm and contemptuous stare, strikes him with a whip; he immediately receives in the face a terrible blow from his adversary's fist, delivered with all his colossal strength. A friend carries him to his lodgings, and there he commits suicide. From the conventional point of view, this was the only course left to him.

In direct contrast to most Russian novels, the man here is endowed with limitless power of will, and the women characterised by weakness. The four women in the story, Sanin's sister Lyda, the pretty school-teacher Karsavina, Jurii's sister, engaged to a young scientist, who during the engagement cordially invites her brother to accompany him to a house of ill-fame, and the mother of Sanin, are all thoroughly conventional, and are meant to be. They are living under what Sanin regards as the tyranny of social convention. He treats his mother's shocked amazement with brutal scorn; he ridicules Lyda's shame at being *enceinte;* he seduces

Karsavina, at the very time when she is in love with Jurii, and reasons with cold patience against her subsequent remorse. It is clear that Artsybashev believes that for some time to come women will not accept the gospel of uncompromising egoism.

The most interesting character in the book, apart from the hero, is Jurii, who might easily have been a protagonist in one of Turgenev's tragedies. He is the typical Russian, the highly educated young man with a diseased will. He is characterised by that indecision which has been the bane of so many Russians. All through the book he seeks in vain for some philosophy of life, some guiding principle. He has abandoned faith in religion, his former enthusiasm for political freedom has cooled, but he simply cannot live without some leading Idea. He is an acute sufferer from that mental sickness diagnosed by nearly all writers of Russia. He envies and at the same time despises Sanin for his cheerful energy. Finally, unable to escape from the perplexities of his own thinking, he commits suicide. His friends stand about his grave at the funeral, and one of them foolishly asks Sanin to make some appropriate remarks. Sanin, who always says exactly what he thinks, and abhors all forms of hypocrisy, delivers the following funeral oration — heartily endorsed by the reader — in one sentence: "The world has now one blockhead the less."

The horror-stricken consternation of his friends fills Sanin with such scorn that he leaves the town, and we last see him in an open field in the country, giving a glad shout of recognition to the dawn.

The motto that Artsybashev has placed at the beginning of the novel is taken from Ecclesiastes vii. 29: "God hath made man upright: but they have sought out many inventions." This same text was used by Kipling as the title of one of his books, but used naturally in a quite different way. The Devil has here cited Scripture for his purpose. The hero of the novel is an absolutely sincere, frank, and courageous *Advocatus Diaboli*. He is invariably calm and collected; he never loses his temper in an argument; he questions the most fundamental beliefs and principles with remorseless logic. Two of his friends are arguing about Christianity; "at least," says one, "you will not deny that its influence has been good." "I don't deny that," says the other. Then Sanin remarks quietly, "But I deny it!" and he adds, with a calmness provoking to the two disputants, "Christianity has played an abominable rôle in history, and the name of Jesus Christ will for some time yet oppress humanity like a curse."

Sanin insists that it is not necessary to have any theory of life, or to be guided by any principle;

that God may exist or He may not; He does not at any rate bother about us. The real rational life of man should be exactly like a bird. He should be controlled wholly by the desire of the moment. The bird wishes to alight on a branch, and so he alights; then he wishes to fly, so he flies. That is rational, declares Sanin; that is the way men and women should live, without principles, without plans, and without regrets. Drunkenness and adultery are nothing to be ashamed of, nor in any sense to be called degrading. Nothing that gives pleasure can ever be degrading. The love of strong drink and the lust for woman are not sins; in fact, there is no such thing as sin. These passions are manly and natural, and what is natural cannot be wrong. There is in Sanin's doctrine something of Nietzsche and more of Rousseau.

Sanin himself is not at all a contemptible character. He is not argumentative except when dragged into an argument; he does not attempt to convert others to his views. He has the inner light which we more often associate with Christian faith. In the midst of his troubled and self-tortured comrades, Sanin stands like a pillar, calm, unshakable. He has found absolute peace, absolute harmony with life. He thinks, talks, and acts exactly as he chooses, without any regard whatever to the convenience or happiness of any one else. There is

something refreshing about this perfectly healthy, clear-eyed, quiet, composed, resolute man — whose way of life is utterly unaffected by public opinion, who simply does not care a straw for anything or anybody but himself. Thus he recognises his natural foe in Christianity, in the person of Jesus Christ, and in His Russian interpreter, Leo Tolstoi. For if Christianity teaches anything, it teaches that man must live contrary to his natural instincts. The endeavour of all so-called "new religions" is rootless, because it is an attempt to adapt Christianity to modern human convenience. Much better is Sanin's way: he sees clearly that no adaptation is possible, and logically fights Christianity as the implacable enemy of the natural man.

There are many indications that one of the great battle-grounds of Christianity in the near future is to be the modern novel. For many years there have been plenty of attacks on the supernatural side of Christianity, and on Christianity as a religion; nearly all its opponents, however, have treated its ethics, its practical teachings, with respect. The novel *Sanin* is perhaps the boldest, but it is only one of many attacks that are now being made on Christianity as a system of morals; as was the case with the Greeks and Romans, scepticism in morals follows hard on scepticism in religion. Those who believe in Christianity ought to rejoice in this open

and fair fight; they ought to welcome it as a complete unmasking of the foe. If the life according to *Sanin* is really practicable, if it is a good substitute for the life according to the Christian Gospel, it is desirable that it should be clearly set forth, and its working capacity demonstrated. For the real test of Christianity, and the only one given by its Founder, is its practical value as a way of life. It can never be successfully attacked by historical research or by destructive criticism — all such attacks leave it precisely as they found it. Those who are determined to destroy Christianity, and among its relentless foes have always been numbered men of great courage and great ability, must prove that its promises of peace and rest to those who really follow it are false, and that its influence on society and on the individual is bad.

IX

ANDREEV

Leonid Andreev is at this moment regarded by many Russians as the foremost literary artist among the younger school of writers. He was born at Orel, the birthplace of Turgenev, in 1871, and is thus only two years younger than Gorki. He began life as a lawyer at Moscow, but according to his own statement, he had only one case, and lost that. He very soon abandoned law for literature, as so many writers have done, and his rise has been exceedingly rapid. He was appointed police-court reporter on the Moscow *Courier*, where he went through the daily drudgery without attracting any attention. But when he published in this newspaper a short story, Gorki sent a telegram to the office, demanding to know the real name of the writer who signed himself Leonid Andreev. He was informed that the signature was no pseudonym. This notice from Gorki gave the young man immediate prominence. Not long after, he published another story in the Russian periodical *Life;* into the editor's rooms dashed the famous critic Merezhkovski, who enquired whether

it was Chekhov or Gorki that had selected this assumed name.

Andreev himself says that he has learned much from Tolstoi, the great Tolstoi of the sixties and seventies, also from Nietzsche, whom he reads with enthusiasm, and whose most characteristic book, *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, he translated into Russian. He has read Poe with profit, but he testifies that his greatest teacher in composition is the Bible. In a letter to a young admirer, he wrote: "I thank you for your kind dedication. . . . I note that in one place you write about the Bible. Yes, that is the best teacher of all — the Bible." [1]

Andreev has the gift of admiration, and loves to render homage where homage is due, having dedicated his first book to Gorki, and his story of *The Seven Who Were Hanged* to Tolstoi. His style, while marked by the typical yet always startling Russian simplicity, is nevertheless entirely his own, and all his tales and plays are stamped by powerful individuality. He is fast becoming an international celebrity. His terrible picture of war, *The Red Laugh*, has been translated into German, French, and English, two of his dramas, *Anathema* and *To the Stars*, have been published

[1] Most of the biographical information in this paragraph I have taken from an interesting article in *The Independent* for 29 July 1909, by Ivan Lavretski.

in America, and other of his short stories are known everywhere in Germany.

The higher the scale in human intelligence, the more horrible and the more ridiculous does war appear. That men engaged in peaceful and intellectual pursuits should leave their families, their congenial work, their pleasant associations, and go out to torture and murder men of similar tastes and activities, and become themselves transformed into hideous wild beasts, has a combination of horror and absurdity that peculiarly impresses a people so highly sensitive, so thoroughly intellectual, and so kind-hearted as the Russians. All Russian war-literature, and there is much of it, points back to Tolstoi's *Sevastopol*, where the great novelist stripped warfare of all its sentiment and patriotic glitter, and revealed its dull, sordid misery as well as its hellish tragedies. What Tolstoi did for the Crimean War, Garshin did for the war with Turkey in the seventies. I have not seen it mentioned, but I suspect that Andreev owes much to the reading of this brilliant author. Garshin was an unquestionable genius; if he had lived, I think he might have become the real successor to Tolstoi, a title that has been bestowed upon Chekhov, Gorki, and Andreev, and has not yet been earned by any man. But like nearly all Russian authors, he suffered from intense melancholia, and in 1888

committed suicide at the age of thirty-three. His short story *Four Days on the Field of Slaughter* first brought him into public notice. One cannot read Andreev's *Red Laugh* to-day without thinking of it.

"On the edge of the wood there was visible something red, floating here and there. Sidorov fell suddenly to the ground and stared at me in silence with great, terrified eyes. Out of his mouth poured a stream of blood. Yes, I remember it very well." This is the *red laugh* of Andreev, though until the appearance of his book it lacked the appropriate name. Garshin describes how a Russian soldier stabs a Fellah to death with his bayonet, and then, too badly injured to move, lies for four days and nights, in shivering cold and fearful heat, beside the putrefying corpse of his dead antagonist. "I did that. I had no wish to do it. I wished no one evil, as I left home for the war. The thought that I should kill a man did not enter my head. I thought only of my own danger. And I went to him and did this. Well, and what happened? O fool, O idiot! This unfortunate Egyptian is still less guilty. Before they packed them on a steamer like herrings in a box, and brought them to Constantinople, he had never heard of Russia, or of Bulgaria. They told him to go and he went."

In the *Diary of Private Ivanov*, Garshin gave more pictures of the hideous suffering of war, with a wonderful portrait of the commander of the company, who is so harshly tyrannical that his men hate him, and resolve to slay him in the battle. But he survives both open and secret foes, and at the end of the conflict they find him lying prostrate, his whole body shaken with sobs, and saying brokenly, "Fifty-two! Fifty-two!" Fifty-two of his company had been killed, and despite his cruelty to them, he had loved them all like children.

Garshin wrote other tales, among them a poetically beautiful story of a tree, *Attalea Princeps*, that reminds one somewhat of Björnson. But his chief significance is as a truthful witness to the meaningless maiming and murder of war, and his attitude is precisely similar to that of Andreev, and both follow Tolstoi.

Andreev's *Red Laugh* ought to be read in America as a contrast to our numerous war stories, where war is pictured as a delightful and exciting tournament. This book has not a single touch of patriotic sentiment, not a suggestion of "Hurrah for our side!" The soldiers are on the field because they were sent there, and the uninjured are too utterly tired, too tormented with lack of sleep, too hungry and thirsty to let out a single whoop. The first sight of the *Red Laugh* reminds us of the pictur-

esque story of Napoleon's soldier that Browning has immortalised in the *Incident of the French Camp*. Tolstoi mentions the same event in *Sevastopol*, and his version of it would have pleased Owen Wister's Virginian more than Browning's. In Andreev there is no graceful gesture, no French pose, no "smiling joy"; but there is the nerve-shattering red laugh. The officer who tells the story in the first half of the book narrates how a young volunteer came up to him and saluted. The appearance of his face was so tensely white that the officer enquires, "Are you afraid?" Suddenly a stream of blood bursts from the young man's body, and his deadly pale face turns into something unspeakable, a toothless laugh — the red laugh.

In this gruesome tale of the realities of war, Andreev has given shocking physical details of torn and bleeding bodies, but true to the theme that animates all his books, he has concentrated the main interest on the Mind. Soldiers suffer in the flesh, but infinitely more in the mind. War points chiefly not to the grave, nor to the hospital, but to the madhouse. All forms of insanity are bred by the horror and fatigue of the marches and battles: many shoot themselves, many become raging maniacs, many become gibbering idiots. Every man who has studied warfare knows that the least of all perils is the bullet of the enemy, for

only a small proportion are released by that. The innumerable and subtle forms of disease, bred by exposure and privation, constitute the real danger. Andreev is the first to show that the most common and awful form of disease among Russian soldiers is the disease of the brain. The camp becomes a vast madhouse, with the peculiar feature that the madmen are at large. The hero of the story loses both his legs, and apparently completely recovered in health otherwise, returns home to his family, and gazes wistfully at his bicycle. A sudden desire animates him to write out the story of the Japanese war; in the process he becomes insane and dies. His brother then attempts to complete the narrative from the scattered, confused notes, but to his horror, whenever he approaches the desk, the phantom of the dead man is ever there, busily writing: he can hear the pen squeak on the paper.

No more terrible protest against war has ever been written than Andreev's *Red Laugh*. It shows not merely the inexpressible horror of the battlefield and the dull, weary wretchedness of the men on the march, but it follows out the farthest ramifications flowing from the central cause: the constant tragedies in the families, the letters received after the telegraph has announced the death of the writer, the insane wretches who return to

the homes they left in normal health, the whole accumulation of woe.

The first two words of the book are *Madness and Horror!* and they might serve as a text for Andreev's complete works. There seems to be some taint in his mind which forces him to dwell forever on the abnormal and diseased. He is not exactly decadent, but he is decidedly pathological. Professor Brückner has said of Andreev's stories, "I do not recall a single one which would not get fearfully on a man's nerves." He has deepened the universal gloom of Russian fiction, not by descending into the slums with Gorki, but by depicting life as seen through the strange light of a decaying mind. He has often been compared, especially among the Germans, with Edgar Allan Poe. But he is really not in the least like Poe. Poe's horrors are nearly all unreal fantasies, that vaguely haunt our minds like the shadow of a dream. Andreev is a realist, like his predecessors and contemporaries. His style is always concrete and definite, always filled with the sense of fact. There is almost something scientific in his collection of incurables.

The most cheerful thing he has written is perhaps *The Seven Who Were Hanged*. This is horrible enough to bring out a cold sweat; but it is redeemed, as the work of Dostoevski is, by a vast pity and

sympathy for the condemned wretches. This is the book he dedicated to Tolstoi, in recognition of the constant efforts of the old writer to have capital punishment abolished. No sentimental sympathy with murderers is shown here; he carries no flowers to the cells where each of the seven in solitude awaits his fate. Nor are the murderers in the least degree depicted as heroes — they are all different men and women, but none of them resembles the Hero-Murderer of romance.

The motive underlying this story is shown plainly by the author in an interesting letter which he wrote to the American translator, and which is published at the beginning of the book. "The misfortune of us all is that we know so little, even nothing, about one another — neither about the soul, nor the life, the sufferings, the habits, the inclinations, the aspirations, of one another. Literature, which I have the honour to serve, is dear to me just because the noblest task it sets before itself is that of wiping out boundaries and distances." That is, the aim of Andreev, like that of all prominent Russian novelists, is to study the secret of secrets, the human heart. And like all specialists in humanity, like Browning, for example, he feels the impossibility of success.

"About what's under lock and key,
Man's soul!"

Farther on in his letter, we read: "My task was to point out the horror and the iniquity of capital punishment under any circumstances. The horror of capital punishment is great when it falls to the lot of courageous and honest people whose only guilt is their excess of love and the sense of righteousness — in such instances, conscience revolts. But the rope is still more horrible when it forms the noose around the necks of weak and ignorant people. And however strange it may appear, I look with a lesser grief and suffering upon the execution of the revolutionists, such as Werner and Musya, than upon the strangling of ignorant murderers, miserable in mind and heart, like Yanson and Tsiganok." Spoken like Dostoevski!

These seven are an extraordinary group, ranging from calm, courageous, enlightened individuals to creatures of such dull stupidity that one wonders if they ever once were men. Each spends the intervening days in his cell in a different manner. One goes through daily exercises of physical culture. One receives a visit from his father and mother, another from his old mother alone. There is not a false touch in the sentiment in these painful scenes. The midnight journey to the place of execution is vividly portrayed, and the different sensations of each of the seven are strikingly indicated. At the last, Musya, who is a typical Russian heroine in her

splendid resolution and boundless tenderness, becomes the soul of the whole party, and tries to help them all by her gentle conduct and her words of love. The whole spirit of this book is profoundly Christian. One feels as if he were taken back in history, and were present at the execution of a group of early Christian martyrs. There are thousands of women in Russia like Musya, and they are now, as they were in the days of Turgenev, the one hope of the country.

In Merezhkovski's interesting work *Tolstoi as Man and Artist*, the author says: "We are accustomed to think that the more abstract thought is, the more cold and dispassionate it is. It is not so; or at least it is not so with us. From the heroes of Dostoevski we may see how abstract thought may be passionate, how metaphysical theories and deductions are rooted, not only in cold reason, but in the heart, emotions, and will. There are thoughts which pour oil on the fire of the passions and inflame man's flesh and blood more powerfully than the most unrestrained license. There is a logic of the passions, but there are also passions in logic. And these are essentially *our* new passions, peculiar to us and alien to the men of former civilisations. . . . They feel deeply because they think deeply; they suffer endlessly because they are endlessly deliberate; they dare to will because they have

dared to think. And the farther, apparently, it is from life — the more abstract, the more fiery is their thought, the deeper it enters into their lives. O strange young Russia!"

Merezhkovski is talking of the heroes of Dostoevski; but his remark is applicable to the work of nearly all Russian novelists, and especially to Chekhov and Andreev. It is a profound criticism that, if once grasped by the foreign reader, will enable him to understand much in Russian fiction that otherwise would be a sealed book. Every one must have noticed how Russians are hag-ridden by an idea; but no one except Merezhkovski has observed the *passion* of abstract thought. In some characters, such as those Dostoevski has given us, it leads to deeds of wild absurdity; in Andreev, it usually leads to madness.

One of Andreev's books is indeed a whole commentary on the remark of Merezhkovski quoted above. The English title of the translation is *A Dilemma*, but as the translator has explained, the name of the story in the original is *Thought* (*Mysl*). The chief character is a physician, Kerzhentsev, who reminds one constantly of Dostoevski's Raskolnikov, but whose states of mind are even more subtly analysed. No one should read this story unless his nerves are firm, for the outcome of the tale is such as to make almost any reader for a time

doubt his own sanity. It is a curious study of the border-line between reason and madness. The physician, who rejoices in his splendid health, bodily vigour, and absolute equilibrium of mind, quietly determines to murder his best friend — to murder him openly and violently, and to go about it in such a way that he himself will escape punishment. He means to commit the murder to punish the man's wife because she had rejected him and married his friend, whom she loves with all the strength of her powerful nature. His problem, therefore, is threefold: he must murder the man, the man's wife must know that he is the murderer, and he must escape punishment. He therefore begins by feigning madness, and acting so well that his madness comes upon him only at long intervals; at a dinner-party he has a violent fit; but he waits a whole month before having another attack. Everything is beautifully planned; he smashes a plate with his fist, but no one observes that he has taken care previously to cover the plate with his napkin, so that his hand will not be cut. His friends are all too sorry for him to have any suspicion of a sinister intention; and his friend Alexis is fatuously secure. Not so the wife; she has an instinctive fear of the coming murder. One evening, when all three are together, the doctor picks up a heavy iron paper-weight, and Alexis says that with such an instru-

ment a murderer might break a man's head. This is interesting. "It was precisely the head, and precisely with that thing that I had planned to crush it, and now that same head was telling how it would all end." Therefore he leads Alexis into a dispute by insisting that the paper-weight is too light. Alexis becomes angry, and actually makes the doctor take the object in his hand, and they rehearse his own murder. They are stopped by the wife, who, terror-stricken, says that she never likes such jokes. Both men burst into hearty laughter.

A short time after, the doctor crushes the skull of Alexis in the presence of his wife. In the midst of the horror and confusion of the household, the murderer slips out, goes home, and is resting calmly, thinking with intense delight of the splendid success of the plan, and of the extraordinary skill he had shown in its conception and execution; when, just as he was dropping off to sleep in delicious drowsiness, there "languidly" entered into his head this thought: it speaks to his mind in the third person, as though somebody else had actually said it: *It is very possible that Dr. Kerzhentsev is really insane. He thought that he simulated, but he is really insane—insane at this very instant.*

After this poison has entered his soul, his condition can be easily imagined. A terrible debate

begins in his own mind, for he is fighting against himself for his own reason. Every argument that he can think of to persuade himself of his sanity he marshals; but there are plenty of arguments on the other side. The story is an excellent example of what Merezhkovski must mean by the passion of thought.

Another illustration of Andreev's uncanny power is seen in the short story *Silence*. A father does not understand his daughter's silence, and treats her nervous suffering with harsh practicality. She commits suicide; the mother is stricken with paralysis; silence reigns in the house. Silence. The father beseeches his wife to speak to him; there is no speculation in her wide-open eyes. He cries aloud to his dead daughter. Silence. Nothing but silence, and the steady approach of madness.

Andreev is an unflinching realist, with all the Russian power of the concrete phrase. He would never say, in describing a battle, that the Russians "suffered a severe loss." He would turn a magnifying glass on each man. But, although he is a realist and above all a psychologist, he is also a poet. In the sketch *Silence* there is the very spirit of poetry. The most recent bit of writing by him that I have seen is called a Fantasy [1] — *Life is so*

[1] Translated in *Current Literature*, New York, for September 1910.

Beautiful to the Resurrected. This is a meditation in a graveyard, written in the manner of one of Turgenev's *Poems in Prose*, though lacking something of that master's exquisite beauty of style. It is, however, not sentimentally conventional, but original. The poetic quality in Andreev animates all his dramas, particularly *To the Stars.*

X

KUPRIN'S PICTURE OF GARRISON LIFE

As Tolstoi, Garshin, and Andreev have shown the horrors of war, so Kuprin[1] has shown the utter degradation and sordid misery of garrison life. If Russian army posts in time of peace bear even a remote resemblance to the picture given in Kuprin's powerful novel *In Honour's Name*,[2] one would think that the soldiers there entombed would heartily rejoice at the outbreak of war — would indeed welcome any catastrophe, provided it released them from such an Inferno. It is interesting to compare stories of American garrisons, or such clever novels as Mrs. Diver's trilogy of British army posts in India, with the awful revelations made by Kuprin. Among these Russian officers and soldiers there is not one gleam of patriotism to glorify the drudgery; there is positively no ideal, even dim-descried. The officers are a collection of hideously selfish, brutal, drunken, licentious beasts; their mental horizon is almost inconceivably narrow,

[1] Kuprin was born in 1870, and was for a time an officer in the Russian army.

[2] Translated by W. F. Harvey: the French translation is called *Une Petite Garnison Russe;* the German, *Das Duell*, after the original title.

far narrower than that of mediæval monks in a monastery. The soldiers are in worse plight than prisoners, being absolutely at the mercy of the alcoholic caprices of their superiors. A favourite device of the officer is to jam the trumpet against the trumpeter's mouth, when he is trying to obey orders by sounding the call; then they laugh at him derisively as he spits out blood and broken teeth. The common soldiers are beaten and hammered unmercifully in the daily drill, so that they are all bewildered, being in such a state of terror that it is impossible for them to perform correctly even the simplest manœuvres. The only officer in this story who treats his men with any consideration is a libertine, who seduces the peasants' daughters in the neighbourhood, and sends them back to their parents with cash payments for their services.

If Kuprin's story be true, one does not need to look far for the utter failure of the Russian troops in the Japanese war; the soldiers are here represented as densely ignorant, drilling in abject terror of their officers' fists and boots, and knowing nothing whatever of true formations in attack or defence. As for the officers, they are much worse than the soldiers: their mess is nothing but an indescribably foul alcoholic den, where sodden drunkenness and filthy talk are the steady routine. They are all gamblers and debauchees; as soon as a sum of

money can be raised among them, they visit the brothel. The explanation of the beastly habits of these representatives of the Tsar is given in the novel in this wise: "Yes, they are all alike, even the best and most tender-hearted among them. At home they are splendid fathers of families and excellent husbands; but as soon as they approach the barracks they become low-minded, cowardly, and idiotic barbarians. You ask me why this is, and I answer: Because nobody can find a grain of sense in what is called military service. You know how all children like to play at war. Well, the human race has had its childhood — a time of incessant and bloody war; but war was not then one of the scourges of mankind, but a continued, savage, exultant national feast to which daring bands of youths marched forth, meeting victory or death with joy and pleasure. . . . Mankind, however, grew in age and wisdom; people got weary of the former rowdy, bloody games, and became more serious, thoughtful, and cautious. The old Vikings of song and saga were designated and treated as pirates. The soldier no longer regarded war as a bloody but enjoyable occupation, and had often to be dragged to the enemy with a noose round his neck. The former terrifying, ruthless, adored *atamens*[1] have

[1] Officers.

been changed into cowardly, cautious *tschinovnih*,[1] who get along painfully enough on never adequate pay. Their courage is of a new and quite moist kind, for it is invariably derived from the glass. Military discipline still exists, but it is based on threats and dread, and undermined by a dull, mutual hatred. . . . And all this abomination is carefully hidden under a close veil of tinsel and finery, and foolish, empty ceremonies, in all ages the charlatan's *conditio sine quâ non*. Is not this comparison of mine between the priesthood and the military caste interesting and logical? Here the *riassa* and the censer; there the gold-laced uniform and the clank of arms. Here bigotry, hypocritical humility, sighs and sugary, sanctimonious, unmeaning phrases; there the same odious grimaces, although its method and means are of another kind — swaggering manners, bold and scornful looks — 'God help the man who dares to insult me!' — padded shoulders, cock-a-hoop defiance. Both the former and the latter class live like parasites on society, and are profoundly conscious of that fact, but fear — especially for their bellies' sake — to publish it. And both remind one of certain little blood-sucking animals which eat their way most obstinately into the surface of a foreign body in proportion as it is slippery and steep."

[1] Officials.

Apart from the terrible indictment of army life and military organisation that Kuprin has given, the novel *In Honour's Name* is an interesting story with living characters. There is not a single good woman in the book: the officers' wives are licentious, unprincipled, and eaten up with social ambition. The chief female character is a subtle, clever, heartless, diabolical person, who plays on her lover's devotion in the most sinister manner, and eventually brings him to the grave by a device that startles the reader by its cold-blooded, calculating cruelty. Surely no novelists outside of Russia have drawn such evil women. The hero, Romashov, is once more the typical Russian whom we have met in every Russian novelist, a talker, a dreamer, with high ideals, harmlessly sympathetic, and without one grain of resolution or will-power. He spends all his time in aspirations, sighs, and tears — and never by any chance accomplishes anything. The author's mouthpiece in the story is the drunkard Nasanski, who prophesies of the good time of the brotherhood of man far in the future. This is to be brought about, not by the teachings of Tolstoi, which he ridicules, but by self-assertion. This self-assertion points the way to Artsybashev's *Sanin*, although in Kuprin it does not take on the form of absolute selfishness. One of Nasanski's alcoholic speeches seems to contain the doctrine of

the whole book: "Yes, a new, glorious, and wonderful time is at hand. I venture to say this, for I myself have lived a good deal in the world, read, seen, experienced, and suffered much. When I was a schoolboy, the old crows and jackdaws croaked into our ears: 'Love your neighbour as yourself, and know that gentleness, obedience, and the fear of God are man's fairest adornments.' Then came certain strong, honest, fanatical men who said: 'Come and join us, and we'll throw ourselves into the abyss so that the coming race shall live in light and freedom.' But I never understood a word of this. Who do you suppose is going to show me, in a convincing way, in what manner I am linked to this 'neighbour' of mine — damn him! who, you know, may be a miserable slave, a Hottentot, a leper, or an idiot? . . . Can any reasonable being tell me why I should crush my head so that the generation in the year 3200 may attain a higher standard of happiness? . . . Love of humanity is burnt out and has vanished from the heart of man. In its stead shall come a new creed, a new view of life that shall last to the world's end; and this view of life consists in the individual's love for himself, for his own powerful intelligence, and the infinite riches of his feelings and perceptions. . . . Ah, a time will come when the fixed belief in one's own Ego will cast its blessed beams over mankind

as did once the fiery tongues of the Holy Ghost over the Apostles' heads. Then there shall be no longer slaves and masters; no maimed or cripples; no malice, no vices, no pity, no hate. Men shall be gods. How shall I dare to deceive, insult, or illtreat another man, in whom I see and feel my fellow, who, like myself, is a god? Then, and then only, shall life be rich and beautiful.... Our daily life shall be a pleasurable toil, an enfranchised science, a wonderful music, an everlasting merrymaking. Love, free and sovereign, shall become the world's *religion*."

In considering Russian novelists of to-day, and the promise for the future, Andreev seems to be the man best worth watching — he is the most gifted artist of them all. But it is clear that no new writer has appeared in Russia since the death of Dostoevski in 1881 who can compare for an instant with the author of *Anna Karenina*, and that the great names in Russian fiction are now, as they were forty years ago, Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski. Very few long novels have been published in Russia since *Resurrection* that, so far as we can judge, have permanent value. Gorki's novels are worthless; his power, like that of Chekhov and Andreev, is seen to best advantage in the short story. Perhaps the younger school have made a mistake in studying so exclusively the abnormal.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

By Andrew Keogh

[The nine authors are in alphabetical order. The books of each are in chronological order, and include, in addition to prose fiction, all important poetical and dramatic writings. Political and religious tracts and essays are excluded. The novels of Tolstoi and of Turgenev are all accessible in English; for other authors the list includes translations into German and French, as well as into English, because many of their most important works have not yet been translated into English.]

LEONID NIKOLAEVICH ANDREEV

1871–

1898. Bargamot i Garas'ka.
Zashchita. [Defence.]
Iz zhizni sht.-kap. Kablukova. [From the life of Staff-captain Kablukov.]
Molodesh'. [Brave fellow.]

1899. Pervyĭ gonorar. [The first honorarium.]
Drug. [The friend.]
Mel'kom.
U okna. [At the window.]
Valia͡.
Pet'ka na dachie͡. [Petka in the country-house.]
Angelochek. [Little angel.]
Bol'shoĭ shlem. [A big slam.]

1900. Prazdnik. [The holiday.]
Prekrasna zhizn' dlia͡ voskresshikh. [Life is beautiful to the resurrected.]
— Life is so beautiful to the resurrected. *Current Literature*, 5 Sept. 1910.

Lozh'. [The lie.]
— Die Lüge. Deutsch von Nadja Hornstein. Dresden, 1902.
Na rieki͡e. [On the river.]
Razskaz o Sergi͡ei͡e Petrovichi͡e. [The story of Sergius Petrovich.]
Molchani͡e. [Silence.]
— Silence. Tr. by John Cournos. Philadelphia, Brown, 1908.
V temnui͡u dal'. [In the dark mist.]

1901. Gostinets. [The gift.]
Kusaka. [The biter.]
Kniga. [The book.]
Smi͡ekh. [Laughter.]
Zhili-byli. [Once upon a time.]
Sti͡ena. [The wall.]
Nabat. [The alarm bell.]
V podvali͡e. [In the cellar.]

1902. Vesnoĭ. [In spring.]
Gorod. [The city.]
Original'nyĭ cheloviek. [Queer people.]
Inostranets. [The foreigner.]
Predstoi͡ala krazha. [A burglary was expected.]
Bezdna. [The abyss.]
— Le gouffre. Tr. par S. Persky. Paris, 1903.
Mysl'. [Thought.]
— A dilemma. Tr. by John Cournos. Philadelphia, Brown, 1910.
V tumani͡e. [In the fog.]
— Im Nebel. Übers. von S. Wermer. Wien, 1903.
— Im Nebel. Aus dem Russ. Von L. A. Hauff. Berlin, 1905.

1903. Vesennïia obieshchanïia. [The promises of spring.]
Zhizn' Vasilïia Fiveĭskago. [Life of Vasilïĭ Fiveĭskiĭ.]
— Das Leben Vater Wassili Fiweiski's. Deutsch von G. Poloneki. Berlin, 1906.
Na stantsïi. [At the station.]
Marsel'eza. [The Marseillaise.]
Ben-Tovit.

1904. Niet proshcheniia. [There is no forgiveness.]
Vor. [The thief.]
Krasnyĭ smiekh. [Red laughter.]
— Das rote Lachen. Übertr. von Aug. Scholz. Berlin, 1905.
— Le rire rouge. Tr. par S. Persky. Paris, 1905.
— The red laugh. Tr. by Alexandra Linden. London, Unwin, 1905.
Prizraki. [Visions.]

1905. Khristïane. [Christians.]
Gubernator. [The Governor.]
— Der Gouverneur. Übers. von Aug. Scholz. Berlin, 1906.
— His Excellency the Governor. *Harper's Weekly*, 9 Feb. to 2 March, 1907.
— Le Gouverneur. Tr. de J. Ferenczy. Paris, 1909.
Tak bylo. [So it was.]

1906. Savva.
— Ignis sanat (Ssawa). Deutsch von O. D. Patthof. Berlin, 1906.
K zviezdam'. [To the stars.]
— Zu den Sternen. Deutsch von A. Scholz. Berlin, 1906.
— To the stars. Tr. by A. Goudiss. *Poet Lore*, Winter, 1907.

Eleasar. Novelle. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1906.

— Lazarus. *Current Literature*, May, 1907.

— Lazarus. Deutsch von R. Meckelein. (*With* Judas Ischariot. Berlin, 1909.)

1907. Iuda Iskariot i drugïe. [Judas Iscariot and the others.]

— Judas Ischariot und die andern. Übers. von Otto Buek. Berlin [1909].

— Judas Iscariot and the others. Tr. by Archibald J. Wolfe. *Sewanee Rev.*, April, 1908.

— Judas Iscariot. Tr. by W. H. Lowe. London, Griffiths, 1910.

Zhizn' chelovieka. [Life of man.]

— Das Leben der Menschen. Deutsch von A. Scholz. Berlin, 1908.

— The life of man. Tr. by M. Baring. *Oxford and Cambridge Rev.*, Midsummer, 1908; *Living Age*, 26 Sept. 1908.

Der Fluch des Tieres. Novelle. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1907.

T'ma. [Darkness.] Berlin, 1907.

1908. Razskaz o semi povieshennykh. [Story of the seven who were hanged.]

— Die sieben Gehenkten. Übers. von A. Scholz. Berlin, 1908.

— Die Geschichte von den sieben Gehenkten. Übertr. von Lully Wiebeck. München, 1909.

— The seven who were hanged. Tr. by Herman Bernstein. N.Y., Ogilvie [1909].

Chernyia maski. [The black masks.]

Dni nasheĭ zhizni. [The days of our life.]

— Studentliebe. Drama. Deutsch von C. Ritter. Berlin, 1909.

Smert chelovieka. [The death of a man.]
Korol' Golod. [King Hunger.]
Derzhite vora. [Stop thief!]
Moi zapiski. [My memoirs.]
Kliatva. [The oath.]
Liubov. [Love.]
Nächstenliebe. Schwank in 1 Akt. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1908.
Des Menschen Sohn. Erzählung. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1909.

1909. Umoristicheskie razskazy. [Humorous tales.] (In collaboration with A. I. Kuprin.)
Iz strany. [News from the country.]
Anfisa. Ein Drama. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1909.
Dushie stradavskeĭ v tiesninakh zhizni. [Of the soul that was suffering in the narrows of life.]
Anatėma. [Anathema.]
— Anathema. Tr. by Herman Bernstein. N.Y., Macmillan, 1910.
Gaudeamus. Komödie. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1910.

Andreev's collected works were published in St. Petersburg in 1901–1909 in six volumes. The following translations contain more than one work: —

Die Lüge. Ausgewählte Erzählungen. Deutsch von Nadja Hornstein. Dresden, 1902.

Es war einmal. Das Schweigen. Das Lachen. Die Lüge. Novellen. Deutsch von Stefania Goldenring. Berlin, 1902.

Der Ausländer und andere Geschichten. Deutsch von Anna Lubinow. Berlin, 1903.

Der Gedanke und andere Novellen. Übers. von Elis. und Jorik Georg. München, 1903.

Im Erdgeschoss und anderes. Berlin, 1903.
Im Nebel, und andere Novellen. Übers. von Elis. und Yorik Georg. Stuttgart, 1903.
Novellen. Aus dem Russ. von Alexis von Krusenstjerna. Leipzig, 1903.
Frühlingsversprechen und andere Geschichten. Übers. von Sonja Wermer. Wien, 1904.
Der Abgrund und andere Novellen. Übertr. von Theo. Kroczek. Halle, 1905.
Nouvelles. Tr. par Serge Persky. (Le Gouverneur. Koussaka. Le capitaine en second Kabloukof. L'étranger. Bergamote et Garaska. Le cadeau. En attendant le train. La vie est belle pour les ressuscités.) Paris, 1908.
Silence, and other stories. Tr. by W. H. Lowe. London, Griffiths, 1910.

MIKHAĬL ARTSYBASHEV

1878–

1905. Razskazy. [Tales.]
Bunt. [The revolt.]
Praporshchik Gololobov. [Ensign Gololobov.]
Smert' Lande. [The death of Lande.]
Zhena. [The wife.]
1907. Krovavoe p͡iatno. [The blood-stain.]
V derevn͡ie. [In the village.]
Muzhik i baba. [The peasant and the peasant-woman.]
Odin den'. [One day.]
Revoli͡utsioner. [The revolutionist.]
Sanin.
1908. Milli͡on. [A million.]
Razskazy. [Tales.]
1909. Svobodnai͡a li͡ubov'. [Free love.]
Spravedlivost'. [Justice.]

Skazka starago prokurora. [The story of the old attorney.]

Razskazy. [Tales.] (Contents: Muzhik i barin. [The peasant and the nobleman.] Odin den'. [One day.] Revoliutsioner. [The revolutionist.] Krovavoe piatno. [The blood-stain.] V derevnie. [In the village.] Uzhas. [Horror.].)

1910. Pasha Tumanov.

Étiudy. [Studies.] (Contents: Noch. [Night.] Schast'e. [Happiness.] Iz zhizni malen'koĭ zhenshchiny. [From the life of a little woman.] Propast'. [The abyss.] O smerti Chekhova. [The death of Chekhov.] Muzhik i barin. V derevnie. Odin den'. Na bielom sniegu. [On the white snow.] Zlodieĭ. [The villains.] Doktor. [The doctor.]

Am letzten Punkt. Roman.. (In russ. Sprache.) München, 1910.

The following translations have appeared: —

Ssanin. Deutsch von L. Wiebeck. Wien [1908].

— Übertr. von A. Villard und S. Bugow; mit einer Einleitung von A. Villard. München, 1909.

— Moderne Sittenroman Jung-Russlands. Berlin, 1909.

— Sittenroman aus den Tagen der russ. Revolution. Aus dem Russ. von L. Wiebeck. Berlin, 1909.

— Sanine. Tr. par Jacques Povolozki. Paris, 1910.

Erinnerungen eines alten Staatsanwalts, und andere Erzählungen. Aus dem Russ. von M. Flor und H. Kurz. Berlin, 1909.

Schuster Anton. Morgenschatten. Zwei Novellen. Übers. von Dr. Valerian Tornius. Leipzig, 1909.

Sturmflut. (Die Menschenwelle.) Ins Deutsche von H. Kurz. Berlin, 1909.

Millionen. Der Tod des Iwan Lande. Zwei Novellen, übertr. von André Villard und S. Bugow. München, 1909.

Revolutionsgeschichten. Deutsche Übertr. von S. Bugow und A. Villard. Mit einer Einleitung von André Villard, einer autobiograph. Skizze, und einer Porträt von M. Artzibaschew. München, 1909.

Das Weib, und andere Novellen. Berlin, 1910.

Aus dem Leben eines kleinen Mädchens und andere Novellen. Deutsch von Adolf Hess. Dresden, 1910.

Am letzten Ende. Roman. Deutsch von Adolf Hess. Berlin, 1910.

ANTON PAVLOVICH CHEKHOV

29 January (17 Jan.) 1860 to 15 July (2 July) 1904

Chekhov's collected works were published in St. Petersburg in 16 volumes in 1903. His writings are so short and numerous that it is impracticable to mention them separately here. A list of translations follows, arranged in chronological order.

Russische Leute. Geschichten aus dem Alltagsleben. Deutsch von Joh. Treumann. Leipzig, 1890.

Philosophy at home. In *Short Stories*, October, 1891.

In der Dämmerung. Skizzen und Erzählungen. Aus dem Russ. von Joh. Treumann. Leipzig, 1891.

Ennemis. *In* Les Conteurs russes modernes. Paris, 1895.

Rothschild's Geige. Deutsch von A. Brauner. *In* Russische Novellen. Leipzig, 1896.

Russische Liebelei. Novellen. Übers. von L. Flachs-Fokschaneanu. München, 1897.

Zum Irrsinn (Wahnsinn)! Übers. von O. Treyden. Berlin, 1897.

Ein Zweikampf. Übers. von Korfiz Holm. München, 1897.

The biter bit. *Temple Bar*, May, 1897.
Sorrow. *Temple Bar*, May, 1897.
Das Duell. Aus dem Russ. von C. Berger. Berlin, 1898.
Starker Tobak und andere Novellen. Übers. von Wladimir Czumikow. München, 1898.
Der Taugenichts. Erzählung einer Provinzialen. Deutsch von F. und G. Bernhard. München, 1900.
Das Schwanenlied des Komikers. Übers. von L. Flachs-Fokschaneanu. Berlin, 1901.
Les moujiks. Tr. par Denis Roche. Paris, 1901. (Les moujiks. Dans le bas-fond. Le pipeau. Vanka. Détresse. La princesse. Remords. Sur la terre étrangère. Chez la maréchale de la noblesse. Graine errante. Une fièvre typhoïde. La salle no. 6.)
Ein Sommerfrischler. Bearbeitet von A. Flachs. Berlin, 1901.
Un duel. Tr. par Henri Chirol. Paris, 1901.
Der schwarze Mönch und andere Erzählungen. Deutsch von E. Berger. Leipzig, 1901.
Ja, die Frauenzimmer! und andere Novellen. Deutsch von K. Holm. München, 1901.
Eine kunstliebende Frau und andere Erzählungen. Deutsch von E. Berger. Leipzig, 1901.
Die Möwe. Übers. von V. Czumikow. Leipzig, 1902.
Un meurtre. Tr. par Mlle. Claire Ducreux. Paris, 1902.
Schatten des Todes. Deutsch von K. Holm. München, 1902.
Onkel Wanja. Übers. von V. Czumikow. Leipzig, 1902.
Onkel Wanja. Übers. von A. Scholz. Berlin, 1902.
Drei Schwestern. Deutsch von A. Scholz. Berlin, 1902.
Drei Schwestern. Deutsch von V. Czumikow. Leipzig, 1902.
Die drei Schwestern. Für die deutsche Bühne bearbeitet von H. Stümcke. Leipzig, 1902.
Eine gottgefällige Anstalt. Deutsch von C. Berger. Berlin, 1902.

In der Passagierstube, und andere Erzählungen. Deutsch von E. Berger. Leipzig, 1902.

Verhängniss und andere Erzählungen. Aus dem Russ. von L. M. Weigandt. Berlin, 1902.

Sünde und andere Geschichten. Deutsch von N. Moehring. Berlin, 1902.

Die Möwe. Für die deutsche Bühne bearbeitet von H. Stümcke. Leipzig, 1902.

Der Bär. Ein Heiratsantrag. Übertr. von Luise Flachs-Fokschaneanu. Leipzig, 1902.

Hatschil! und andere Geschichten. 17 Kleine Erzählungen. Übers. von Josephson. Berlin, 1903.

The black monk and other stories. Tr. by R. E. C. Long. London, Duckworth, 1903. (On the way. A family council at home. In exile. Rothschild's fiddle. A father. Two tragedies. Sleepyhead. At the manor. An event. Ward No. 6.)

In exile. *Fortnightly Rev.*, September, 1903.

Die Simulanten und andere Geschichten. Berlin, 1903.

Das schwedische Streichholz und andere Geschichten. Deutsch von C. Berger. Berlin, 1903.

Aus dem Aufzeichnungen eines alten Mannes. Übers. von M. Feofonoff. Leipzig, 1903.

Ein Glücklicher, und andere Geschichten. Aus dem Russ. von E. Roth. Berlin, 1903.

Gesammelte Werke. Übers. von W. Czumikow. Jena, 1901–1904. 5 vols.

Das Kätzchen. Aus dem Russ. von K. Brauner. Wien, 1904.

Die Hexe und andere Novellen. Ubers. von Theo. Kroczek. Halle, 1904.

Weiberregiment. In der Verbannung. Irrwisch. Übers. von E. Lockenberg. Leipzig, 1905.

Im Glückesrausch und andere Novellen. Deutsch von Stefania Goldenring. Reutlingen, 1905.

Müde. Die Fürstin. Rothschild's Geige. Aus dem Russ. von S. W. Mierzinski. Leipzig, 1905.
Von der Liebe. Übers. von K. Brauner. Wien, 1905.
Street scene in Russia. *Canadian Mag.*, April, 1905.
Sleepy-eye. *Cosmopolitan Mag.*, June, 1906.
Darling. *Fortnightly Rev.*, September, 1906.
The cherry garden. Tr. by Max S. Mandell. New Haven, *Yale Courant*, 1908.
The Kiss, and other stories. Tr. by R. E. C. Long. London, Duckworth, 1908.
"Kaschtanka." Bad conduct. *New England Mag.*, January, 1909.
Bear. Tr. by Roy Temple House. N.Y., Moods Co., 1910.

ḞEDOR MIKHAÏLOVICH DOSTOEVSKĬĬ

11 November (30 Oct.) 1821 to 9 February (28 Jan.) 1881

1846. Bi͡ednye Li͡udi. [Poor folk.]
— Arme Leute. Aus dem Russ. von A. L. Hauff. Dresden, 1887.
— Poor folk. N.Y., Harper, 1887.
— Les pauvres gens. Tr. par Victor Derély. Paris [1888].
— Poor folk. Tr. by Lena Milman. London, Mathews, 1894; Boston, Roberts, 1894.
Dvoĭnik. [The Double.]
— Der Doppelgänger. Aus dem Russ. von L. A. Hauff. Berlin [1889].
— Le Double. Tr. par J. W. Bienstock et L. Werth. Paris, 1906.
Gospodin Prokharchin. [Mr. Prokharchin.]
— Herr Prochartschin. Deutsch von F. O. Maksimow. Leipzig [1889].

1847. Roman v deviâti pis'makh. [A novel in nine letters.]

— Roman en neuf lettres. Tr. du russe par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky et Ch. Morice. Paris [1888]. *In* Celle d'un autre, *infra.*

— Ein Roman in neun Briefen. Berlin, 1896.

Khoziaĭka. [The landlady.]

— L'esprit souterrain. Tr. et adapté par E. Halpérine et Ch. Morice. Paris [1886].

— Die Unbekannte. Übers. von L. A. Hauff. Berlin [1890].

1848. Polzunkov.

Slaboe Serdtse. [A Weak Heart.]

— Ein schwaches Herz. Deutsch von H. Roskoschny. Berlin [1888].

— Cœur faible. Tr. par E. Halpérine. Paris, 1892. *In* Les étapes de la folie.

Chuzhaia zhena. [The wife of another.]
Revnivyĭ muzh. [The jealous husband.]
} In 1865 these two stories were combined under the title Chuzhaia zhena i muzh pod krovat'iu. [The wife of another and the man under the bed.]

— La femme d'un autre. Tr. par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky. Paris, 1888.

— Celle d'un autre. Tr. par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky. 2. éd. Paris [1888].

— Die fremde Frau und der Mann unterm Bett. München, 1908.

Chestnyĭ vor. [The honest thief.]

— Un voleur honnête. Paris [1888]. *In* Celle d'un autre, *supra.*

— Aufzeichnungen eines Unbekannten. Leipzig, 1888. *In* Herr Prochartschin, *supra.*
— L'honnête voleur. Paris, 1892.
— Ein ehrlicher Dieb. München, 1908. *In* Die fremde Frau, *supra.*
Elka i svad'ba. [The Christmas tree and the wedding.]
— L'arbre de Noël. Paris [1886]. *In* Krotkaia, *infra.*
— L'arbre de Noël des pauvres petits. Paris, 1896. *In* Golschmann et Jaubert, L'âme russe.
Biel'ïa nochi. [White nights.]
— Le joueur et Les nuits blanches. Tr. par E. Halpérine. Paris [1887].
— Weisse Nächte. Aus dem Russ. von A. Hauff. Berlin [1888].
— Helle Nächte. Leipzig [1890].

1849. Netochka Nezvanova.
— Jesimow. [Part 1 of Netochka.] *In* Jürgen's Russ. Novellenbuch, 1886.
— Nettchen Neswanow. Berlin [1889].
— Âme d'enfant. Tr. par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky. Paris [1890].

1857. Malen'ïï geroï. [The little hero.]
— Le petit héros. Paris, 1886. *In* Krotkaia, *infra.*

1859. Diudiushkin son. [Uncle's dream.]
— Uncle's dream and The permanent husband. Tr. by F. Whishaw. London, Vizetelly, 1888.
— Des Onkels Traum. Aus dem Russ. von L. A. Hauff. Leipzig, 1889.
— Le rêve de l'oncle. Tr. par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky. Paris [1895].
Selo Stepanchikovo. [Stepanchikovo village.]

— The friend of the family, and The gambler London, Vizetelly, 1887.
— Tollhaus oder Herrenhaus? Aus dem Russ von L. A. Hauff. Berlin [1890].

1861–1862. Zapiski iz mertvago doma. [Memoirs of house of the dead.]
— Buried alive. Tr. by Marie von Philo London, N.Y., 1881.
— Aus dem todten Hause. Frei nach der Russ. Dresden, 1886.
— Souvenirs de la maison des morts. Tr. pa E. M. de Vogüé. Paris, 1886.
— Prison life in Siberia. Tr. par H. S. Ed wards. London, N.Y., 1887.
— Memoiren aus einem Totenhaus. Übers von Hans Moser. Leipzig, 1890.
— Erinnerungen aus dem todten Hause Übers. von L. A. Hauff. Berlin, 1890.
Unicizhennye i oskorblenye. [Humiliated an insulted.]
— Humiliés et offensés. Tr. par Ed. Hum bert. Paris, 1884.
— Erniedrigte und Beleidigte. Übers. vo Konst. Jürgens. Berlin, 1885.
— Injury and insult. Tr. by F. Whishav London, Vizetelly, 1886.

1862. Skvernïi anekdot. [A bad story.]
— Eine heikle Geschichte. Deutsch von Aug Scholz. Berlin, 1889.

1863. Zimnïia zamietki o lietnikh o vpechatlieniiakh [Winter meditations on summer impres sions.]

1864. Zapiski iz podpol'ia. [Memoirs of the slums.
— L'esprit souterrain. Paris, 1886. *In* Th landlady, *supra*.

— Aus dem dunkelsten Winkel der Grossstadt[: the last five chapters of the Memoirs]. Berlin, 1895.

— Le sous-sol, suivi de deux nouvelles inédites. Tr. par J. W. Bienstock. Paris, 1909.

1865. Krokodil. [The crocodile.]

1866. Prestuplenïe i nakazanïe. [Crime and punishment.]

— Raskolnikow. Übers. von Wilh. Henkel. Leipzig, 1882.

— Le crime et le châtiment. Tr. par Victor Derély. Paris, 1884.

— Crime and punishment. London, Vizetelly, 1886.

— Schuld und Sühne. Leipzig, 1888.

— Crime et châtiment. Drame en 7 tableaux, tiré par Paul Ginisty et Hugues Le Roux du roman. Paris, 1889.

— Raskolnikow's Schuld und Sühne. Deutsch von P. Styczynski. Berlin [1891].

— Raskolnikow; oder, Schuld und Sühne. Übers. von A. Kotulski. Berlin [1907].

1867. Igrok. [The gambler.]

— The gambler. London, 1887. *In* Friend of the family, *supra*.

— Le joueur, et Les nuits blanches. Tr. par E. Halpérine. Paris, 1887.

— Der Spieler. Aus dem Russ. von A. Scholz. Berlin, 1888.

1868. Idïot.

— L'idiot. Tr. par Victor Derély. Paris, 1887.

— The idiot. Tr. by F. Whishaw. London, Vizetelly, 1887.

— Der Idiot. Deutsch von Aug. Scholz. Berlin, 1889.

— Aufzeichnungen eines Schwindsüchtigen. [From The idiot.] Berlin, 1891.

1870. Viechnyi muzh. [The eternal husband.]

— The permanent husband. London, 1888. *In* Uncle's dream, *supra*.

— Der Hahnrei. Deutsch von Aug. Scholz. Berlin, 1888.

— Der Gatte. Deutsch von Aug. Scholz. Berlin, 1889.

— L'éternel mari. Tr. par N. Halpérine-Kaminsky. Paris, 1896.

1871–1872. Biesy. [Possessed by devils.]

— Les possédés. Tr. par Victor Derély. Paris, 1886.

— Die Besessenen. Deutsch von Hub. Putze. Dresden, 1888.

1875. Podrostok. [The Hobbledehoy.]

— Junger Nachwuchs. Übers. von W. Stein. Leipzig, 1886.

— Un adolescent. Tr. par J. W. Bienstock et F. Féneon. Paris, 1902.

— Ein Werdender. Deutsch von Korfiz Holm. München, 1905.

1876–1877. Dnevniak pisatelia. [Diary of a writer.] (Began in January, 1876, as a monthly, but its regular appearance stopped with the December number of 1877. A number was issued in August, 1880, and another, the last, in January, 1881.)

— Journal d'un écrivain. Tr. par J. W. Bienstock et J. A. Nau. Paris, 1904.

— Krotkaïa. Tr. par E. Halpérine. Paris, 1886. (From the Diary for 1876.)

— Krotkaja. Deutsch von M. von Bröndsted. Dresden, 1887.

— Noël russe. Tr. par J. Grzybowski et Émile Asse. Chateaudun, 1894. (From the Diary.)

1879–1880. Brat'ia Karamazovy. [The Brothers Karamazov.]

— Die Brüder Karamasow. Leipzig, 1884.

— Les frères Karamazov. Tr. et adapté par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky et Ch. Morice. Paris, 1888.

— Les précoces. Tr. par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky. (From Part 4 of the Brothers Karamazov.) Paris, 1889.

— Les frères Karamazov. Tr. par J. W. Bienstock et Charles Torquet. Paris, 1906.

Dostoevskiĭ's collected works were published in St. Petersburg in 1885–1886 in 6 volumes, and in 1894–1895 in 12 volumes.

NIKOLAĬ VASIL'EVICH GOGOL'

31 March (19 Mar.) 1809 to 4 March (21 Feb.) 1852

1829. Hans Küchelgarten. (Gogol suppressed this.)

1829–1831. Vechera na khutorie bliz Dikan'ki. [Evenings on the farm near the Dikanka.]

Part 1. Sorochinskaia iarmarka. [The fair of Sorochinska.] 1830.

Vecher nakanunie Ivana Kupala. [St. John's Eve.] 1829.

Maĭskaia noch' ili utoplennitsa. [A night in May; or, the drowned woman.] 1829.

— A May evening. *Cosmopolitan Mag.*, May, 1887.

Propavshaia gramota. [The lost document.] 1831.

Part 2. Noch pered Rozhdestvom. [The night before Christmas.] 1831.
— On Christmas Eve. Tr. by F. Volkhovsky. *Free Russia*, vol. 10, no. 12.
Strashnaia mest'. [A horrible revenge.] 1831.
Ivan Fedorovich Shpon'ka i ego tetushka. [Ivan Fedorovich Shpon'ka and his aunt.] 1831.
Zakoldovannoe miesto. [The enchanted spot.] 1831.
— Les veillées de l'Ukraine. Tr. par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky. Paris, 1890.

1830. Ostranitsa.

1831–1833. Nachatyia poviesti. [Unfinished tales.]

1831–1833. Mirgorod.

Part 1. Starosvietskïe pomieshchiki. [Old-fashioned farmers.] 1832.
Taras Bulba. 1834.
— Taras Bulba. Aus dem Russ. von W. Lange. Leipzig [1878].
— Tarass Boulba. Tr. par L. Viardot. Paris, 1853.
— Taras Bulba. Tr. by Isabel F. Hapgood. N.Y., Crowell [1886].
— Taras Bulba. Tr. by Jeremiah Curtin. N.Y., Alden, 1888.

Part 2. Viĭ. 1833.
Poviest' o tom, kak possorilsia Ivan Ivanovich s Ivanom Nikiforovichem. [How Ivan Ivanovich quarrelled with Ivan Nikiforovich.] 1831.

— Wie Iwan Iwanowitsch sich mit Iwan Nikiforowitsch verun-einigte. *In* R. Lippert's Nordisches Novellenbuch. Leipzig, 1846.

1831–1835. Arabeski. (The two parts include the following fiction.)

Glava iz istoricheskago romana. [A chapter from a historical romance.] 1830.

Portret. [The portrait.] 1835.

— The portrait. *Blackwood's Mag.* Oct., 1847; *Living Age*, Nov., 1847.

Nevskiĭ prospekt. 1834.

— Der Nevski-Prospect. *Pentameron*, vol. 3. Leipzig, 1868.

Pliennik. [The Captive, a fragment of a historical novel.] 1830.

Zapiski sumashedshago. [Memoirs of a madman.] 1834.

— Memoiren eines Wahnsinnigen. München, 1886.

— A madman's diary. *In* E. L. Voynich's The humour of Russia. London, 1895.

1835. Koli͡aska. [The carriage.]

Al'fred. [Alfred. The beginning of a tragedy from English history.]

1836. Utro di͡elovogo chelovi͡eka. [The morning of a business man.]

Teatral' nyĭ razi͡ezd posli͡e novoĭ komedii. [On the way home from the theatre after a new comedy.]

Peterburgskiĭa zapiski. [Memoirs of St. Petersburg.]

— Petersburger Skizzen. Übers. von H. Gerschmann. Berlin, 1903.

Nos. [The Nose.]
— Le nez. *In* Golschmann's L'âme russe. Paris, 1896.
Revizor. [The inspector-general.]
— Revisor. Tr. par Marmier. Paris, 1853. *In* Les deux héritages.
— L'inspecteur en tournée. Neuchâtel, 1874.
— Revisór. Tr. par Challandes. Paris, 1875.
— Der Revisor. Deutsch von W. Lange. Leipzig [1881].
— Der Revisor. Übers. von N. Tichonrawow. Halle, 1894.
— The inspector. Tr. by T. Hart-Davies. Calcutta, 1890; London, Thacker, 1892.
— The inspector-general. Tr. by A. A. Sykes. London, Scott [1892].
— Revisor. Tr. par E. Gothi. Paris, 1893.
— Revizór. Tr. for the Yale Dramatic Association by Max S. Mandell. New Haven, 1908.

1839. Shinel'. [The mantle.]
— Le manteau. Tr. par X. Mérimée. *In* Au bord de la Néva. Paris, 1856.
— Der Mantel. *In* Russische Geschichten. Dresden, 1883.
— The cloak. *Short Stories*, 1891.
Zhenit'ba. [Marriage.]
— Marriage. *In* E. L. Voynich's The humour of Russia. London, 1895.

1840. Rim.

1842. Tiazhba. [The lawsuit.]
Lakeĭskaia. [The ante-chamber.]
Otryvok. [The fragment.]

1846. Pokhozhdenïe Chichikova ili Mertvyia dushi. [Chichikov's Journeys; or, Dead souls.]

— Die todten Seelen; übertr. von P. Löbenstein. Leipzig, 1846.

— Home life in Russia. London, Hurst, 1854.

— Les âmes mortes. Tr. par E. Moreau. Paris, 1858.

— Les âmes mortes. Tr. par E. Charrière. Paris, 1859.

— Tchitchikoff's Journeys; or, Dead Souls. Tr. by Isabel F. Hapgood. N.Y., Crowell [1886].

— Dead souls. London, Vizetelly, 1887.

— Dead Souls. London, Maxwell, 1887.

Gogol's collected works were first issued in St. Petersburg in 1842; in 1901 the 16th edition was issued in 12 volumes.

The following collected translations have been published:

Nouvelles russes. Tr. par L. Viardot. Paris, 1845.

Russische Novellen. Nach L. Viardot übertr. von H. Bode. Leipzig, 1846. (Taras Bulba. Der König der Erdgeister. Das Tagebuch eines Narren. Ein Bild der guten alten Zeit. Die Kalesche.)

Cossack tales. Tr. by George Tolstoy. London [1860]. (The night of Christmas Eve. Tarass Boolba.)

Altväterische Leute, und andere Erzählungen. Deutsch von J. Meixner. Stuttgart, 1882.

Kleinrussische Landeleute. *In* Russische Geschichten. Dresden, 1883.

Phantasien und Geschichten. Deutsch von W. Lange und P. Löbenstein. Leipzig, 1883. (Der Mantel. Die Nacht vor Weihnachten. Der Hader zweier Mirgoroder Grössen. Eine Mainacht. Die Nase. Ein Landjunker. Der König der Erdgeister. Der Zauberer. Memoiren eines Wahnsinnigen.)

St. John's Eve, and other stories; from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. N.Y., Crowell [1886]. (Old-fash-

ioned farmers. How Ivan Ivanovitch quarrelled. The portrait. The cloak.)

Taras Bulba: also St. John's Eve, and other stories. London, Vizetelly, 1887.

Kleinrussische Landeleute. Der Mantel. Die Mainacht. Dresden, 1891.

The Cloak, The portrait, and Old-fashioned farmers. *In* Gréville's Wayward Dosia. Chicago, 1891.

Contes et nouvelles. La terrible vengeance. Le nez. Mémoires d'un fou. La place ensorcelée. Tr. par H. Chirol. Paris, 1899.

Evenings in Little Russia. Tr. by Edna W. Underwood and Wm. H. Cline. Evanston, 1903. (The fair of Sorotchinetz. An evening in May. Midsummer evening.)

MAKSIM GOR'KĬĬ

Aleksiĕĭ Maksimovich Pieshkov
26 March (14 Mar.) 1869

1892. Makar Chudra.

— Makar Chudra. Tr. by M. Mojaysky. *Monthly Review*, November, 1901.

O chizhiĕ, kotoryĭ lgal, i o diatliĕ-liubiteliĕ istiny. [About the lying greenfinch and the woodpecker who loved the truth.]

1893. Emel'ian Piliaĭ.

1894. Died Arkhip i Len'ka. [Grandfather Arkhip and Lenka.]

1894–1895. Chelkash.

— Tchelkache. Tr. by Katherine Wylde. *Fortnightly Rev.*, December, 1901; *Living Age*, 25 January, 1902.

1895. Starukha Izergil'. [The old woman Izergil.]

Odnazhdy osen'iu. [It happened once in autumn.]

Oshibka. [A mistake.]
Na soli. [In the salt works.]
Skazka. [A fairy tale.]
O malen'koĭ feíe i molodom chabaníe. [The little fairy and the young shepherd.]
Na Chernomor'íe. [On the Black Sea.]

1896. Na plotakh. [On a raft.]
Moĭ sputnik. [My fellow traveller.]
Díelo s zastezhkami. [The affair with the clasps.]
Piesnía o sokolía. [The song of the falcon.]
— The song of the falcon. Tr. by E. J. Dillon. *Contemporary Rev.*, March, 1902; *Everybody's Mag.*, September, 1905.
Boles'. [Suffering.]
Toska. [Heartache.]
— Spleen. Deutsch von Korfiz Holm. München, 1906.
Konovalov.
— Konovalov. Paris, 1905.
Khan i ego syn. [The Khan and his son.]
— The Khan and his son. *Monthly Rev.*, February, 1902.
Vyvod. [The conclusion.]

1897. Suprugi Orlovy. [The Orlov couple.]
— The Orloff couple. Tr. by Emily Jakowleff and Dora B. Montefiore. London, Heinemann, 1901.
— Orloff and his wife. Tr. by Isabel F. Hapgood. N.Y., Scribner, 1902.
— Orlow und seine Frau. Übers. von L. A. Hauff. Berlin, 1902.
— Die Orlows. Berlin, 1903.
— Das Ehepaar. Deutsch von Anna Lubinow. Berlin, 1903.

— Ehepaar Orlow. Aus dem Russ. von Stefania Goldenring. Berlin, 1903.

Byvshĭ lĭudi.

— Creatures that once were men. Tr. by J. K. M. Shirazi. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. London, Rivers, 1905.

Ozornik. [The insolent man.]

Varen'ka Olesova.

— Ein junges Mädchen. Deutsch von L. M. Wiegandt. Dresden, 1901.

— Warenjka Olessowa. Deutsch von Elis. und Yorik Georgy. Leipzig, 1902.

— Ein wildes Mädchen. Übers. von Stefania Goldenring. Berlin, 1902.

— Varenka Olessova. Tr. par S. Kikina et P. G. La Chesnais. Paris, 1902.

— Warenka Olëssowa. Deutsch von Eugenie Chmielnitzky. Berlin, 1903.

— A naughty girl. London, Maclaren, 1905.

Tovarishchi. [Comrades.]

— Comrades! *Craftsman*, December, 1906.

— Comrades. London, Hodder, 1907.

V stepi. [In the steppe.]

— Dans la steppe. Tr. par S. M. Persky. Paris [1901].

Malva.

— Malwa. Übers. von L. M. Wiegandt. Berlin, 1901.

— The Orloff couple and Malva. Tr. by E. Jakowleff and D. B. Montefiore. London, Heinemann, 1901.

— Malwa. Aus dem Russ. von Theo. Kroczek. Berlin, 1905.

— Malva. Paris, 1905.

Iarmarka v Goltvie. [The fair in Goltva.]

Zazubrina.

— Der grüne Kater. Übers. von Stefania Goldenring. Dresden, 1901.

Skuki radi. [To while away the time.]

1898. Kain i Artem. [Cain and Artem.]

— Cain et Artème. Tr. de S. M. Persky. Paris, 1901.

Druzhki. [Chums.]

Prokhodimets. [The sharper.]

Chitatel. [The reader.]

— The reader. *Poet Lore*, Summer, 1904.

1899. Kirilka.

O chortïe. [About the devil.]

— The devil. Tr. by Leo Wiener. *National Mag.*, November, 1901.

Eshche o chortïe. [Again about the devil.]

Vas'ka krasnyĭ. [Red Vaska.]

Foma Gordïeev.

— Thomas Gordeieff. Tr. par Mme. B. Marinovitch. Paris [1901].

— Foma Gordjejew. Übers. von Klara Brauner. Stuttgart, 1901.

— Fomá Gordyéeff. Tr. by Isabel F. Hapgood. N.Y., Scribner, 1901.

— Foma Gordeyev. Tr. by H. Bernstein. N.Y., Ogilvie, 1901.

— Man who was afraid. Tr. by Herman Bernstein. London, Unwin, 1905.

Dvadtsat shest i odna. [Twenty-six men and a girl.]

— Twenty-six men and a girl. Tr. by Emily Jakowleff and Dora B. Montefiore. London, Duckworth, 1902.

1900. The peasants.

Troe. [Three.]

— Three men. Tr. by Charles Horne. London, Isbister, 1902.
— Three of them. Tr. by A. Linden. London, Unwin, 1902.
— Les trois. Tr. par Henry Martel. Paris, 1902.
— Die Drei. Aus dem Russ. von Mich. Feofanoff. Leipzig, 1902.
— Drei Menschen. Aus dem Russ. von Aug. Scholz. Berlin, 1902.
Na dnie. [On the bottom.]
— Verlorene Leute. Deutsch von A. Scholz. Berlin, 1901.
— Im Asyl für Obdachlose. Deutsch von Laura Feil. Berlin, 1902.
— Nachtasyl. Deutsch von August Scholz. München, 1903.
— Gesunkene Leute. Aus dem Russ. von Stefania Goldenring. Berlin, 1903.
— Dans les bas-fonds. Tr. de M. E. Séménoff. Paris, 1903.
— Dans les bas-fonds. Tr. par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky. Paris, 1905.

1901. Aforismy. [Aphorisms.]

1902. Mieshchane. [The middle class.]
— Die Kleinbürger. Szenen im Hause Bessjemenows. Deutsch von August Scholz. Berlin, 1902.
— Les petits bourgeois (La famille Bezséménoff). Tr. par E. Séménoff et E. Smirnow. Paris, 1902.
— The smug citizen. Tr. by Edwin Hopkins. *Poet Lore*, Winter, 1906.

1903. Chelovieк. [Man.]
— Man. *Monthly Review*, March, 1905.

— The march of man. *Cosmopolitan Mag.*, July, 1905.

1904. Dachniki. [Summer-folk.]

— Hôtes d'été. Tr. par S. Persky. Paris, 1905.

— Sommergäste. Deutsch von August Scholz. Berlin, 1906.

Krov'. [Blood.]

Tîur'ma. [The prison.]

— Im Gefängniss. Übertr. von Julie Goldbaum. Wien, 1905.

— En prison. Tr. par S. Persky. Paris, 1905.

— In prison. *Albany Review*, October–November, 1907.

Razskaz' Filippa Vasil'evicha. [A story by Philip Vasil'evich.]

— Philip Vasilyevich's story. *Independent*, 7 September, 1905.

1905. Bukoemov', Karp' Ivanovich.

Dîeti solntsa. [The children of the sun.]

— The children of the sun. Tr. by Archibald John Wolfe. *Poet Lore*, Summer, 1906.

— Kinder der Sonne. Übers. von Alexander von Huhn. Berlin, 1906.

Pîesnîa o burevîestnikîe. [Song of the storm herald.]

— L'annonciateur de la tempête. Tr. par E. Séménoff. Paris, 1905.

— L'annonciateur des tempêtes. Tr. par E. M. de Vogüé (*in his* Maxime Gorky. Paris, 1905).

1906. Varvary. [The barbarians.]

— Barbaren. Deutsch von Ilse Frapan-Akunian. Berlin [1906].

Moe interv'îu. [My interviews.]
I. Korol', kotoryĭ vysoko derzhit'. [The king who holds high his standard.]
II. Prekrasnaîa Frantsîîa. [Beautiful France.]
— La belle France. *Independent*, 19 Sept. 1907.
III. Tsar. [The Czar.]
IV. Odin' iz' koroleĭ respublik. [One of the kings of the republic.]
V. Zhrets' morali. [The priest of morals.]
V' Amerikîe. Ocherki. [In America. Sketches.]
I. Gorod zheltago d'îavola. [The city of the yellow devil.]
II. Tsarstvo skuki. [The kingdom of ennui.]
— Boredom. *Independent*, 8 Aug. 1907.
III. Mov'. [The mob.]
— Mob. *Cosmopolitan Mag.*, November, 1906.
IV. Charli Mėn. [Charlie Mann.]
Mat'. [Mother.]
— Mother. *Appleton's Mag.*, December, 1906.
— Mother. N.Y., Appleton, 1907.
— Die Mutter. Übers. von Adolf Hess. Berlin, 1907.
— La mère. Tr. par S. Persky. Paris, 1907.
Vragi. [The enemies.]
— Die Feinde. Deutsch von O. D. Potthof. Berlin, 1906.
1907. Der 9. Januar. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1907.
1908. Posliednïe. [The last ones.]

— Die Letzten. Deutsch von Carl Ritter. Berlin, 1910.

Ispovied. [A confession.]

— Eine Beichte. Übers. von August Scholz. Berlin, 1909.

— Une confession. Tr. par S. Persky. Paris, 1909.

— A confession. London, Everett, 1910.

Tronulo.

Zhizn' menuzhnago chelovi͡eka. [The life of a useless man.]

— The spy. The story of a superfluous man. Tr. by Thos. Seltzer. N.Y., Huebsch, 1908.

— L'espion. Tr. par Serge Persky. Paris, 1910.

Soldaten. Skizzen. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1908.

1909. Li͡eto. [Summer.]

1910. Gorodok' Okurov'. Khronika. [Chronicle of the little town of Okurov.]

Chudaki. [Queer fellows.]

Kinder. Ein Schwank. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1910.

Sonderlinge. Drama. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1910.

Matwej Koschemjakin. Roman. (In russ. Sprache.) Berlin, 1910.

Gorki's collected stories were published in 6 volumes in St. Petersburg in 1903. The following collected translations have been published: —

Erzählungen. Übers. von Mich. Feofanoff. 6 vols., Leipzig, 1901–1902.

Ausgewählte Erzählungen. Deutsch von A. Scholz. 7 vols., Berlin, 1901–1902.

Ausgewählte Werke. Deutsch von P. Jakofleff und C. Berger. 6 vols., Leipzig, 1901–1907.

Das Opfer der Langeweite. Die Sonne der Kerkerlinge. Der rote Waska. Deutsch von C. Berger. Berlin, 1901.

Ein sonderbarer Leser. Wanderungen eines Teufels. Deutsch von P. Jakofleff. Leipzig, 1901.

Mein Reisegefährte und zwei andere Erzählungen. Übers. von H. Mexin und Ph. Losch. Leipzig, 1901.

Tschelkasch. Bolesy. Lied vom Falken. Deutsch von C. Berger, Leipzig, 1901.

Orloff and his wife. Tales of the barefoot brigade. (Konováloff. The Khan and his son. The exorcism. Men with pasts. The insolent man. Várenka Olesoff. Comrades.) Tr. by Isabel F. Hapgood. N.Y., Scribner, 1901.

Les déchus; le ménage Orlov; les ex-hommes. Tr. par S. Kikina et P. G. La Chesnais. Paris, 1901.

Zwei Novellen (Malwa. Konowalow). Übers. von Klara Brauner. Stuttgart, 1901.

Dans la steppe. Récits de la vie des vagabonds. Tr. par S. M. Persky. Paris, 1902. (Dans la steppe. Grand-père Arkhip et Lenka. Le chant du faucon. Yémélian Pilaïe. Le Khan et son fils. Sasoubrina. Makar Tchoudra. Vingt-six et une. La vieille Iserguile.)

Twenty-six and one, and other stories. Tr. by Ivan Strannik. N.Y., Taylor & Co., 1902. (Twenty-six and one. Tchelkache. Malva.)

Tales from Gorky. Tr. by R. Nisbet Bain. N.Y., Funk & Wagnalls, 1902. (In the steppe. Twenty-six of us and one other. One autumn night. A rolling stone. The green kitten. Comrades. Her lover. Chelkash. Chums.)

L'Angoisse et autres nouvelles. Tr. par S. Kikina et P. G. La Chesnais. Paris, 1902.

Sechs und zwanzig und eine und andere Erzählungen. Übers. von L. M. Weigandt. Berlin, 1902.

Ehemalige Leute. In der Steppe. Freunde. Deutsch von C. Berger. Berlin, 1902.

Kain und Artem und andere Geschichten. Deutsch von J. Aisinmann. Berlin, 1902.

Der Hallunke und andere Geschichten. Deutsch von N. Skyrin. Berlin, 1902.

The outcasts and other stories. London, Unwin, 1902.

Der Vagabund und andere Erzählungen. Übers. von F. Bertuch. Leipzig, 1902.

Malwa. Die Geschichte eines Verbrechens. Deutsch von F. Bertuch. Leipzig, 1902.

Wania. Récits de la vie russe. Tr. par S. M. Persky. Paris, 1902.

Ein Verbrechen und andere Geschichten. Deutsch von Korfiz Holm. München, 1902.

Tschelkasch. Malva. Yemeljan Pilaj. Deutsch von Wilh. Thal. Berlin, 1902.

Die rote Waska und andere Novellen. Übers. von Stefania Goldenring. Berlin, 1902.

Twenty-six men and a girl. Chelkash. My fellow traveller. On a raft. Tr. by Emily Jakowleff and Dora B. Montefiore. London, Duckworth, 1902.

Gram und Anderes. Aus dem Russ. von Anna Schapire. Berne, 1902.

Tschelkasch und Anderes. Berlin, 1903.

Der Vagabund. Malwa. Die Geschichte mit dem Silberschloss. Deutsch von Stefania Goldenring. Berlin, 1903.

Mein Reisegefährte und andere Novellen. Übertr. von Theo. Kroczek. Halle, 1903.

Der Vagabund und andere Novellen. Übertr. von Theo. Kroczek. Halle, 1903.

Zigeuner und andere Geschichten. Deutsch von Korfiz Holm. München, 1903.

Der Barfüssler. Tschelkasch. Deutsch von Erich Holm. Berlin, 1903.

Blaue Funken. Grossvater Archipp und Ljonka. Malwa. Deutsch von C. Berger. Berlin, 1903.

Die Geschichte eines Verbrechens und andere Geschichten. Übers. von Josephsohn. Berlin, 1903.

Kain und Artem. Jemeljan Pilay. Ausfahrt. Sasubrina. Das Lied vom Sturmvogel. Der Chan und sein Sohn. Einmal im Herbst. Die Holzflösser. Deutsch von C. Berger. Berlin, 1903.

Von der Landstrasse und Anderes. Aus dem Russ. von Theo. Kroczek. Halle, 1903.

Tales; from the Russian by C. Alexandroff. N.Y., Int. Library Co., 1903.

Ausgewählte Werke. Deutsch von C. Berger. 6 vols., Berlin, 1903.

Ausgewählte Erzählungen. Deutsch von A. Scholz. 6 vols., Berlin, 1903–1906.

Gesammelte Werke. 64 Liefgn. Berlin, 1903–1904.

Ein Abenteuer und andere Novellen. Übers. von Klara Brauner. Wien, 1904.

Auswahl aus seiner Schriften. Hrsg. von Aug. Scholz. Stuttgart, 1904.

Die alte Isergil und andere Erzählungen. Übertr. von Alexis von Krusenstjerna. Leipzig, 1904.

L'amour mortel, suivi de Vaska le Rouge, Dans la nuit. Paris, 1905.

Gefallenes Volk. Im Gram. Aus dem Russ. von Theo. Kroczek. Berlin, 1905.

Der rote Waska und andere Novellen. Übers. von Stefania Goldenring. Berlin, 1905.

Konowalow. Tschelkasch. Aus dem Russ. von Theo. Kroczek. Berlin, 1905.

Der Tunichtgut und andere Erzählungen. Deutsch von Alexis von Krusenstjerna. Leipzig, 1905.

Der Mensch und Das Lied vom Falken. Deutsch von M. Abel. Berlin, 1905.

Heartache, and The old woman Izerofel. London, Maclaren, 1905.

Konowalow. Grossvater Archip. Übertr. von Alexis von Krusenstjerna. Leipzig, 1906.

Novellen und Skizzen. Graz, 1906.

The individualists. Cain and Artème. Strange companion. London, Maclaren, 1906.

Ein Verbrechen und andere Erzählungen. Übers. von Theo. Kroczek. Berlin, 1907.

Esclaves: nouvelles. Tr. par S. Persky. Paris, 1908.

Boles und Anderes. Aus dem Russ. von Eug. Chmielnitsky. Berlin, 1910.

ALEKSANDR IVANOVICH KUPRIN

1870–

1903. Razskazy. [Tales.]
Konokrady. [Horse thieves.]
Trus. [The coward.]
Mïrnoe zhitïe. [A peaceful life.]

1905. Poldinok. [The duel.]

1907. Slon. [The elephant.]
Alesi͡a.

1908. Na pokoi͡e. [In retirement.]
Morskai͡a boli͡ezn′. [Seasickness.]
Di͡etskïe razskazy. [Stories for children.]
Uchenik. [The young student.]
Osennïe tsvi͡ety. [The flowers of autumn.]
Posli͡ednee slovo. [The last word.]

1909. Lavry. [Laurels.]
Umoristicheskïe razskazy. [Humorous tales. (In collaboration with L. M. Andreev).

1910. Tost. [The toast.]
Shtabs-kapitan Rybnikov. [Staff-captain Rybnikov.]
Rieka zhizni. [The river of life.]
S' ulitsy. [From the street.]

Kuprin's works have been collected in 6 volumes, St. Petersburg, 1910. The following translations have been published: —

Erzählungen. Übers. von Heinrich Harff. Stuttgart, 1904.
Der Moloch und andere Novellen. Aus dem Russ. von Jenny Herzmark. Wien, 1907.
Das Freudenhaus. Deutsch von Siegfried Brauner. Berlin, 1910.
Das Duell. Übers. von Adolf Hess. Stuttgart, 1905.
Das Duell. Berlin, 1909.
Une petite garnison russe. Tr. par Serge Nidoine et P. Yalb. Paris, 1905.
In honour's name. Tr. by W. F. Harvey. London, Everett, 1907.
Olessia. London, Sisley, 1908.
Die Gruft. Aus dem Russ. von C. Philips. München, 1910.
Et Salomon aima. Tr. par le comte R. Kapnist. Paris, 1910.

LEV NIKOLAEVICH TOLSTOĬ

9 September (28 Aug.) 1828 to 20 November (7 Nov.) 1910

1852. Dietsvo. [Childhood.]
Utro pomieshchika. [A morning of a landed proprietor.]
Kazaki. [The Cossacks.]
Nabieg. [The invaders.]
1854. Unost'. [Boyhood.]
1855. Rubka liesa. [The cutting of the forest.]
1855–1856. Sevastopol.

1856.	Vstriêcha v otriadiê s moskovskim znakomym. [Meeting a Moscow acquaintance at the front.]
	Dva gusara. [Two hussars.]
	Zapiski markera. [Memoirs of a marker.]
1857.	Otrochestvo. [Youth.]
	Albert.
	Iz zapisok kniazia D. Nekhliudova. [From the memoirs of Prince Nekhliudov.]
1859.	Tri smerti. [Three deaths.]
	Semeĭnoe schastïe. [Family happiness.]
1860.	Polikushka.
1861.	Kholstomêr. [The linen measurer.]
1864–1869.	Voĭna i mir. [War and peace.]
1873–1876.	Anna Karenina.
1878.	Dekabristy. [The Decembrists.]
1881.	Chêm liudi zhivy. [What men live by.]
1884.	The three hermits.
1885.	Upustish' ogon', ne potushish'. [Neglect the fire, and you cannot put it out.]
	Svêchka. [The candle.]
	Dva starika. [Two old men.]
	Gdê liubov' tam i Bog. [Where love is, there God is also.]
	Skazka ob Ivanê Durakê. [Story of Ivan the Fool.]
1886.	Smert' Ivana Il'icha. [The death of Ivan Il'itch.]
	Narodnyia legendy. [Popular legends.]
	Vlast' t'my. [The power of darkness.]
	Nicholas Stick.
1889.	Plody prosvêshchenïia. [Fruits of enlightenment.]
1890.	Khodite v sbêtê poka est' sbêt. [Walk in the light while there is light.]

	Kreĭtserova sonata. [The Kreutzer sonata.]
1892.	Three sons.
	Laborer Emelyan and the empty drum.
1895.	Khoziain i rabotnik. [Master and workman.]
1899.	Boskresenïe. [Resurrection.]
1903.	Esarhaddon, King of Assyria.
	Work, death, sickness.
	Three questions.

Tolstoi's collected works have been published in many editions in Russia and elsewhere. In English we have the Novels and Other Works of Lyof N. Tolstoi, edited by Nathan Haskell Dole, and published by Scribner in 24 volumes; Complete Works, tr. by Louise and Aylmer Maude, and published by Funk & Wagnalls in 26 volumes; Complete Works, tr. and ed. by Leo Wiener, and published in 24 volumes by Estes. As these are all accessible, the separate translations in English, French, and German have not been mentioned.

IVAN SERGIEEVICH TURGENEV

9 November (28 Oct.) 1818 to 3 September (22 Aug.) 1883

1843.	Neostorozhnost'. [Carelessness.]
1844.	Andreĭ Kolosov.
1845.	Bezdenezh'e. [Lack of money.]
1846.	Bretter. [The duellist.]
	Tri portreta. [Three portraits.]
	Zhid. [Slangy epithet for the Jew.]
1847.	Pietushkov.
	Gdie tonko, tam i rvetsia.
1847–1851.	Zapiski okhotnika. [Memoirs of a hunter.]
1848.	Nakhliebnik. [The boarder.]
1849.	Kholostiak. [The bachelor.]
	Zavtrak u predvoditelia. [Breakfast with the marshal of the nobility.]

Mi͡esi͡ats v derevni͡e. [A month in the country.]

1850. Dnevnik lishni͡ago chelovi͡eka. [Diary of a superfluous man.]

1851. Tri vstri͡echi. [Three meetings.]

Provintsïalka. [Country women.]

Razgovor na bol'shoĭ dorogi͡e. [A conversation on a high road.]

1852. Mumu.

Postoi͡alyĭ dvor. [The country inn.]

1853. Dva prïi͡atheli͡a. [Two friends.]

1854. Zatish'e. [The calm.]

1855. Rudin.

Faust.

Iakov Pasynkov.

O solov'i͡akh. [About nightingales.]

1857. Poi͡ezdka v poli͡es'e. [A tour in the forest.]

Asi͡a.

1858. Dvori͡anskoe gni͡ezdo. [A nobleman's nest.]

1859. Nakanuni͡e. [On the eve.]

1860. Pervai͡a li͡ubov'. [First love.]

Hamlet i Don-Kikhot. [Hamlet and Don Quixote.]

1861. Ottsy i di͡eti. [Fathers and children.]

1863. Prizraki. [Visions.]

1866. Sobaka. [The dog.]

1867. Dym. [Smoke.]

Istorïi͡a le͡itenanta Ergunova. [History of Lieutenant Ergunov.]

1868. Neschastnai͡a. [The unhappy girl.]

Nashi poslali. [Our own have sent me.]

1869. Strannai͡a istorïi͡a. [A strange story.]

1870. Stepnoĭ Korol' Lir. [King Lear of the Steppes.]

Stuk, Stuk, Stuk.

1871. Veshnïia vody. [Spring floods.]

Pegas. [Pegasus.]

1874. Punin i Baburin.
Zapiski okhotnika: Zhivyia moshchi. [Memoirs of a hunter: A living relic.]
1875. Chasy. [The watch.]
1876. Nov'. [Virgin soil.]
Son. [The dream.]
Kroket v Vindzorie. [Croquet at Windsor.]
1877. Razskaz ottsa Aleksieia. [Story of Father Aleksiei.]
1881. Piesn' torzhestvuiushcheĭ liubvi. [Song of triumphant love.]
Otryvki iz vospominanīĭ svoikh i chuzhikh. [Fragmentary reminiscences of friends and strangers.]
1882. Stikhotvorenīia v prozie. [Poetry in prose.]
Klara Milich.

Turgenev's collected works were published in St. Petersburg in 1890–1891 in 10 volumes. The novels, as well as short tales, translated by Constance Garnett, were published in London by Heinemann (New York, Macmillan), in 15 volumes in 1894–1899. The novels and stories, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood, were published in New York by Scribner in 1903 in 16 volumes. As these are all accessible, the separate translations in English, French, and German have not been mentioned.

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